



PARTY GUYS!

Our 1988

Pro-Am

Ironman

Nightlife

Decathlon

“DEEP DOO-DOO”: SPY’S

George Bush Briefing Book

SECRETS OF THE STARS:

Henry Kissinger’s Smelly

Socks! Patty Duke’s Bedbugs!

Judge Wapner’s Brush

With Death!

And More!

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21-MONTH
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DOUBLE
ISSUE







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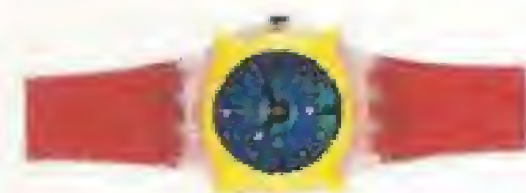
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SPY

DEPARTMENTS



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Is your idea of entertainment magazines that they're really nothing more than sex and scandal sheets?

Without question, entertainment magazines have a far more lurid past than the entertainers they vilify.

What you would be wrong about, however, is placing US magazine in the same universe as them.

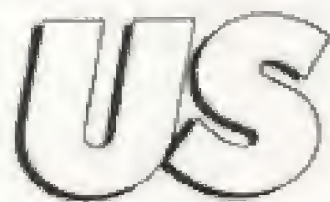
True, we deal with entertainers. But the similarity stops there.

Rather than demeaning entertainers, we try to understand them. What they are, not as stars, but as fellow human beings. More talented human beings, maybe. But people, nevertheless.

You'll find no nasty little tales, no ugly gossip, no lurid sexuality. What revelation there is, the entertainers give us themselves. (When you treat people with dignity, they tend to be candid.)

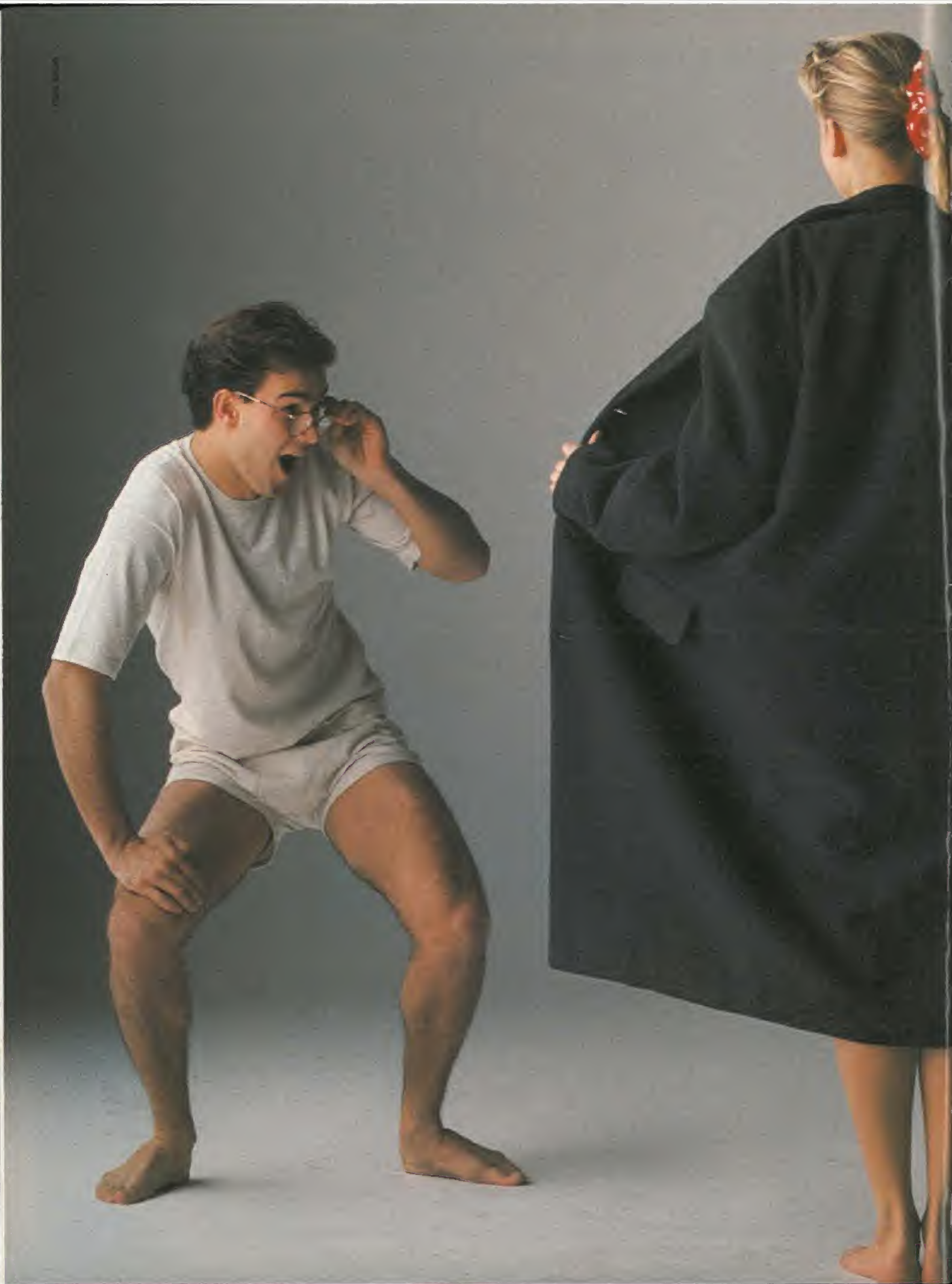
Very simply, what you will find in US is first hand conversation with the icons of our time. Written with wit, with style, with compassion.

A far cry from entertainment magazines as you've come to know them, indeed.

The logo for US magazine, featuring the letters 'U' and 'S' in a stylized, overlapping, outlined font.

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"You've got a big mouth. Why don't you shut it?" —Frank Sinatra, in a cable to former

THE LONG, HOT SUMMER OF LEGEND AND OUR YOUTH WAS, IT must be said, a thrilling spectacle: civil insurrection, unfettered drug use, political leaders reduced to irrelevant fustbudgeting, no regard for law and order. The long, hot summer of 1988 is not quite as operatic as the long, hot summers of the late 1960s (*We can change the world, rearrange the world*) and early 1970s (*Tin soldiers and Nixon coming... four dead in Ohio*), but the last act of Reaganarama is having its moments. ✱ General Noriega is more patently a swamp creature than Generals Diem, Ky and Thieu were, and associates of the Reagan administration, it turns out, control a nice part of the narcotics traffic into America; the central crimes of Iran-contra are more consequential than the Watergate break-in; Nancy Reagan's astrological obsessions are at least as weird



The long, hot summer

and delightful as Martha Mitchell's mad outbursts; and Attorney General Ed Meese, unlike Attorney General John Mitchell, is simultaneously under investigation for possible crimes on *several different* fronts. And you wondered why Crosby, Stills and Nash have been playing a reunion concert every week or so. ✱ Meese's embarrassing refusal to scuttle out of the picture made George Bush spend much of the early summer reassessing that loyalty thing and that proven-guilty thing—president claims he never that Meese be dumped. "I deny I have ever given anybody." ✱ Religious



innocent-until-although the vice recommended In fact, Bush said, *my opinion to* nuts are endorsing Bush right and left. It's Pat Robertson one day, Muammar al-Qaddafi the next. And this Qaddafi fellow is making sense. "I think that Mr. Bush...has worked with Reagan and...suffered from the irrationality of Reagan and foolishness...."



So he would be a better president because...he would sort of make up for it."

William Bennett, Reagan's Brian Dennehy-esque Education secretary, has quit and says he is contemplating a run for the presidency someday himself. Bennett combines the most interesting qualities of the failed 1988 Republican candidates. Like Dole, he can be mean; like Haig, he is a loose cannon; and like Du Pont, who once went out with Jane Fonda, Bennett has admitted that he dated an icon of the counterculture—Janis Joplin. We can hear the reporters' 1992 questions now. *Did you sleep with her? Did you recommend that she take LSD?* And we can hear the reply: *I deny I have ever given my opinion to anybody.*

It's one thing for rock stars to take drugs; it used to be part of the job description. However, in general, it is probably a poor idea for people operating passenger trains to be stoned. In the last 18 months there were 37 American train accidents in which some critical railroad operative—and we're not talking about the guy who sells the Miller Lite for \$1.75 and microwaves the bad hamburgers—tested positive for drugs.

So maybe when we head out to Yellowstone—we go to Yellowstone every sum-

mer; we are, after all, Americans—we will fly. But maybe we can somehow avoid touching down at O'Hare (*Won't you please come to Chicago?*), since, according to a survey of 1,360 pilots, O'Hare is among the five most dangerous U.S. airports. That would be scary enough if not for the fact that, according to the same survey, O'Hare is also among the five *safest* U.S. airports. The pilots, to be taken seriously, had best follow the Bush example: *We deny we have ever given our opinion to anybody.*

So maybe we'll take the station wagon to Yellowstone. If we drive, we can go by way of Marion, North Carolina (yes, sure, it's a little out of the way, but the kids will be *that much more excited* to see Old Faithful). Marion has the best current roadside attraction in the South: Duffey Strode, a ten-year-old fundamentalist who evangelizes outside his school. In his sermons, Duffey calls teachers "fornicators." "You're guilty!" he shouts. "Even your eyes are filled with adultery!" Finally: someone who doesn't deny he has ever given his opinion to anybody.

Back in New York a congressional aide kicked off the tourist season by jumping to his death from his room at the Helmsley Palace. The cop who saw his suicide note, ac-

cording to the *Times*, said the farewell message was "apparently an attempt at free verse." This all seems mighty suspicious to us: for starters, how many New York cops know free verse when they see it?

At least, however, the alleged murderer of Lisa Steinberg has now been punished in New York Supreme Court: by a resounding 4-1 vote (*If you believe in justice, and if you believe in freedom*), the court's Appellate Division threw the book at Joel Steinberg, ruling that he had misled its Committee on Character and Fitness about his law school record, and disbarred him. That should teach the bastard.

Ed Koch, who had disclaimed all responsibility for the Steinberg case, appeared recently before a meeting of the Citizens Committee for New York City, tossing out opinions promiscuously. The citizens, hissing and booing (*Rules and regulations, who needs 'em? Throw 'em out the door*), finally made it impossible for Koch to speak. "Boo boo to you too!" the eloquent mayor said to his constituents and walked off. Thus, an important corollary to the Bush Rule: If you give your opinion in public, it will just be that much more difficult, later, to deny having given it. ☛

OURS: MON-THURS 10-9, FRI-SAT 10-6, SUN 12-5

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FINNISH UP



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From the SPY mailroom: We can understand the collecting compulsion—the need to own all of Andy Warhol's cookie jars or every Elvis Costello B-side or an unbroken set of Joyce Carol Oates's books—and so we are naturally sym-



thetic to Worcester, Massachusetts, reader Mitch Murphy's desire to purchase the May 1978 issue of SPY. Mr. Murphy's interest in

that decade-old issue began after SPY reprinted, in *this* year's May issue ("Ten Years Ago in SPY"), an excerpt from David Owen's 1978 article discussing, in detail, the possibility of a space shuttle's someday exploding due to faulty O-rings. Mr. Murphy, who is also interested in possessing "any older issues, if possible," was apparently surprised to learn of the existence of a 1978 issue: "I was under the impression that SPY was only a few years old," he admits.

It's true that we weren't born yesterday. Even so, we're sorry to say that we can't supply a copy of the May 1978 SPY, either because (1) the issue is completely sold out, and the earliest still-available issue is October 1986, or because (2) the cavalier attitude with which we conduct our personal lives extends to our presentation of SPY's publishing history, particularly as regards dates, chronology and other intrusive facts.

Back to the present. Allie Y. Liu of Princeton, New Jersey, accuses us of not knowing who the *Zoom* kids are (see this space, April 1988). "Early to mid-'70s, public TV," she explains patiently. "These kids in striped shirts would come on and show you how to do butterflies with your arms." We knew *that*. We just wanted to make a joke about hip-hop music. In any event, we still don't know what happened to the *Zoom* kids, which is what Carl Pfirman, of Minneapolis, had asked. If there are any former *Zoom* kids among our readers, please get in touch with Ms. Liu or Mr. Pfirman—but leave us out of it. We're trying to put out a magazine here—and have been for some time, if you count those 1978 issues.

Jan Harrington of Manhattan writes, "Please show us a picture (doctored if necessary) of Malcolm Forbes in a push-up bra and a flounced party dress." Must

we? He looks much better in a tube top and matching culottes.

On March 25 *The New York Times* published a story on a rare Indian petroglyph—a turtle carved on a stone—discovered at the New York Botanical Garden, in the Bronx. If you didn't see it or hear about it, don't blame Beth M. Henriques of the Department of Cultural Affairs. Ms. Henriques, who is pictured and quoted in the article, is doing absolutely everything one person can do to spread the word. She sent *SPY* the *Times* clip and a handwritten note offering to pose with the turtle, concluding, "Call my agent." On the back of this note was another, crossed-out message, presumably forgotten, which began, "Dear Mr. Marcham, I thought this clip from *The New York Times* would interest you, and might be included in an upcoming *Cornell Alumni News*. My daughter graduated from Cornell in 1980 with a B.F.A. from..." What's Beth M. Henriques running for, anyway?

Sara Oppenheim writes charmingly from Raleigh, North Carolina, to say that she was recently confined to her home for three days. "My crime?" she says. "I ordered all your back issues." Not quite *all* of them, Sara, right? Not May 1978, surely.

Alan Christensen of San Francisco says that just after the publication of our March issue, which contained his "I hate New York—I love *SPY*" letter to the editor, he received the following message on his answering machine: "I just saw your letter in *SPY* magazine and called to let you know New York **HATES YOU TOO**." Don't worry; it was probably just our mayor being diplomatic.

Finally, D. L. Schenk, purportedly of the Serra Cooperative Library System in San Diego, has sent us a highly official-looking, typed request form that reads as follows: "Please send a copy of features appearing in *SPY* regarding Matt Dillon. Thank you." Serra says Schenk is not affiliated with them but has been blanketing the country with similar forms requesting film trivia. We have no ethical problem with that, but honestly, the last Matt Dillon feature we published was back in the late seventies ("The Real New Dillon: An Actor/Toddler to Watch"), and, as everyone knows, those issues of *SPY* are no longer available.

DEAR EDITORS I'm disappointed in you, *SPY*. I recently picked up the April issue, and whom did I *not* see in a face-to-face feud on the cover? Leona "I Don't Pay My Taxes, Why Should You?" Helmsley and Ivana "One Dollar a Year and All the Dresses I Can Buy" Trump—the respective queens of The Palace and The Plaza. It's such a natural *SPY* cover. Shame on you.

Howard Lewis Russell
New York

DEAR EDITORS I wouldn't stay at a hotel whose owners paid their taxes. Why should you?

Brian Hickey
Hell's Kitchen, New York

DEAR EDITORS E gads, Donald Trump on the cover! Is *SPY* perpetuating the myth/Era of the Designer

LETTERS TO SPY

Celeb? Helping post-teenbaby yuppette New Yorkers get new meaning from the term *the DTs*? Does true happiness (at *SPY*) mean being able to ignore the lack of ozone above success?

Peter Crook
Burlieth, Washington, D.C.
Well, yes... but are you sure you understood the magazine?

DEAR EDITORS E ven without the art department's help, why does Donald Trump's head *always* look pasted on?

Greg Harrison
New York

DEAR EDITORS T hank you so much for the "article" on weddings in your April issue. I was pleased to see the gigantic type at the bottom of the page letting all your readers know that it was "a special promotional supplement" and *not* another of those advertisements disguised as journalism. Why don't you start a new column titled Prostitute of the Month and have *SPY* be the first feature?

Neal Lochrie
New York

DEAR EDITORS A fter receiving my first issue of your magazine, I decided to accept your two-year subscription offer—but I have a nagging problem: I guess I belong to what is called the bridge-and-tunnel crowd, and yet I found your magazine wrenchingly funny and deliciously snide. Does this mean there is hope for me?

Jennifer M. Sanley
New York

Well, yes... but are you sure you understood the magazine?

DEAR EDITORS C ame the dawn when this reader got blurry from Fine Print. Who'da thunk there'd be a magazine you couldn't put down? Pretty impressive. You did what Tom Robbins (my hero) and Stephen King couldn't do together!

Also impressive is the cumulative crea-

tivity and level of consciousness clearly shared among the contributing editors and writers at *SPY*. Curiously interesting is the format of relative anonymity, realized halfway through (names not included on same page with article). Surely minds such as those are possessed of a hidden ego wishing that their names accompanied their articles?

On the other hand, it's probably enough just to be there.

Trish Turk
Harrison, New York

DEAR EDITORS A s far as I'm concerned, there are only two habitable places in the world: a few square blocks in Venice, California, and Manhattan—not necessarily in that order.

That's why I enjoyed Edward Zuckerman's "Confessions of an Outer Borough Exile" [April]. If you substitute "the Valley" for "Outer Borough," you have some great bicoastal humor. What's most amusing is that with a name like Zuckerman, your author would have to live in the Valley.

Anne Silver Conway
Venice, California
Hub?

HEARING FROM Wayne



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Garrison Keillor: "...Bill... Franzen [is] one of the funniest [guys...I]...no..." **Stephen King:** "A wonderful book of short stories...Fast, funny, and utterly delightful. Along the way, Bill Franzen shares some prickly-sharp insights on the human condition in general and on the American family in particular."

Bruce McCall: "Hearing from Wayne is the only book in the last half-century that, if there were just one copy of it to go around, James Thurber, George Price, Vladimir Nabokov, and yours truly, among others, would eagerly arm-wrestle each other for personal possession."

Booklist: "Franzen's sense of irony and his sarcastic voice are home-spun on the outside—he spins a great sitting-around-the-backyard yarn—but underneath the funny outlook on life is a keen appreciation of literary technique: a modern Mark Twain, in other words." **The New York Times Book Review:** "Witty, tight and wild." **Ian Frazier:** "Funny, romantic stories about vinyl repair and death." **People Magazine:** "Franzen creates not only laugh lines but a slightly disturbing tone...Funny, pointed short stories."

18
stories
in all

Bob and Ray: "If it were up to us, we'd recommend Bill Franzen's *Hearing from Wayne* without a moment's hesitation."

Just published by Knopf

"What the
Twister
Did"

"The Long
Donut Hole"

Photo © Anne Hall

DEAR EDITORS **P**ermit me to wax indignant over your vicious and dastardly use of only part of my letter about a photo that appeared in SPY a few issues ago [From the SPY Mailroom, April]. Quoted out of context, I appear to be a crude, boorish, drooling, sexist slob who skims magazines with only One Thing in Mind. Since some of the above is probably untrue, you owe me an apology.

Jeffrey Roberts
Jericho, New York

Mr. Roberts was quoted in April's *From the SPY Mailroom* as follows: "Who, oh, who is the beauteous blond with the breasts, and is there any chance we may see more of her in future issues of SPY?" (To which we responded, "Hubba-hubba, Jeff.") In fairness to Mr. Roberts, here is the entire previously unpublished portion of that letter: "Forget Barbara Walters's admiration for Leona Helmsley's trademark iron handgrip...." By painstakingly fitting this all-important, newly discovered fragment together with the published fragment, we get a very, very different meaning indeed—and another sad example of the press abusing its power. We apologize.

DEAR EDITORS **I**f you buy the T-shirts in bulk and they are printed with only three letters on them, plus the color choice is black, black or black, where do you get off charging \$12?

Now, don't get me wrong. I read SPY cover to cover, and have done so since the beginning, and I tell my friends and others how great it is. But \$12?

Enclosed is a self-addressed, stamped envelope. If you can tell me why you charge \$12, besides the fact that you want to make a serious profit, I'll buy two!

Jeffrey A. Koncius
Baltimore, Maryland

"Serious profit"? It's cynics like Mr. Koncius who are responsible for so much of the misunderstanding in the world. First, there may only be three letters, but they are large letters. Second, by limiting the color choice to black, we are saving readers the embarrassment of making an unsound fashion decision—black is always in and it makes you look thinner. Third, readers more trusting than Mr. Koncius—readers who paid the \$12 without any unbecoming soul-searching—have learned that the SPY T-shirt contains four bonus words on the back. Words, not letters. Four: Mr. Koncius, we assume you're "convinced" now, and we're billing you for two shirts—as per our written, legally binding agreement.

DEAR EDITORS **I**'ve lost my job. I've lost my car. I've lost my girlfriend. I've lost my apartment. I've lost my credit rating. And I've even lost my Commander Cody ring.

In short, I've lost my way of life.

But I haven't lost my ability to spot a good bargain. Enclosed is my last \$12 for one of the famous SPY shirts.

This is just what I need to get me back on my feet. Why, it'll be perfect for my job interviews.

Bruce Miles
Los Gatos, California

P.S. You don't by any chance need a slightly demented copywriter, do you?

What a refreshing letter. We wish we had a job or a Commander Cody ring to give you. We don't. Can we sell you another shirt, perhaps?

DEAR EDITORS **M**y friend, Miss (still) Claire Prineas, who is the letters-column editor at *Cosmopolitan*, frequently comments on her one difficulty with your magazine: "I have to think while reading the articles."

Can you please provide Miss Prineas with a method to read SPY with less pain? Also, how can I become friends with people who don't have such a hard time enjoying SPY?

Charles Bluestone
New York

We don't think we can help you or Miss Prineas, but you've got yourself a great idea for a *Cosmo* piece there: "Will He Leave You if You Start Thinking About What You're Reading? (And How to Win Him Back Without Losing Your Place)."

DEAR EDITORS **I**would welcome your nomination of the attached for the 1989 Pulitzer prize for poetry.

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Your sneers,
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and Lear's.

George Haber
New York

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DEAR EDITORS **A**s a faithful, die-hard reader of SPY, I feel it my duty to offer some desperately needed advice to the staff writers.

As I perused the most recent issue of SPY (another *fabulous* issue, I might add) I couldn't believe that my friend Diane Brill was again mentioned in your pages. If you aren't talking about her body, you've got some yellowing old photo of her; you guys will take any chance you can get just to *print* Diane's name! Then it hit me: you have a huge, raging crush on her—dare I say you're obsessed with the woman?!

Listen, I know you think that just because you're all cigar-chomping, coffee-drinking magazine hacks, that a woman of Diane's caliber, intelligence and fame would never give you the time of day—but this is simply not true. Diane is a demure, shy, *regular* gal—I swear to God, the woman does her own grocery shopping.

My advice to you (I myself being a sought-after blond) is this: try the subtle approach. A woman like Diane hears everything from "Yo! Bitch!" (I don't recommend this line for you) to "How about a visit to Fred's Fur Vault?" every day of the week. Constantly writing about her is a nice touch, but I think a single rose or a small but tasteful piece of jewelry just might be the ticket. Don't be shy.

Ann Turnbull
New York

DEAR EDITORS I would like to correct the inaccurate terminology used in your article "What if the Pope Were a Dog" [by Henry Alford, April]. Under Saturday's entry, Mr. Alford mentions the pope/dog's "magic spot," the scratching of which causes his (the pope/dog's, not Mr. Alford's) "inactive left leg to flail wildly." While I heartily approve of the wild flailing, the spot is, in fact, officially known as "the skritch spot."

Susan E. Christiansen-Matobo
Brooklyn

DEAR EDITORS Henry Alford's article "What if the Pope Were a Dog" made me laugh out loud on the subway. For 17 years I've avoided *ever* laughing on the subway.

Andrew D. Reed
New York

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Ann Turnbull
New York

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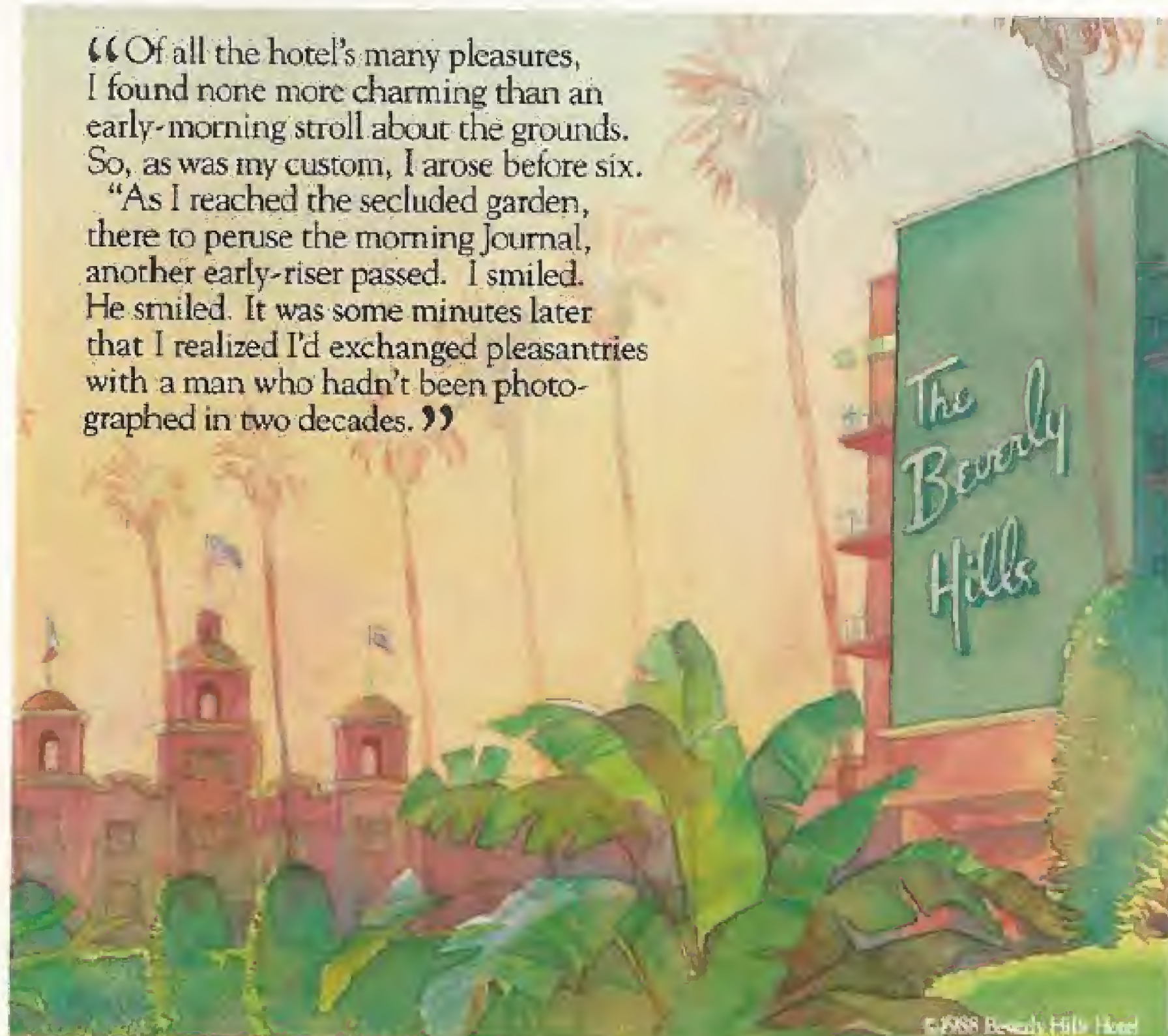
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18 SPY AUGUST 1988

DEAR EDITORS I just sent you a whiny letter about Dianne Brill. I've had the horrible realization that I spelled her name with only one *n* in it. I may have to leave town in a permanent way.

Ann Turnbull
New York

The extra n doesn't change the way we feel about Ms. Brill (sigh).

DEAR EDITORS I can't thank you enough for the "Filofax Madness" piece [March]. Reading it was as thrilling as adding new inserts to my three-and-a-half-pound Filofax. (You really tickled my jokes—one-liners bone.) I'm now trying to find a way to file this precious article in my book. Any ideas?

Billie "Fax" Greenbaum
Los Angeles, California

Wait till the SPYlofax becomes available. We're test-marketing it in Minneapolis now, so it won't be long.

DEAR EDITORS As both a fan of your magazine and a staunch defender of its graphics style, I am somewhat shocked at your recent behavior. Your "postmodernist" typography—which is somewhat exclusive to SPY—is the very thing you inadvertently attacked in your March feature "Filofax Madness." You noted the "perverse company spelling" of FILOFAX without considering your own. Does SPY not reek of this? Or THE FINE PRINT? Or your April "NiCe" features? This enigmatic form seems to be *the* SPY thing to do.

Dismiss meaningless terms such as *postmodernist* and *neo-dadaist*, but also dismiss your own cheap shots at your typographical predecessors, such as Filofax.

Jonathan Hoefler
New York

DEAR EDITORS Your fact checker was too busy laughing. London is one hour earlier than Paris and Madrid in the cartoon by Leo [April]. And who said, "You could look it up?"

Margaret Ost
New York

Aren't fact checkers allowed to cut loose once in a while? Casey Stengel.

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"It's new," he said.
 "In Murray Hill. With a secluded garden for dining outside in the city." His train would get in at 6:30 and he wanted to meet for drinks and dinner near the waterfall. I didn't have the heart to tell him that I had been there with Joe."

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 C A F E B A R

20 SPY AUGUST 1988

DEAR EDITORS **A**s a hard-core New Yorker, I love your magazine. I have been living in Tokyo for the past eight months and working as an "English teacher." What pleasure there is in perusing a periodical entirely devoted to revealing the inanities that suffuse New York life (and in such a witty, bitchy way!). Needless to say, I miss New York City with all my heart.

Indre Melynis
 Tokyo, Japan

DEAR EDITORS **Y**ou'll be pleased to know that your magazine is starting to take Seattle by storm. After finding SPY sold out at neighborhood newsstands, I finally subscribed.

To set your mind at ease, Issaquah is a suburb that is located southeast of Seattle. We realize its name may sound unusual to some and are sure New Yorkers know how we feel. I keep trying to tell people that Scarsdale is not some New York leper colony.

Michael King-St. Clair
 Seattle, Washington

DEAR EDITORS **I**s Jim Jensen stupid or what?

We don't expect newsreaders to be mental giants, but I think it's not unreasonable of us to expect them to pronounce correctly the names in the news.

After several months, Jensen finally learned Nicaragua has four syllables, not five. Bravo! In one broadcast last week, however, he continued to pronounce General Noriega's name with three syllables and dropped the penultimate syllable from the name of Ambassador Benjamin Netanyahu of Israel.

Maybe CBS should hire a bright high school kid to rehearse Jim before he goes on. It couldn't hurt.

Jan Rubin
 Oakland, New Jersey

DEAR EDITORS **D**on't ever change.

Juliann Barbato
 New York

SPY welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to SPY, The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. Please include your daytime telephone number. ☺

THE VERY NEXT DAY...

SPY'S CELEBRATION OF THE BUFFOONISH British publisher Robert Maxwell ("Rupert Murdoch—The Sequel," by Christopher Silvester, May 1988) predated a *New York Times Magazine* feature on Maxwell by four days. After roughing Maxwell up a bit with the headline (BRITAIN'S MAVERICK MOGUL—*whew!*), the *Times* settled down to a revealing-anecdote-free, tediously evenhanded account of the Maxwell career, including the fascinating news that his company prints the new Television section of the *Sunday Times*. But even better was a story on Maxwell in the spring issue of *Global Business*, which, in one of those amazing coincidences, happens to be a Maxwell Communication magazine "distributed to 50,000 influential business executives around the world." Under the headline A GLOBAL VISION, the boss holds forth on the Future of Information while highly objective freelancer William Kay writes it all down. Kay's final paragraph begins, "The Maxwell vision of the future will literally turn the world into the long-predicted global village...." All other visions can just keep spinning their wheels.

LATE IN APRIL, AS WE WERE GOING TO press with a profile of Eric Breindel ("When Bad Things Happen to Ambitious People," by Bruce Handy, June), the *New York Post's* editorial-page editor arrived at the Secaucus, New Jersey, studio of Morton Downey Jr. to defend Mayor Ed Koch against a panel that included *Village Voice* reporter Joe Conason. Dapper as a sausage, stuffed into a gray suit and cowboy boots, Breindel watched as the deeper-voiced, belligerent Conason pulled a thick file from his briefcase—and then Breindel abruptly fled the set. Evidently a mole had warned him that Conason might confront Breindel's right-wing demagoguery with the anomaly of his 1983 heroin bust. The next day, the show's producers told anyone who asked that Breindel had fallen ill during the taping.

CARL BERNSTEIN HAS LATELY BEEN MAKING suspiciously un-Coasterlike noises (see June issue). First SPY observed him working late into the night doing painstaking research for a new book (see page 133, this issue), and now Simon & Schus-

Sips



◀ This fashion totem pole showed up at the latest Dom Ruinart Rosé Champagne bash sporting the latest in bicycle messenger chic.



▲ Posing with her favorite bust at the Dom Ruinart party, model Carolyn Liu flashes...a smile.



► And away they go: two guests party off into the moonlight.

◀ Where do television evangelists go for a little fun? Downtown to a Dom Ruinart party where decadence is de rigueur. They tried to blend in, but their matching make-up jobs gave them away.



& Spills

Photography by George Carroll Whipple III.



▲ In a moment of operatic passion, coloratura soprano Constance Hauman sends a glass of Dom Ruinart diving down her décolletage.

► After a riveting performance by "Opera at the Academy," the company's Director Eric Fraad celebrates with New York Academy of Art board member and noted pigeon trainer Andre Balazs.



▲ Mezzo-soprano Gloria Parker simultaneously brings a tenor and a baritone to their knees as they beg for more Dom Ruinart in Italian. (No, they're not saying, "Yo, fill up my glass, will you?")

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ter reports that *Disloyal*, the Bernstein opus on his parents, who were prominent socialists in Washington in the 1950s, will indeed be out this fall.

SPY'S SURVEY OF BILLY MARTIN'S FIGHT history ("Billybrawl: The Boxing Career of Billy Martin," by Ed Kiersh, May) was still on the newsstands when, lo, it required an addendum. As usual, Martin was the victim, minding his own business in an Arlington, Texas, topless bar, when he was set upon by two, three, possibly hundreds of yahoos. We're all proud that Martin stuck to the truth—the truth—for as long as he did, despite rather different testimony by everyone else present at the bar, where the recently married, newly stable and never-paranoid manager was unwinding *in moderation* after having been ejected from a game. It's shameful how far a Martin-hating world will go just to hurt an innocent man and make him look bad; and somehow, we feel, this is the way it will always be. Martin's updated fight record as SPY goes to press: 9 wins, 2 losses.

LINDA MONTANO—YOU REMEMBER, THE performance artist who since 1984 has spent seven hours a day listening to an oscillator and speaking with a false accent to anyone not in her immediate family (see "The Seven-Year Itch," by Bradley W. Bloch, November 1987)—is still going strong, if intermittently, at The New Museum of Contemporary Art. Her next appearance will be in the fall, and the performance is still scheduled to end, as we had reported, sometime in 1991. Hurry, hurry, hurry.

ONE LAST WORD ABOUT ROBERT MAXWELL: in fairness, he seems to be an attentive boss. Former British ambassador to the U.S. and current Maxwell chief of staff Peter Jay was asked recently how he could stand to work for him. "Well," Jay replied, "it's not bad if you don't mind being called 'fuckhead' three times a day." ■

C O R R E C T I O N

Last month's *Times* column misstated Steve Rattner's former position and address. Rattner was *James Reston's* news clerk, and the \$3 million apartment Rattner had been looking at was in a building several blocks south of the Dakota.

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Dracula, from the Myths portfolio, 1981, 38x38 inches

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Naked City

f
THE FINE PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski

PULITZER PRIZE REPORT

The 1988 Pulitzers have come and gone, but we've been spending the months since taking a long, hard look at the Pulitzer entries as well as the finalists and winners. You can submit your work for a Pulitzer. You can submit yourself for a Pulitzer. Perhaps it's appropriate, then, to begin with those people who spared their editors, employees and colleagues the risk of any suggestion of favoritism by simply shouldering the burden and submitting themselves.

Gadfly Ralph Ginzburg submitted himself for an article that appeared in The New York Times, and former NOW president Karen DeCrow submitted herself for her contributions to the Syracuse New Times. Stephen S. Rosenfeld, the deputy editorial-page editor of The Washington Post, and Phillip Geyelin, one of the Post's syndicated columnists, submitted themselves. Other self-congratulators included Sandra Sperstein and Elia Walsh of The Washington Post, Paul LaRosa of the Daily News and George DeWan of Newsday. Bravo!

The Times, after last year's awfully good showing in the Pulitzer competition—two winners and two finalists in the last year of the Abe Rosenthal editorial regime—dropped down to one winner in Max Frankel's first full year; it was second among local newspapers to The

THE USUAL SUSPECTS



J. TISCH



S. STALLONE



R. INNIS

DWARF BILLIONAIRE LAURENCE TISCH's legion of enemies, appalled by the little man's firing spree at CBS News, may now feel that they were a trifle hasty in condemning the Tisches as a sinister family of awkward, budget-crazed bean counters. In fact, the Tisches actively and personally support independent documentary filmmaking. Witness their beneficence in giving Red Barn Studios, a Manhattan filmmaking concern, \$22,000 to write and produce a 23-minute documentary. Our newfound admiration ebbed not at all when we discovered that the film was a biography of JONATHAN TISCH, the dwarf billionaire's nephew. Nor were our spirits dampened when we learned that the film—a parody of the horrid TV show *A Current Affair*—was produced solely to entertain Jonathan and three dozen of his friends at his bachelor party (a party held at the Regency Hotel to steel Jonathan for his merger with conglomerateur SAUL STEINBERG's daughter LAURA, the self-described Bride of the Decade). Was it a teensy bit unseemly for *Current Affair*'s MAURY POVICH to actually host the film? No. (Brown-nosing for a job at CBS? No way—not Maury. Why on earth would he want to work there, when he already has a job at the prestigious Fox network?) In fact, our vision of a new generation of Medicis faded only when we heard that Laura—at whose wedding one dessert was sprinkled with real gold dust—had haggled with the filmmakers over the price, complaining that they were making a profit.

DOES THE FACT THAT SYLVESTER STALLONE is paid \$20 million per movie mean that there is no God? Or are we overreacting? Maybe you think that Stallone, as we used to think, merely portrays a kind of mutant brute. But no: he is, *SPY* has learned, far more horrid than his screen or PR personas. At a recent party at Le Club for LORNA LUFT, Stallone's companion was Elite model Dena Goodmanson, a woman taller and considerably younger than the stumpy, sullen star of *Rambo III*. How do you spell Goodmanson?, a reporter wanted to know. "It's spelled

S-L-U-T," Stallone replied. Get it? *Get it?* No? "She's my whore," Stallone added. But he's not just a scumbag: he really is stupid too. At another recent celebration in honor of another well-connected quasi-celebrity (BIANCA JAGGER's birthday party), a friend of the star started to pin a Pat-Moynihan-for-Senate campaign button onto Stallone. "Monahan?" the symbol of American patriotism grunted. "Monahan? Who's that?"

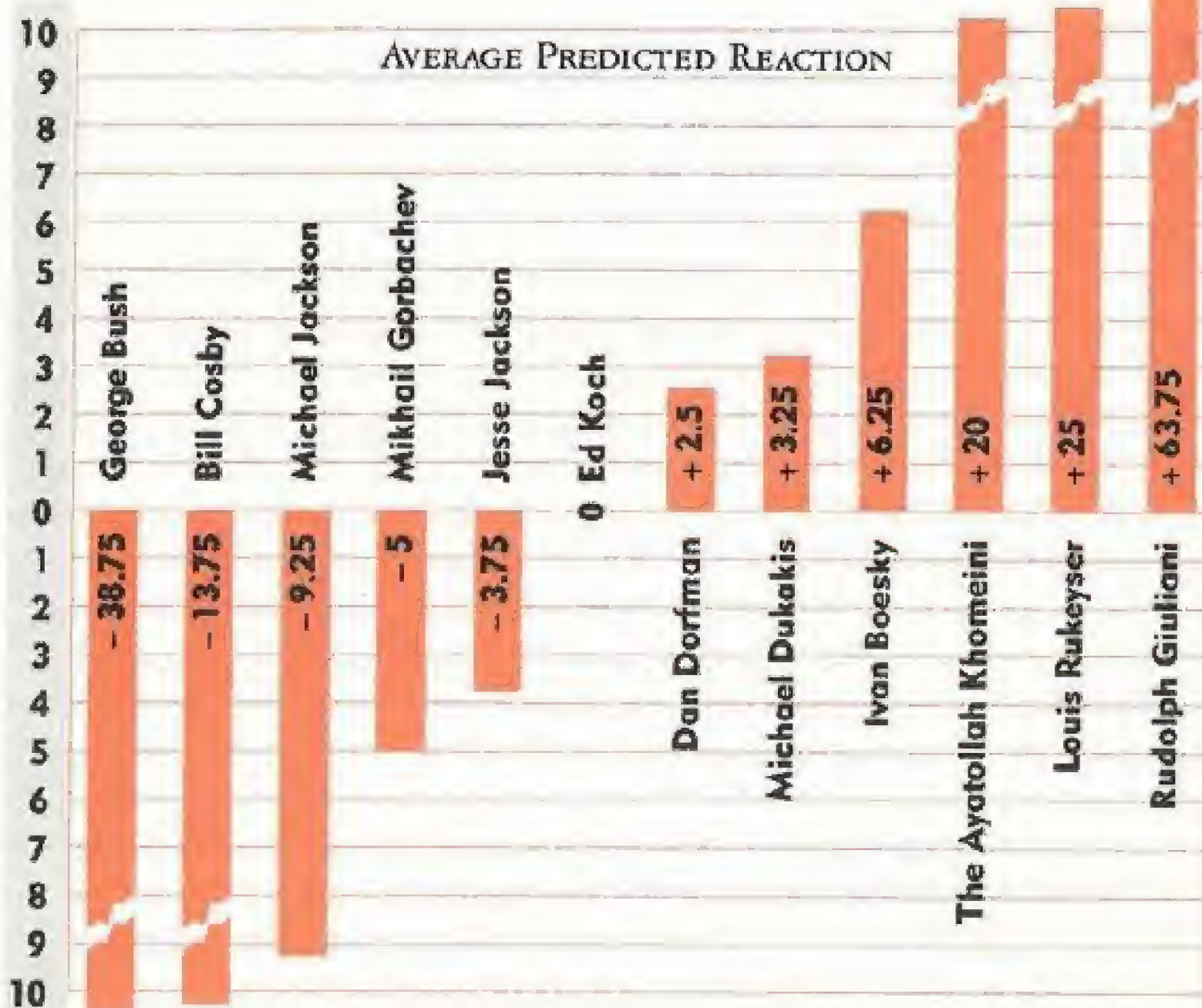
ROY INNIS, THE EMBARRASSINGLY loopy head of the utterly irrelevant Congress of Racial Equality (CORE) who has embraced Nazoid geek BERNIE GOETZ, is also a boulevarding baked-goods abuser. One night recently, in a state of preternatural relaxation, he and a woman companion swaggered into the swanky Upper West Side restaurant Brazil 2000, apparently not so much to eat as to berate the help. "I eat too much bread!" Innis, unsmiling, shouted at a waiter. "When you see me coming, hide the bread. Hide the bread. Because if you put the bread in front of me, I'm going to eat it."

TIME MAGAZINE DEFECTOR and writer ROGER ROSENBLATT is not scheduled to start work for new best friend MORT ZUCKERMAN's *U.S. News & World Report* until September, but he has reportedly been drawing his \$8,000 weekly salary—yes, \$8,000 per week—ever since he signed his peculiar, secret, five-year personal-service contract with Zuckerman last spring. Already, though, hiring Rosenblatt has cost Zuckerman more than just the \$8,000 a week: when Antichrist and fin de siècle comeback guy RICHARD NIXON learned that *U.S. News* had hired Rosenblatt (whose final, \$4,000-a-week story for *Time* was a fine, vicious profile of Nixon), the former president refused Zuckerman's request for an interview—and, just for the record, issued a blanket refusal to cooperate with any news organization where the \$8,000-a-week writer worked.

SCREW THE MOMENT OF SILENCE — SELL!

One afternoon in late April, brokers on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange were shocked to learn that Ronald Reagan had died. Panic selling resulted: the Dow dropped nearly 50 points before the rumor was disproved.

Intrigued by Reagan's awesome power, SPY's BENJAMIN SVETKEY asked four stock market experts to predict how the Stock Exchange would react to the deaths of other notables. The results suggest that Rudolph Giuliani might be well advised to take out life insurance against trigger-happy speculators faced with a margin call.



THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Wall Street Journal, which took two prizes.

In a year that saw the total number of entries increase from 1,533 to 1,708, the number of submissions from the Times fell from 42 to 32. This dropped the paper into sixth place in total submissions, behind the Chicago Tribune (which had 39 submissions on its own, 2 in tandem with other papers, and 1 winner), Newsday (38 submissions, no winners), The Philadelphia Inquirer (37 and 1), the Los Angeles Times (35 and none) and The Washington Post (33 and none). Tying the Times in total submissions was The Dallas Morning News, which had 32 entries without any winners, followed by The Boston Globe (30 and none) and The Miami Herald (29 and 2). The Daily News submitted 22 names; The Wall Street Journal, 21; The Village Voice, 16; the New York Post, 10; The East Hampton Star, 5; the Amsterdam News, the New York Native and the Co-op City News, 2 apiece; and The Bronxville Review Press-Reporter, 1.

Most of the Times's entries were submitted by Frankel himself. These puts on the back from the boss were extended to Jane Gross, Peter Korn, city-affairs columnist Sam Roberts, Stephen Engelberg, Murray Chass, TV writer Peter J. Boyer, science reporters William J. Broad and James Gleick, Washington reporter Maureen Dowd, Stuart Taylor Jr., Jerusalem correspondent Thomas Friedman (who won), San Salvador correspondent James LeMoyné, Philip Taubman, Bill Keller, London correspondent Francis X. Clines, Anne Taylor Fleming, Michael Winierip, Ira Berkow, Anna "Life in the 30's" Quindlen, rock critic Jon Pareles, theater critic Frank Rich, Paul Hasefros, Jose Lopez and the whole staff at the Book Review—a list, as it happens, that includes all but a few of the really fine writers at the paper. Editorial-page editor Jack Rosenthal put up editorial writers John P. MacKenzie and Nicholas Wade, as well as columnist Anthony Lewis and illustrator Horacio Fidel Carda.

Entries from the Daily News ▶

PRIVATE LIVES OF PUBLIC ENEMIES



Leona Helmsley assists husband Harry with a letter to the federal prosecutor.

ILLUSTRATION BY DREW FRIEDMAN



THE LIZ SMITH TOTE BOARD A Monthly Tally

Other gossip columnists	18
Sylvester Stallone	6
Brooke Astor	5
Madonna	5
Liza Minnelli	5
Nancy Reagan	5
Barbara Walters	5
Michael Douglas	4
Dominick Dunne	4
Donald Trump	4
Cher	3
Samuel Goldwyn Jr.	3
David Brown	2
Russian Tea Room's "superbooth"	2
Geraldine Stutz	2
La Cage aux Folles	1

Naked City

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

included Bob Herbert (2), David Hinckley (2), Lars-Erik Nelson (2) and 2 for Ellen Tampoosky, one of which was for a story she cowrote with Gene Mustain. Other submissions included Mike Lupica, Bill Gallo and Paul Rigby. Traditional entry Jimmy Breslin, who has announced plans to take a job at New York Newsday, was not entered.

Post editors, who bothered to put up only one writer last year, nominated Fred Dicker in two categories; other submissions included TV writer Fred Rothenberg, Clive Barnes, Bay Rigby and right-wing charms Norman Podhoretz and Eric Breindel.

Newsday's entries included Marvin Kitman, who last year had to submit himself. The Voice put up C. Carr, Richard Goldstein, Joe Conason, Wayne Barrett, Ross Weitzman, Nat Hentoff, Michael Feingold, J. Hoberman, Deborah Jowitz and Sylvia Plachy, among others.

The Journal nominated Walt Bogdanich in two categories (he won in one), Daniel Hertzberg and James B. Stewart in two categories (they also won in one), as well as Raymond Sokolov and Manuela Heisterhoff, among others. The appallingly right-wing editor Robert L. Bartley was put up by Warren H. Phillips, chairman and CEO of Dow Jones & Co., Inc.

Because anyone can submit someone for consideration, William Geist, now of CBS, was entered for his work at the Times by a man named George H. Lewis, who is simply a fan of Geist's. Samuel G. Freedman, a former cultural reporter for the Times, was submitted by Richard P. Kot, his editor at Harper & Row. Carlin Romano, the book editor of The Philadelphia Inquirer, was nominated once by her own paper and, in three categories for an article that ran in The Village Voice, by an admirer at The Wharton School. Then there were the brownnosing subordinates who wanted to help the boss dignify his junketeering. Members of this category include Parade's PR director, Catherine Hemlepp, who entered the magazine's editor, Walter Anderson (Parade's only submission), for an account of his trip to the Soviet Union; and

Perhaps you're looking for a weekend getaway but are hesitant to contribute \$200 a night to the Queen of the Palace's legal defense or to Ivana's all-the-dresses-she-can-buy fund. We can recommend a couple of out-of-town accommodations that, although not quite as extravagantly cheesy as what the Trumps and Helmsleys offer, are both cheaper and more fun.



The Red Caboose Motel, in Strasburg, Pennsylvania, bills itself as "the only place in the world you can sleep in a caboose." It's an Amtrak employee's dream: all the excitement and romance of working on the railroad without the annoying inconvenience of having to stay alert.

The 40 renovated caboose units have a Wood-oleum-paneled, mobile-homey charm. Nonfunctioning potbellied stoves house little color TVs, and low-hanging railroad lanterns bop lanky dads on the head as inevitably as the living-room ottoman tripped up Dick Van Dyke.

In the "plush Victorian Dining Coach" you can down quantities of starchy Amish fare while flipping through the local *Inter-course* (Pennsylvania)

THE SPY TRIP TIP:

Grand Motels

News. (The gift shop stocks an array of quaint handicrafts celebrating this and other suggestive local town names, such as Bird-in-Hand, Blue Ball, Paradise and Ploverville.) *Chugga-chugga* sound effects punctuate the dining coach's piped-in railway tunes; then, on cue, the "conductor" pushes a button, causing the entire coach to vibrate, Magic Fingers-

style, spilling coffee and stirring up yesterday's scrapple — *charming!*



The S.S. Grand View Hotel, a ship-shaped inn atop a mountain west of Bedford, Pennsylvania, was a nationally celebrated marvel when it opened, along the Lincoln Highway, in 1932. Such bon vivants as Rudy Vallee, Greta Garbo and Tom Mix enlivened the first-class section (rooms were segregated in the manner of luxury vessels); even less swell tourists marveled at the panorama ("See 3 states!") and

passable cuisine. At the hotel's opening ceremonies an airplane did acrobatics and crashed.

In subsequent years the structure, renamed Noah's Ark and bypassed by the turnpike, fell into disrepair. One owner, Jack Loya, was a man overboard: he tried to reinvent the inn as a hang glider's mecca, no small feat considering the dicey Allegheny wind currents and ubiquitous spiky pine forests that threaten the high-flying sportsman with impalement. In 1987 two entrepreneurs, Ron Overly and Christine Ford, moved into the ark and vowed to scrape off the barnacles and turn it into a bed-and-breakfast. As of a recent visit, five Spartan cabins were available, and

seven more were on the way. Historic preservation can be fun! — *Jack Barth*

Red Caboose Motel and Restaurant, Highway 741, 10 miles southeast of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Caboosees \$46 to \$66 per night. Reservations: (717) 687-6646.

S.S. Grand View Hotel, Highway 30, 17 miles west of Bedford, Pennsylvania. Rooms about \$30 per night. Reservations: (814) 733-2732.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A Monthly Research Bulletin on the Latest Findings in Psycho-anagramology

TAWANA BRAWLEY
WE WAR AT ALBANY

GEORGE H.W. BUSH
HE BUGGERS WHO?
GO HUG HEBREWS

MIKHAIL GORBACHEV
OK—BIG HALVAH CRIME
HO HA, GLIB MAYERICK
HA! BIG EYIL CHARM, OK?

LEONA M. HELMSLEY
OH, SELL MY ENAMEL
NAMELY, SELL HOME
LAME MONEY SHELL

LEONA HELMSLEY
MY LEASE ON HELL
—*Andy Aaron*

THE SPY LIST

Loni Anderson

Seema Boesky

Oscar de la Renta

John Duka

Phyllis Gates

Kazia Keeble

Grace Kelly

Jillie Mack

Bess Myerson

Annette Reed

Diane von

Furstenberg

Gloria von Thurn
und TaxisJohannes von Thurn
und Taxis

Leonard Woolf

Xanthippe

“He’s crazy about my kid.
And he drinks Johnnie Walker®”

Good taste is always an asset.



©1988 Blended Scotch Whisky, 86 & Proof Imported by Schieffelin & Somerset, New York, NY

DATEBOOK

Enchanting and
Alarming Events
Upcoming

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

USA Today editor John C. Quinn, who entered his boss, Gannett chairman Allen Newbarr, in two categories for "BusCapade," his seminal, never-to-be-forgotten account of a bus tour of the 50 states.

Ending a short-lived tradition, Elie Wiesel did not nominate Abe Rosenthal's column this year, and neither did anyone else.

WHO'S NEWLY WHO, WHO'S NO LONGER WHO, VOLUME VIII (V-W-X-Y-Z)

We're sick of the standard introduction to this segment. We're sick of clever variations on the standard introduction. In fact, we're sick of the segment. But completeness has its obligations.

Who's Newly Who

Bobby Valentine, manager, Texas Rangers; Joan Van Ark, ageless blond doyenne of Knots Landing; Kiki Vanderweighe (sic), white professional basketball player; Eddie Van Halen, gap-toothed, guitar-playing husband of Valerie Bertinelli; Richard Viguerie, conservative junk-mail king; Adrienne Vittadini, suddenly ubiquitous fashion designer; actress Sigourney (born Susan) Waever (sic); supermarket chain executive Ira Waldbaum; New York police chief Benjamin Ward, described here as a "protective services official"; Michael Warren, Hill Street's Bobby Hill; James H. Webb Jr., hot-tempered former secretary of the Navy; Bruce Weitz, Hill Street's Belker; Randy White, over-the-hill Dallas Cowboy; editorialist Roger Wilkins; Traci Williams, one of the many stars of Steven Spielberg's 1941; magazine editor Carey Winfrey; creepy, oversexed actor James Woods; Chuck Yeager, Delco battery pitchman.

Who's No Longer Who

Nina Van Pallandt, Clifford Irving's innamorata; Bill Virdon, former Yankee manager, early Steinbrenner dismissée; Ellen Willis, female journalist; Carl Wilson, Beach Boy (virtual cretin Brian Wilson remains in the book); Warner Wolf, teeny-weeny, very rich sportscaster; Christopher Wren, Times

July

1 The nation's first known tequila hotline—the Tequila News and Information Service, at 214-869-4000—gets off to a lively start when a New York-based satirical magazine irresponsibly publishes its media-only phone number. But, really, save your dimes: a few aspirin, plenty of water, perhaps a raw egg with Worcestershire sauce and a good night's rest is the information you're probably after.

2-3 American Crafts Festival; Lincoln Center. *Crafts festival*—an oxymoron, given the numbing, inherent dreariness of most of what passes for crafts. What can you say about a city whose police force is happy to crack down on drug dealers and thieves but when faced with booth after endless booth of candles, glazed wood carvings and ugly gewgaws of ceramic and glass just looks the other way? Vendors and vendees—some, to be fair, neither wearing nor shopping for sandals—will reassemble next weekend.

4 Independence Day.

11 The relentlessly-promoted-in-*The New York Times* First

New York International Festival of the Arts comes to a halt once Placido Domingo, who has spent the evening on the Great Lawn rattling windows along Fifth Avenue and Central Park West with his arias and zarzuelas, does.



14 Victor Borge settles into Carnegie Hall for at least seven performances of *Comedy in Music*.

18-21 Democratic Convention; Omni Coliseum, Atlanta. Michael Dukakis's metronomelike speech, complete with lots of hand gestures, is an inspiration to the Republicans.

21 A rock 'n' roll nadir of sorts was reached when Jim Croce's "Bad, Bad Leroy Brown" hit number one on this date in 1973. It was bumped by Maureen McGovern's "The Morning After" (theme from *The Poseidon Adventure*). A long, hot summer.

21-24 The WatchTower Bible and Tract Society convenes at Yankee Stadium, as the Yankees take on the Royals. In Kansas City.

22 "From the Land of Dragons," an exhibition—a celebration,

really—of reptile and mammal fossils from China, opens at the American Museum of Natural History. Participating dinosaur fossils include the lovely and talented *Datousaurus*, *Lufengosaurus* and *Psittacosaurus*, as well as the fabulous and unique crested pterosaur, *Dzungaripterus*. With special appearances by tiny, versatile *Sinoconodon* and a primitive rhinoceros that needs no introduction, *Juxia*.

30 Robert Bonfiglio, the "Segovia of the classical harmonica," does his stuff with a string quartet behind him at the South Street Seaport Museum's Summerpier series; 6:30 p.m.; free. Wise guys will please keep requests for "Room to Move," "Got My Mojo

Workin'" and "Oh! Susannah" to themselves.

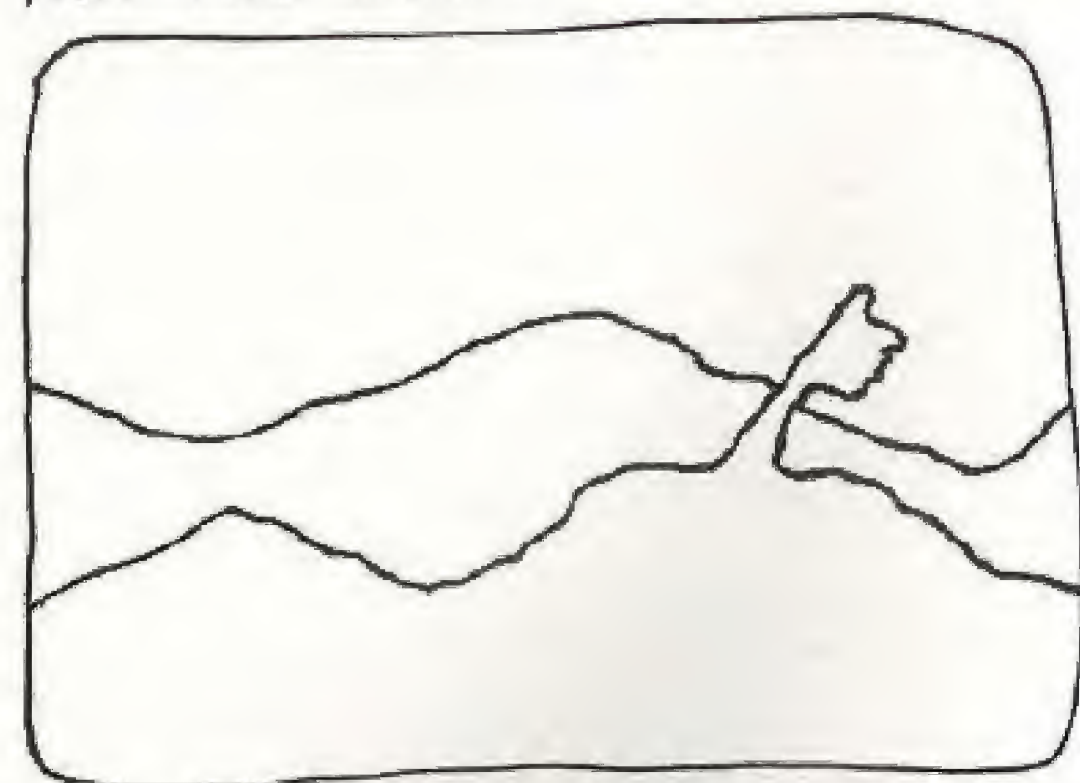
August

15-18 Republican Convention; Superdome, New Orleans. George Bush's shrill speech, full of unseemly swagger, is an inspiration to the Democrats.

27 NASA turns 30, sort of (funding approved this day, 1958). Candles on cake explode.

28 Thousands of tap dancers assemble on West 34th Street to learn a tap routine and then perform it, thereby breaking some sort of world record. Macy's tenth annual Tap-O-Mania is, of course, typical of the many wonderful summer activities New York has to offer, and our idea of a perfect Sunday. ▀

NATURAL WONDERS OF NEVADA...



The Devil's Toothbrush

DDietendorf

Nicole Miller

780 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021

212-288-9779

Naked City

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

writer: Frank Zappa, smart, amusing, unlistenable musician.

CELEBRITY STAT: GEORGE STEINBRENNER'S COACHING CAREER

By the time you read this, around the All-Star break, it's entirely possible that George Steinbrenner will have fired and rehired Billy Martin, maybe even more than once. (Obviously, if you're reading this in some archive in the distant future, it's likely Steinbrenner will have by then fired and rehired Martin thousands of times.) It's all part of Steinbrenner's philosophy of responsibility, which holds that failure in a team game can be isolated to one or two individuals.

George Steinbrenner was an assistant football coach at Northwestern University in 1955 and at Purdue for part of 1956 and 1957. No doubt these were years during which Steinbrenner learned most of what he knows about class, excellence, leadership and winning. And if it seems a stretch to credit an assistant coach for a team's fortunes, it is, when you think about it, really no more unfair than continuously and capriciously banishing players to the minors, or saying that a young pitcher "spit the bit," or demeaning good players in public, or berating a third-base coach for a misjudgment, or changing pitching coaches and even managers more frequently than some people clean their contact lenses. After all, *New York will not tolerate a loser.*

Year	Team	Won	Lost	Tied
1955	Northwestern	0	8	1
1956	Purdue	3	4	2
1957	Purdue	5	4	0
Total		8	16	3

Steinbrenner's lifetime winning percentage is .351. The least successful (single) manager ever employed by Steinbrenner — Ralph Houk in 1973 — finished just under .500. (In 1982 Bob Lemon, Gene Michael and Clyde King finished at .488.)

"BUT WHAT CAN WE DO TO THE MILAGRO BEANFIELD WAR?"

East Hollywood's X-rated film industry in many ways mirrors West Hollywood's R-rated film industry: it has its own *Variety* (*Adult Video News*), its own Meryl Streep (Jamie Summers) and its own Oscars (the "Heart-On Awards"). All it lacks is Hollywood's range of plots. (Though there *is* something touching about the classic boy-meets-girl, boy-and-girl-do-it, maid-wanders-in, girl-also-does-it-with-maid routine.) But this failing is redeemed by porn movies' appealing titles; there's a real art to taking a movie or television-show title (say, Woody Allen's *Hannah and Her Sisters*) and with one deft stroke turning it into something lewdly implausible (*Hannah Does Her Sisters*). Some of the actual rephrasings:

West Hollywood Title	East Hollywood Title
<i>Wall Street</i>	<i>Ball Street</i>
<i>Flashdance</i>	<i>Flashpants — Cop a Feeling</i>
<i>Terms of Endearment</i>	<i>Terms of Endowment</i>
<i>General Hospital</i>	<i>Genital Hospital</i>
<i>Little Shop of Horrors</i>	<i>Little Shop of Whores</i>
<i>The Road Warrior</i>	<i>The Load Warrior</i>
<i>Pumping Iron</i>	<i>Pumping Irene</i>
<i>Rambo</i>	<i>Rambone</i>
<i>Caddyshack</i>	<i>Caddy Shack Up</i>
<i>Cheers</i>	<i>Rears</i>
<i>The Terminator</i>	<i>The Sperminator</i>
<i>Back to the Future</i>	<i>Backside to the Future</i>
<i>Guess Who's Coming to Dinner</i>	<i>Guess Who Came at Dinner</i>
<i>On Golden Pond</i>	<i>On Golden Blonde</i>
<i>Top Gun</i>	<i>Top Buns</i>
<i>Out of Africa</i>	<i>In and Out of Africa</i>
<i>Outrageous Fortune</i>	<i>Outrageous Fore-play</i>
<i>Blazing Saddles</i>	<i>Blazing Mattresses</i>
<i>Beverly Hills Cop</i>	<i>Beverly Hills Cox</i>
<i>The Witches of Eastwick</i>	<i>The Bitches of Westwood</i>
<i>Conan the Barbarian</i>	<i>Gonad the Barbarian</i>
<i>E.T.: The Extra-Terrestrial</i>	<i>E.T.: The Extra Testicle</i>

— Charles Cross

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER IN A NUTSHELL

We suppose that it is the *Observer's* singular brand of sleeves-rolled-up newspapering that has caused both New York's older weeklies and its brash newcomers to join in what has become — dare we say it? — a good old-fashioned newspaper war. The *World*, the *New York Evening Telegram*, the *Herald* and the *New York Tribune* were fine in their day. But these times demand the deadline urgency, the spunk and the stylish writing of *The West Side Spirit*, *TV Shopper*, *7 Days*, *Our Town* and *New York Press*. Settle back to watch the spectacle of the city's two great press lords, the *Observer's* John Sicher and *7 Days's* Adam Moss, do battle in the cutthroat, *Front Page* style not seen since the glory days of Joseph Pulitzer and William Randolph Hearst.

The opening volley

FOR THE 17TH TIME IN 26 WEEKS, THE NEW YORK OBSERVER PUBLISHED ITS "NEIGHBORHOODS OF MANHATTAN" MAP
(*7 Days*, April 6, 1988)

The bloody counterattack

ART CRITIC FOR "7 DAYS" DISHES OUT BOGUS THINKING TO YUPPIE READERS
(Hilton Kramer, *The New York Observer*, April 11, 1988)

The battle gets bloodier still

Right-wing *Observer* columnist Richard Brookhiser dishes out article "Can't Buy a Thrill" to yuppie readers in *7 Days*
(April 20, 1988)

*And introducing a new weekly that treads dangerously close to the *Observer* tone:*

OTB IS THE PHONE SEX OF RACING. IT CAN BE A LOT OF FUN, AND A GREAT RELEASE
(*New York Press*, April 20, 1988)

Vital statistics — the *Observer* graph

"In 1987, 109.6 million vehicles entered the city using the Lincoln and Holland tunnels and the George Washington, Goethals, Bayonne and Outerbridge Crossing bridges. The number in 1986 was 110.1."
(April 25, 1988)

Finally: a happy ending

CITY'S NEWS VENDORS WELCOME COURT'S RULING
(*The New York Observer*, April 4, 1988)

— Rachel Urquhart

Here's how you can look with a healthy tan.



No kidding. The sun is the primary cause of skin cancer and 5,800 Americans will die of this disease this year alone.

O.K., the total U.S. population is over 241 million. So odds are it won't be your funeral.

Meantime, over half a million more Americans this year will get the news that they have some stage of skin cancer. But most are curable if spotted early, treated and removed.

Anyway, the odds are still in your favor. It takes ten, twenty or more years to develop skin cancer. You may, however, develop prematurely aged and wrinkled skin after years of sunning.

So you can keep going for that tan

or take a look at this statistic. At the rate we're developing skin cancer, soon one out of seven Americans will be affected by it.

Maybe we should stop ODing on the sun. Cover up, wear a hat and use an effective sunscreen.

Like Skin Cancer Garde®. The ultra protection sunblock with an SPF of 33. Its patented formula reflects and absorbs 96 percent of the sun's burning UVB rays. It's fragrance-free and water-resistant, too. Recommended for year 'round sun protection by The Skin Cancer Foundation and available at pharmacies.

So check it out. Because there are worse things than not having a tan.



SKIN CANCER GARDE® ULTRA PROTECTION SUNBLOCK

Remember: Liberal and regular use of a sunscreen over the years may help reduce the chance of premature skin aging and skin cancer.



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SEPARATED AT BIRTH?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR OF *THE NEW YORKER*

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

HEALTH UPDATE: THE AWFUL TRUTH ABOUT SOFTBALL

The Amateur Softball Association of America estimates that 32 million people annually participate in softball leagues in approximately 23 million games. Given these numbers, it's probable the National Electronic Injury Surveillance System of the Consumer Product Safety Commission's figure of 348,340 baseball injuries last year (most softball-related) is low. But the evidence is irrefutable: softball injuries are epidemic. It is high time we recognized that this so-called sport is one of the leading cripplers of adults in America.

Base-sliding is responsible for 35 to 71 percent of injuries occurring during play (the disparity between these figures is a strong argument for massive federal funding for further study of this ongoing national tragedy). One study in Michigan shows a stationary-base-sliding rate of 7.2 injuries per 100 games and an average cost of care per injury of \$1,223. Projected out, this study estimates 1.7 million sliding injuries per year, at a cost of \$2 billion.

Who is paying for this care? Health insurance policies. Who pays for most health insurance policies? Businesses, as part of a workers' benefits package. What does high workers' compensation cause? American jobs to go overseas. What happens when jobs go overseas? Angry Democrats push Jesse Jackson onto the ricker. What happens then? Bush wins. Call a halt to this senseless tragedy now—before it's too late.

CRIME REPORT: HOMICIDE-FREE DAYS

According to the Police Department, there were five days in 1987, none on weekends, when no murders were committed in New York City: March 16, March 19, July 1, October 2 and December 26. There were eight such days in 1986. ☐



Author
Richard Ford...



and Dick Cavett?



S. I. Newhouse...



and Bianca Jagger?



Geraldo Rivera...



and former porn star
Harry Reems?

SPY periodically publishes Letters to the Editor of The New Yorker because The New Yorker doesn't. Still. Address correspondence to "Dear Bob," c/o SPY, The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012.

DEAR BOB,

Why is your magazine so dull? Back in the good old days when Harold Ross was editing it and Thurber and White and people like that were writing for it, *The New Yorker* was clever, witty and irreverent. A while ago when I let my subscription lapse, I remember that you folks were bent on convincing your readership that nuclear war would be very, very bad. I happened already to know this and so didn't bother renewing. Is there money in being stuffy and dull, or what?

Matthew Dixon Cowles
St. Louis Park, Minnesota

The New Yorker's net ad revenue for 1987 was \$50,913,239. How much do you make, Mr. Cowles?

DEAR BOB,

At last, someone [SPY] who will print my spot illustrations for *The New Yorker*.

Tuli Kupferberg
New York

Wrong, Mr. Kupferberg. The nine drawings you've enclosed, which you say were rejected by The New Yorker, are somehow too New Yorkerish for us. Sorry. ☐



"Fresh pepper? Fresh pepper?"

TRY A LITTLE WISHFUL DRINKING.



*Legend has it that
if you add three
coffee beans to
Sambuca Romana,
good fortune will follow.*



THE LEGENDARY LIQUEUR
OF GOOD FORTUNE.

Sambuca Romana Liqueur 40% alc. by vol. Imported by Morgan Estate Ltd. Freeport, N.Y.

Naked City

There are 3,500 national trade and professional associations in and around Washington, D.C. Most employ lobbyists whose job it is to reassure Congress and the public that whatever people are saying about them is wrong, just plain wrong. TOM McNICHOL called a few of these helpful folks to find out the real truth.

Smoking and Cancer: "There's no proven relationship between the two," Walker Merryman of the Tobacco Institute ([202] 457-4800) says breezily. "There's a physicist over at EPA who, on his own time, did some number-crunching and came up with some figures he has bandied about, claiming that 5,000 nonsmokers a year die of lung cancer due to exposure to cigarette smoke. But the numbers have been criticized by EPA officials. This fellow has, from time to time, tried to hint that this was an official EPA study, when in fact it wasn't."

Guns: "A lot of people think that you're more likely to kill a loved one with a gun than to protect yourself," notes Jim Goss of the National Rifle Association ([202] 828-6000). "That's a myth. The reality is that you're more likely to use your gun to drive off a criminal than you are to misuse it and commit a tragedy."

Junk Food: "First of all, it's not junk food," Steve Eure of the Snack Food Association ([703] 836-4500) says. "We represent potato chips, popcorn, pretzels and nut products, not the confectionery and bakery end of it. Some people like to call them salted snacks. But that's a myth, because salted snacks derive the name because they *taste* salty. That comes from surface salt. In fact, a slice of bread or a slice of cheese has just as much salt as a handful of potato chips."

Polyester: "There's a myth that polyester's not stylish," admits Fisher Rhymes of the Man-Made Fiber Producers Association ([202] 296-6508). "Yet it's one of the top fibers used by American fashion designers. You hear people say, 'I don't wear anything except natural fibers'—fiber snobs, we call them. But it's in about 80 percent of all the clothes sold in America. Most people don't even know that."

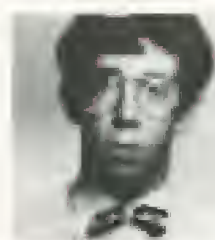
GUILT BY ASSOCIATION

Sugar: "All things are good in moderation," says Ann Bouchoux of the Sugar Association ([202] 785-1122). "Too much broccoli is bad for you." Bouchoux adds that the belief in a link between sugar and hyperactivity is unfounded. "If sugar does anything at all," Bouchoux says, "it releases a chemical in the brain that has a calming effect."

Salt: "The myth is that salt is bad for everyone," says Richard Hanneman of the Salt Institute ([202] 549-4648). "It's true that for a small portion—we estimate between 6 and 10 percent of the adult population—salt restriction can be beneficial. But for the other 90-plus percent, it's irrelevant."

Beer: "Light beers are less fattening than a heck of a lot of products out there," says Don Shea of the Beer Institute ([202] 737-2337). "We're talking about moderate drinking, now. We're not talking about putting away a couple of six-packs."

Associations: "One of the images we try very hard to dispel is that associations are strictly lobbying groups," says Eric Johnson of the American Society of Association Executives ([202] 626-2723). "That's really not true. Associations play a very important role in educating the public and developing new knowledge. It would be hard to say that there are too many associations." ☺



BLURB-O-MAT

*Capsule Movie Reviews by Eric Kaplan,
the Movie Publicist's Friend*

LICENSE TO DRIVE, starring Corey Haim, Corey Feldman (20th Century Fox)
Eric Kaplan says, "Drive, don't walk, to see this one!"

RED HEAT, starring Arnold Schwarzenegger, Jim Belushi (Tri-Star)
Eric Kaplan says, "One of the best films of this or any year!"

FRIGHT NIGHT II, starring Roddy McDowall, William Ragsdale (New Century)
Eric Kaplan says, "Bing, bang, bong—boffo!"

CADDYSHACK II, starring Chevy Chase, Jackie Mason (Warner Bros.)
Eric Kaplan says, "Busted my laugh meter!"

CHIEF ZABU, starring Zack Norman, Allen Garfield (IFM)
Eric Kaplan says, "Sure to be on my Oscar list!" ☺

TEN YEARS AGO IN SPY

“ Dukakis doesn't know it yet, but he's going to lose the primary in September. He's managed to alienate both the party hacks and the lefty liberals. The nomination will drop into the lap of that sleazy Neanderthal Ed King.

But he'll be back. He'll be older and wiser next time, and he'll be governor again. If he plays his cards right, he could even end up a decade from now with the momentum (or inertia) to win national office. **”**

—from "Heading for a Fall,"
by David Owen, SPY, July/August 1978



TECHNIQUES D'AVANT-GARDE



Prepare to submerge.

*Like a Montblanc pen,
or an automobile by Jaguar,
a Tag Heuer diving watch has
legendary status. Swiss craftsmen
began hand-building Tag Heuer
timepieces in 1860. Today, the
rugged case and bracelet of this
watch are machined of solid
stainless steel, then sandblasted
for a scratch-proof finish.
The Swiss quartz movement
is as reliable at the office
as it is 660 feet below sea level.*



THE SHARPER IMAGE®

Call 800 344-4444 (operator 9827) to order,
or for the address of the store nearest you.
Tag Heuer Sport Diving Watch #MHU374 \$195

Naked City

CHAIN OF FOOLS

As far back as I can remember, I have periodically received a curious chain letter. Not the currently fashionable "Airplane" pyramid-scheme kind, which tempts with great wealth those who are willing to scam friends into handing over their savings accounts, but rather a more traditional one, a form letter with vague promises of good luck and not-so-veiled threats of doom to those who ignore the letter. I can't account for why these letters have been sent to me so persistently, but I recall getting my first one way back during the Johnson administration. In the beginning I promptly threw them out, but eventually curiosity prevailed.

Each letter I get is composed mostly of case histories and testimonials—stories of people to whom it has brought good fortune and of those who ignored it at their peril. No money is involved, and no list of names is included. It is an anonymous good-luck charm, arriving generally without even a return address. The recipient of the letter is simply instructed to copy it and mail it to 20 friends, who in turn are instructed to do the same. Very soon, the text becomes illegible and must be retyped and recopied. I wanted to know how the letter could possibly survive all these years intact. Was it self-propagating, like a virus that enters a cell, subjugates it and commands it to reproduce more viruses? *What did this letter want from its human host?*

In September 1984, when I received another of these solicitations, I began keeping a file of them. As eight more letters arrived over the next four years, I added to the file. How well would they hold up after being repeatedly transcribed and photocopied to death? Does the message change, as in a game of telephone?

The results of this effort are summarized in the following chart.

The 1986 version of the letter

KISS SOMEONE YOU LOVE WHEN YOU GET THIS LETTER AND MAKE MAGIC

This paper has been sent to you for good luck. The original copy is in New England. It has been around the world 9 times. The luck has now been sent to you. You will receive good luck within 4 days of receiving this letter provided you send it back out. THIS IS NO JOKE. You receive it in the mail.

Send copies to people you think need good luck. Don't send money, as Fate has no price. Do not keep this letter. It must leave your hands within 96 hours. An R.A.F. officer received \$70,000. Joe Elliot received \$40,000 and lost it because he broke the chain. While in the Philippines, Gene Welch lost his wife 6 days after receiving this letter. He failed to circulate the letter; however, before her death, she had won \$50,000 in a lottery. The money was transferred to him 4 days after he decided to mail out this letter.

Please send 20 copies of this letter and see what happens in 4 days. The chain comes from Venezuela and was written by Saul Anthony de Croff, a missionary from South America. Since the copy must make a tour of the world, you must make 20 copies and send them to your friends and associates. After a few days, you will get a surprise. This is true even if you are not superstitious.

Do note the following: Constantine Dias received the chain in 1953. He asked his secretary to make 20 copies and send them out. A few days later, he won a lottery of two million dollars. Aria Daddit, an office employee, received the letter and forgot it had to leave his hands within 96 hours. He lost his job. Later, after finding the letter again, he mailed out 20 copies. A few days later, he got a better job. Dalen Fairchild received the letter, and, not believing it, threw it away. Nine days later, he died.

Please send no money. Please don't ignore this.

IT WORKS.

Date letter was received	Title	Number of times around world	Who received \$70,000?	Who lost his wife?	How much did Gene finally get?	Who wrote this letter?	Who won \$2 million in 1953?	Who got a promotion?	Who, unbelieving, died after 9 days?
September 1984	WITH LOVE ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE	9	RAF officer	Gene Walsh	\$7,755,000	Aaul Anthony De Croup	Constantine Dias	Carlo Daddit	Dalen Fairchild
January 1985	WITH LOVE ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE	9	RAF officer	Gene Welch	\$7,755,000.00	Saul Anthony De Croup	Constantine Dias	Carlo Daddit	Dalen Fairchild
February 1985	WITH LOVE ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE	9	RAF officer	Gene Welch	\$7,755,000	Saul Anthony Decroup	Constantine Dias	Carlo Laddit	Tylor Fairchild
June 1985	KISS SOMEONE YOU LOVE WHEN YOU GET THIS LETTER AND MAKE MAGIC	9	RAF officer	Gene Welch	\$7,795.00	Saul Anthony de Cref	Constantine Dias	Aritz Daddit	Dalen Fairchild
January 1986	KISS SOMEONE YOU LOVE WHEN YOU GET THIS LETTER AND MAKE MAGIC	9	R.A.F. officer	Gene Welch	\$50,000	Saul Anthony de Croff	Constantine Dias	Aria Daddit	Dalen Fairchild
April 1987	KISS SOMEONE YOU LOVE WHEN YOU GET THIS LETTER AND MAKE MAGIC	5	Air Force officer	Gene Welch	\$30,000	Saul Anthony De Croff	Constantine Pia	Andy Paddit	Dalen Fairchild
February 1988	KISS SOMEONE YOU LOVE WHEN YOU GET THIS LETTER AND MAKE MAGIC	9	A.E.F. office	Gene Welch	Nothing	Saul Anthony Decroll	Constantine Diaz	Aria Daddit	Dolan Fairchild
March 1988	KISS SOMEONE YOU LOVE WHEN YOU GET THIS LETTER AND MAKE MAGIC	9	Air Force Officer	Gene Wolch	\$50,000.00	Saul Anthony de Crof	Constantine Deas (in 1952)	Andy Daddit	Nobody
April 1988	KISS SOMEONE YOU LOVE WHEN YOU GET THIS LETTER, AND MAKE MAGIC	9	Air Force official	Gene Welch	\$40,000.00	Saul Anthony Dooff	Constantine DPlus	Grodotic	Dolen Fairchild

—Andy Aaron

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70
1992



Kirstie Alley



THE PERFECT MARGARITA

Kirstie Alley knows how to throw the perfect desert party. First, track down the perfect starlit spot. And, like Kirstie, always serve Cuervo Margaritas. The perfectly delicious Margaritas made with Cuervo Gold, the premium tequila, and Jose Cuervo Margarita Mix. Chill 'em down, then shake 'em up. The fiesta starts with Cuervo.

Cuervo

RETHINK YOUR DRINK.
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REEBOKS LET U.B.U.



Reebok 

KIDS TALK TO REDDY KILOWATT ABOUT ELECTRICITY

Mark O'Donnell Answers Questions Kids Might Ask
During Reddy's Tour of American Elementary Schools

Q: Why are your arms all crooked?

A: They're bolts of energy.

Q: Do you have a penis?

A: No.

Q: So, are you from
outer space or what?

A: No, I'm just a drawing.

Q: Can I get a suit like yours?

A: You wouldn't be skinny or zigzaggy enough.

Q: Is it satisfying to flow through the body of a
condemned killer?

A: No, I'm emotionless. I strike innocent forest rangers too.

Q: What happens if you touch water? Do you die?

A: Electricity cannot conceive of its own cessation.

Q: I don't think you're neat. I think you're queer.

A: That's not a question.

Q: Does it mean your nose and your stomach and
your gloves are all made of electricity?

A: Believe it or not, kid, so are yours. ☺



ONE HUNDRED TWENTY-FOUR ENCHANTED EVENINGS (AND, OF COURSE, MATINEES)

A Special SPY Entertainment Service Feature

The bad news: he's bypassing New York again. The good news: we've been lucky enough to get his itinerary so that you can start planning to spend more than six happy months following him around and going to *all* the shows. He and *him* refer, of course, to Robert Goulet, who will be performing in *South Pacific* (as the Eurasian-breeder Emile de Becque) before adoring crowds from Winnipeg to Wilmington. Armies of Goulet Heads will surely be on board, leaving families and jobs behind. So don't get shut out — get your tickets *now*.

Winnipeg, MAN	Concert Hall	August 22, 1988
Calgary, ALTA	Jubilee Theatre	August 29, 1988
Edmonton, ALTA	Jubilee Theatre	September 5, 1988
Kansas City, MO	Midland Theatre	September 26, 1988
Hamilton, ONT	Hamilton Place Theatre	October 3, 1988
Hershey, PA	Cultural Center	October 10, 1988
Rochester, NY	Eastman Center	October 17, 1988
Boston, MA	Wang Center	October 24, 1988
Tampa, FL	Performing Arts Center	October 31, 1988
St. Petersburg, FL	Bayfront Center	November 7, 1988
Miami, FL	Jackie Gleason Theatre of Performing Arts	November 14, 1988
Orlando, FL	Bob Carr Performing Arts Center	November 28, 1988
New Haven, CT	Shubert Performing Arts Center	December 5, 1988
Minneapolis, MN	Orpheum Theatre	January 16, 1989
Detroit, MI	Fisher Theatre	January 30, 1989
Wilmington, DE	Playhouse	March 6, 1989 ☺

LOGROLLING IN OUR TIME

"This is the best novel that Miss Gordimer has ever written."

— Alan Paton on Nadine Gordimer's *July's People*

"One cannot read this book without the total absorption that comes from recognition of the truth."

— Gordimer on Paton's *Ah, But Your Land Is Beautiful*

"Vidal's development is crowned with great success...."

— Italo Calvino on Gore Vidal's *Myron*

"Calvino has advanced far beyond his American and English contemporaries."

— Vidal on Calvino's *Marcovaldo*

"A tour de force.... A treat for Erica Jong's legion of readers."

— D. M. Thomas on Erica Jong's *Serenissima*

"Summit will delight and amuse even Thomas's most devoted readers. I am one."

— Jong on Thomas's *Summit*

— Howard Kaplan

close up

Proposed Movie
of the Month

8 PM **SPY**



WILLIAMS

ARTHUR HAILEY'S CONVENTION!

Power, sex and money — electoral-process style, as only master storyteller Arthur Hailey can do it. It's an election year, and two steamy southern cities provide the backdrop for this six-hour, star-studded chronicle of the high-level machinations that eventually produce the Democratic and Republican nominees for president. On and off the convention floor, the lives of the men who crave the White House and the kingmakers who can make or break them weave a web of intrigue that involves both parties and, ultimately, President Reagan's chief cue-card facilitator himself. Cindy Williams stars as the *Washington Post* reporter who's got a story that's too hot to handle. Vice President Bush: Richard Anderson. Governor Dukakis: Ron Leibman. Rev. Jesse Jackson: Paul Winfield. Governor Cuomo: Danny DeVito. With special appearances by Pat Caddell and Oscar winner Olympia Dukakis as themselves. (3 hrs.; continues tomorrow at 8:00 p.m.)

7:00	7:30	8:00	8:30
News	Wheel of Fortune	Downtown	
Agronsky & Co.			

PHOTOGRAPH BY DOUGLAS KEEVE... MODELS-CHARLENE SHORT/CLICK AND BEN SHAUL/ICE... STYLING-AUNT MAX... HAIR-RIC PIPPING... MAKEUP-ELIZABETH/ART & COMMERCE.

FOR

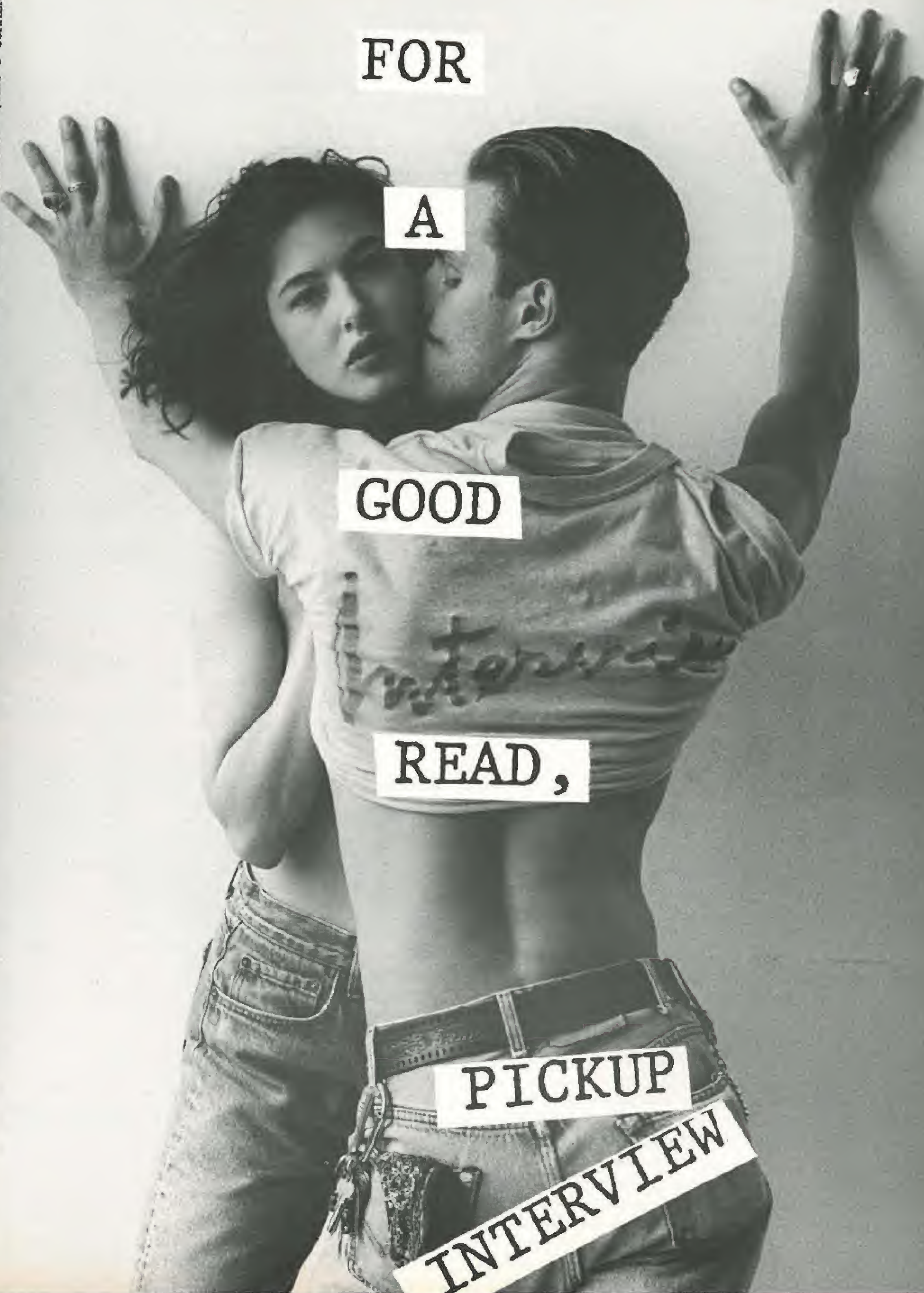
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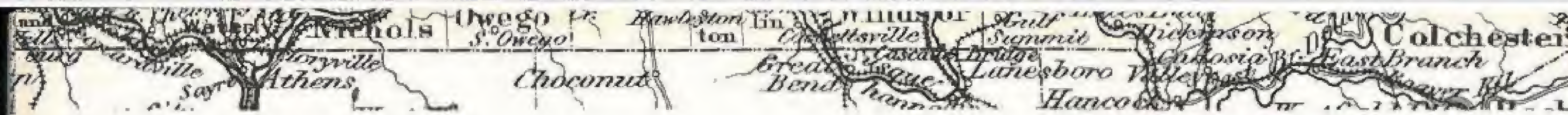
GOOD

READ,

PICKUP

INTERVIEW





Naked City

NO PAIN, NO GAIN

A quarter century ago John F. Kennedy took up a relatively obscure Eisenhower program, the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports, and made it into a national mania. Kennedy believed that if flabby eleven-year-olds did long jumps and tubby executives such as Pierre Salinger went on two-mile hikes, all Americans would soon resemble Mercury astronauts and would spend their free time playing touch football and containing communism.

Nothing about the New Frontier has survived as well as the exercise principle, and most Americans now actually believe exercise is beneficial. Here are some who might disagree, celebrities whose silence could be interpreted as eloquent dissent.

► **JAMES F. FIXX**, the Apostle of Running, dropped dead from a massive heart attack while jogging along a Vermont roadside in 1984; he was 52. Fixx died alone, wearing only shorts and running shoes.

In 1987, 44-year-old **RON ROGERSON**, Princeton University's football coach, died after suffering a heart attack while jogging in New Hampshire; in 1982, 41-year-old **DAVID BLUE**, the modestly talented songwriter and Dylan hanger-on, had a fatal heart attack while jogging around Washington Square Park; in 1978 Congressman **GOODLOW BYRON**, a four-term nonentity, dropped dead at 49 while jogging near Hagerstown, Maryland.

Any kind of exercise can kill. In June the retrograde chairman of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission, Clarence Pendleton, 57, collapsed while riding a stationary bicycle at a health club in San Diego and died.

► For a rather sedentary sport, golf is surprisingly lethal. **BING CROSBY** died at 73 after playing a round of golf at La Moraleja, a club outside Madrid, in 1977. Crosby carded an 85, which, reduced by his handicap, gave him a one-stroke victory over his companions that he treasured for about two minutes.

Other golf victims include **STEPHEN BOYD** (the stony-faced supporting actor in *Ben Hur* and *The Oscar*), who died at 48 while playing in Los Angeles in 1977; and Congressman **JAMES HOWARD** of New Jersey, an

eleven-term representative who was the father of the 55-mile-per-hour speed limit. Howard, 60, keeled over while playing in Maryland earlier this year.

► **"PISTOL PETE" MARAVICH**, the leading scorer in major college basketball history and former NBA star, dropped dead in a pickup basketball game in Pasadena this year. He was 40. In recent years he had claimed to have found God.

In February 1976 **OWEN BROWN**, who had been a starter for the University of Maryland Terrapins the previous season, died during a pickup game with fellow students at the Xerox Training Center near Leesburg, Virginia. Just two months later **CHRIS PATTON**, a highly touted second-year player for Maryland, died in a pickup game with guys from his dorm. (If you're going to play basketball, play in an accredited league. Pickup games can kill.)

► Other team sports have taken their toll in human lives. **FLO HYMAN**, the six-foot-five spiker who led the U.S. Women's Volleyball Team to a silver medal in the 1984 Summer Olympics, died at 31 during a 1986 game in Japan. **CHUCK HUGHES**, a receiver for the Detroit Lions, died on the field during a game with Chicago in October 1971. Hughes was returning to the huddle with little more than a minute left in the game when he put his hands to his chest and collapsed. CPR efforts failed, and after he was carted off, the referee insisted that the game be played out. Chicago won by five; Hughes was 28.

DON McMAHON, a relief pitcher with seven major-league teams from 1957 to 1974, died of a heart attack after pitching in a Los Angeles Dodgers batting practice in July 1987. The more famous baseball death occurred in August 1920, when Carl Mays of the Yankees beamed **RAY CHAPMAN** of the Indians. The sound of ball hitting cranium was so sharp that Mays thought his pitch had hit Chapman's bat; he fielded the ball and threw the comatose runner out at first.

► Boxing, of course, kills routinely; worldwide, 460 people have died in the ring since 1918. A notable example occurred in

1982, when Boom Boom Mancini beat South Korean fighter **DUK KOO KIM** to death during a WBA lightweight-championship bout at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas. Duk's take was to have been \$20,000. A couple of days before the fight, Duk had written KILL OR BE KILLED in Korean on a lampshade in his room. JUST DO YOUR BEST might have sufficed.

Another memorable death in the ring occurred at Madison Square Garden in March 1962, when Emile Griffith killed **BENNY "KID" PARET** during a welterweight-title bout. Norman Mailer, who was at ringside that night, said Griffith's punches sounded like "a heavy ax in the distance chopping into a wet log."

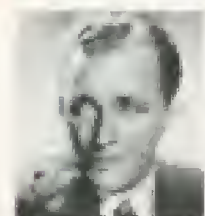
► Gentlemanly sports also kill. **JON BRADSHAW**, a contributing editor at *Esquire* and a cowriter of the screenplay for *The Moderns*, collapsed while playing tennis in Los Angeles in 1986. He died three days later, at 48. Commerce Secretary **MALCOLM BALDRIGE**, age 64, was crushed to death in 1987 when his horse reared and fell on him during a rodeo in California.

► Water sports are especially dangerous. **DENNIS WILSON**, founding member of the Beach Boys, drowned while swimming at Marina del Rey, California, in 1983; he was 39. Los Angeles Rams owner **CARROLL ROSENBLUM**, 72, died swimming off Golden Beach, Florida, in 1979. Rolling Stone **BRIAN JONES**, 27, drowned while out for a pleasant float in his backyard pool in 1969. **HAROLD HOLD**, the 59-year-old prime minister of Australia, drowned while bathing off Cheviot Beach, in Victoria, in December 1967.

VIRGINIA WOOLF, age 59, drowned while swimming in the River Ouse in 1941. Unwisely, perhaps, she was wearing all her clothes and carrying large stones in the pockets of her coat.

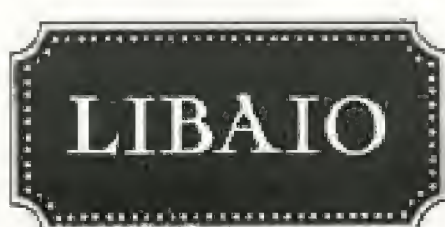
► Last but not least, **NELSON ROCKEFELLER** died at age 70 in 1979 while participating in perhaps the oldest recreational sport known to man: namely, working late at the office on a Friday night, on a book about modern art, with a comely blond assistant.

—Jamie Malanowski





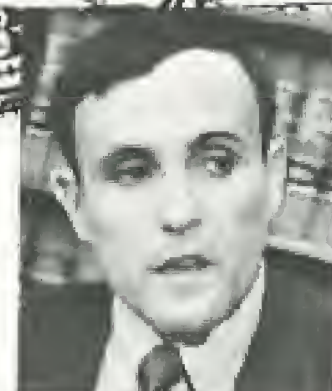
THE NAME OF THAT NEW WHITE WINE WAS ON EVERYONE'S MIND.



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Naked City

JOURNALISTS AGREE: RUDY GIULIANI REMINDS US OF SOMEBODY



Is it a religious figure...

"A thoughtful, driven man who rarely sleeps more than five hours a night and resembles a quattrocento fresco of an obscure saint."—*Time*, February 10, 1986

"But like Savonarola, the 43-year-old Republican prosecutor strays outside his religion (the law) and plunges into the political thicket."—Ken Auletta, *Daily News*, April 5, 1987

"He is a priest in prosecutor's clothing...Most people...know his monk's face and his altar-boy lisp...Or is he a latter-day Savonarola, using temporal power to purge a pleasure-sodden city?"—Gail Sheehy, *Vanity Fair*, August 1987

...an Untouchable...

"His hardball tactics have earned him comparisons to Eliot Ness, the fearless federal agent who worked to break up whisky-smuggling gangs in Chicago during the 1920's Prohibition years."—*Maclean's*, April 6, 1987

"This latter-day Eliot Ness has stung Wall Street inside-traders as well as major organized-crime figures with equal effectiveness."—*Newsday*, February 1, 1988

"A 1980s version of Eliot Ness."—*Staten Island Sunday Advance*, September 27, 1987

"U.S. Attorney Rudolph Giuliani, forty-three, is today's Eliot Ness."—*Vanity Fair*, August 1987

...or just a New York guy with plenty of missionary zeal?

"Some detractors think that Giuliani is preparing a political career in the tradition of onetime New York Prosecutor Thomas Dewey."—*Time*, October 14, 1985

"Like Thomas Dewey...Giuliani has become a high-profile, white-hatted gangbuster."—*Time*, February 10, 1986

"In an earlier era, just such a track record propelled U.S. Attorney Thomas E. Dewey."—*U.S. News & World Report*, February 3, 1986

"So, watch Giuliani. Fighting crime in New York can be a path into politics. It was for...Tom Dewey."—George Will, *Newsweek*, March 2, 1987

"Rudolph Giuliani isn't the first Gotham gangbuster to capture the imagination of professional politicians. A half-century ago, Thomas E. Dewey rocketed to fame..."—*U.S. News & World Report*, March 23, 1987

"Not for 50 years—not since the days of Thomas E. Dewey—has anyone had such an impact on law enforcement in the city."—Peter Maas, *New York*, April 25, 1988

"State Republicans are courting Giuliani as though he were a modern-day Thomas Dewey."—*Bronx Beat*, April 7, 1987

"Rudolph Giuliani's exploits as crime buster have, in little more than four years, put him on a par with Thomas E. Dewey."—John McLaughlin, *Staten Island Sunday Advance*, August 23, 1987

"He is the hottest prosecutor to hit New

York since Thomas Dewey set up shop half a century ago."—*Staten Island Advance*, November 23, 1987

"Just as Dewey parlayed his crime-buster image into election as governor and nomination for president..."—Maurice Carroll, *Newsday*, November 26, 1986

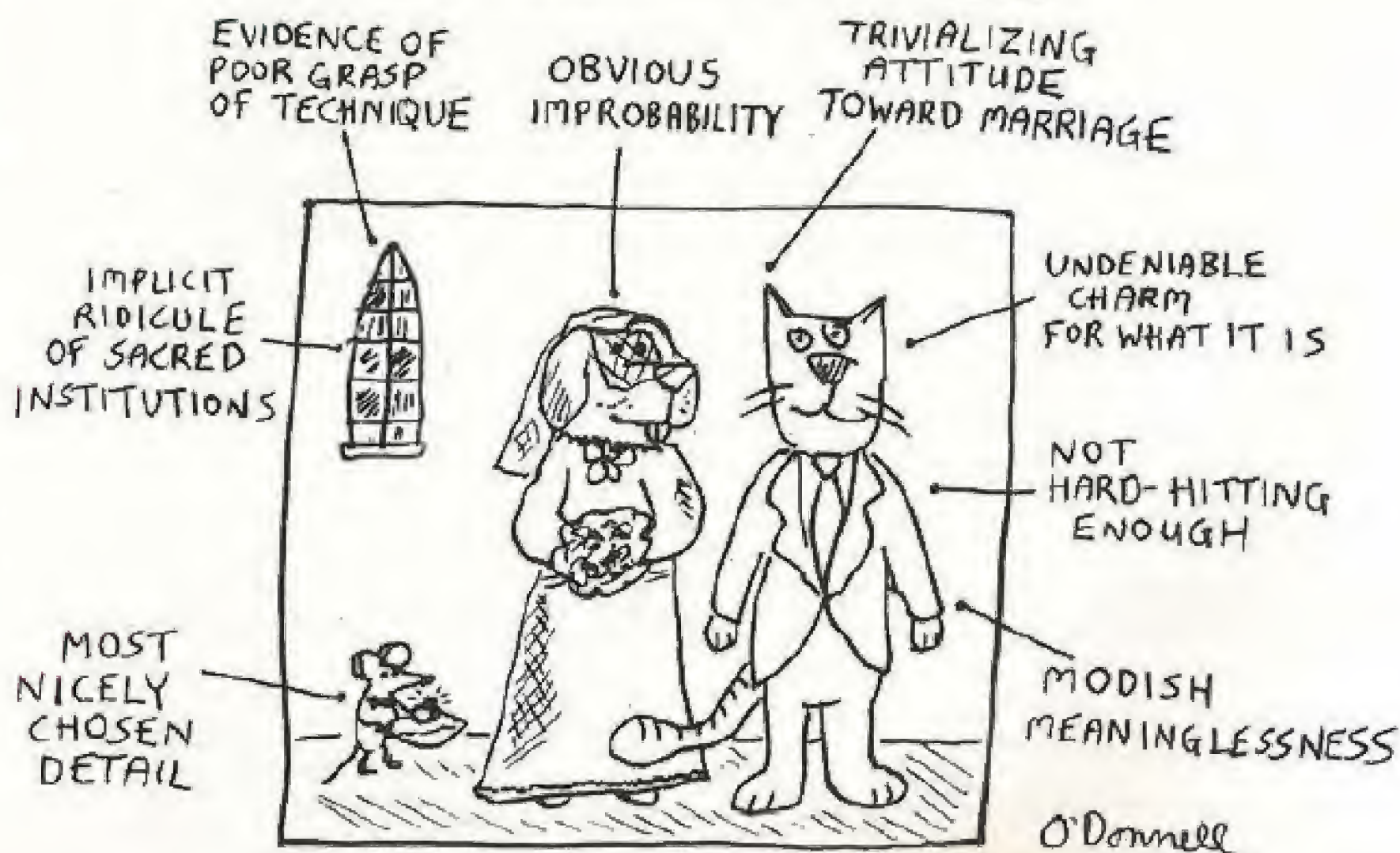
"New York's most relentlessly visible prosecutor since Dewey."—Maurice Carroll, *Newsday*, December 14, 1987

"Not since the time of Thomas Dewey has a public prosecutor so materially altered the rules of the game in this town."—*Newsday*, January 27, 1988

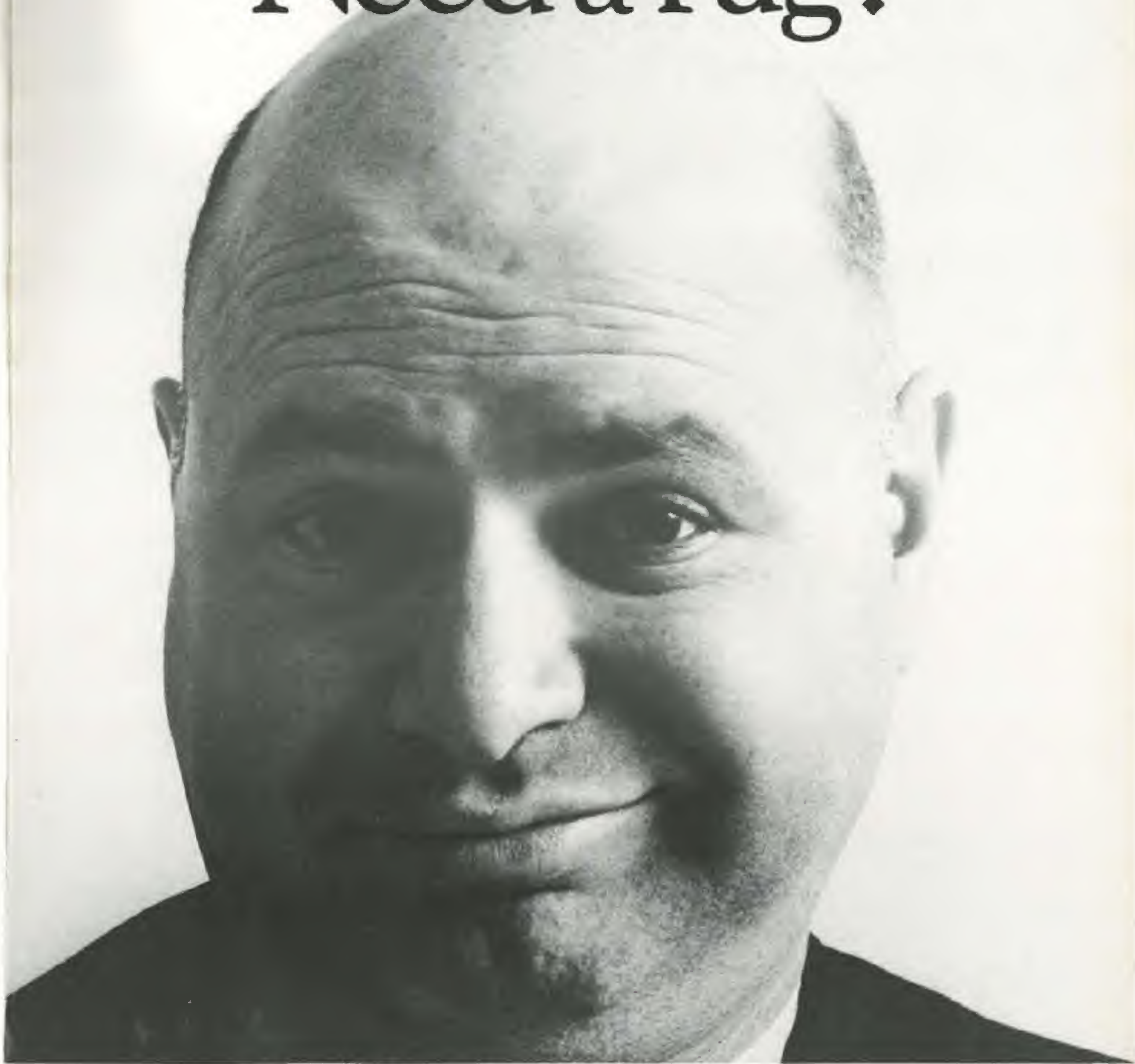
"If his record of successes continues he is likely to go down as the most effective prosecutor since Thomas Dewey."—James B. Stewart, *The Prosecutors*, 1987

"If a reporter looking at the U.S. Attorney's future fails to mention the name of Tom Dewey, someone from Giuliani's office may work it into the conversation."—Andy Logan, *The New Yorker*, October 26, 1987 —Howard Kaplan

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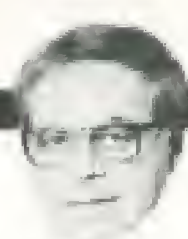
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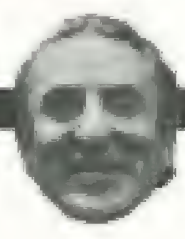
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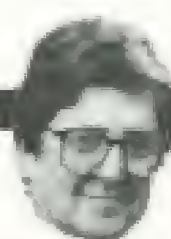
THE TIMES



Max



Arthur



Abe

The quodlibet weighing heavily on everybody's mind, or at least upon the minds of people at the *Times*...well, all right...on managing editor Arthur Gelb's mind, is what he will do when he reaches the paper's retirement age of 65 early next year. Publisher Punch Sulzberger and the board of editors have already declined, with thanks, a selfless request by Arthur for a special retirement waiver that would allow him to stay on, if only to ensure that his wife, Barbara, and son, Peter, receive the regular favorable *Times* coverage that they have come to regard as their due. (Punch, poor man, was placed in a similarly knotty situation with former executive editor Abe Rosenthal, in the course of a particularly cross-grained lunch the two shared in The Grill Room of The Four Seasons prior to Abe's reaching the magic number last year. Throughout their feast, Rosenthal intermittently dabbed at the catsup in the corners of his mouth, leaned toward his companion and pleaded in urgent but hushed tones to be allowed to stay on. *Pretty please. Pretty please with sugar and whipped cream on top.* Or words to that effect.)

Regrettably for Arthur, there are few decent postretirement sinecures left at the paper. The Op-Ed page has an ample supply of enervated former editors with nothing left to say and little talent left to say it with, in the person of Abe "I'm Writing as Bad as I Can" Rosenthal. But unlike Abe, who forged few friendships outside the paper (and almost none within), Arthur has cannily applied himself to currying favor with achievers throughout publishing and the arts—people who may feel obliged to lend him a hand once his compelling brand of obsequiousness and tyranny is no

longer required at the *Times*. Would it be too unkind to suppose that Arthur, in addition to arranging a face-saving, do-nothing advisory stint for himself at the paper, will enter into partnership with teeny *Times*-hyped arts impresario Martin Segal in some sort of consulting business?

Demobilization from the *Times* may, however, deprive Arthur of his involvement in book deals to which he assiduously attaches his name. And we're not talking here about *O'Neill*, the biography of the Scandalously Underappreciated American Playwright Eugene O'Neill that Gelb wrote with Barbara, and whose sales he has fought valiantly to bolster with almost daily updates on O'Neill's life, which ended in 1953. Rather, we're referring to the easy \$5,000 or so that Gelb and Rosenthal would each pick up for "editing" the hardcover anthologies of Second Section magazine pieces gathered under the titles *The New York Times World of New York* and *The Sophisticated Traveler*. Although the stories in each anthology were already written, edited and copyedited, and even the books themselves were gathered and edited again by others—then-travel-editor Michael Leahy in the case of *The Sophisticated Traveler* and popular new culture editor Marvin Siegel for *World of New York*—Abe and Arthur, the two editors of record, were obliged, if not actually to *read* the completed manuscripts, then at least to find time in their very busy schedules to *know of their existence*.

If Arthur is anything like Abe, he will probably supplant this loss of income by arranging other, more profitable book deals for himself. There will, of course, be the requisite tiresome *Times*man autobiography. It is also likely that Arthur will manage to convince some publisher to come up with a swan of the sort that Abe orches-


trated with Phyllis Grann at G.P. Putnam's Sons. Phyllis, you will recall, is a close personal friend of Abe's, Arthur's and Barbara's, and attendant with that high honor came glowing and extensive coverage of her career in the *Times*. When Abe first accepted his pooh-bah job at Putnam's a half year ago, he failed to fully inform Punch and his son, Arthur Sulzberger Jr. (the poor man is actually called *Pinch*), that he would be actively acquiring books. The Sulzbergers were furious—so furious, in fact, that they demanded that Abe arrange a title change for himself at Putnam's, from "editor at large" to "editorial consultant," and insisted that an "Editor's Note" acknowledge not only the change but also that Abe's duties at Putnam's would *not* include buying books but merely suggesting book ideas and bringing up the names of famous authors a good deal.

When Arthur does leave, incidentally, current executive editor Max Frankel's boy, Jack Rosenthal, personable and competent in his present job as editorial-page editor, will in all likelihood succeed him as managing editor. And not a moment too soon. In the course of trying to fill a key reporting position on the paper recently, Arthur conferred at length with two of the editors overseeing the section, and they reached a consensus on whom they should hire—a genial and experienced reporter from another paper who had previously worked in Paris. Later Arthur called up one of the editors and told her that he had just spoken to the fellow he thought was the agreed-upon candidate and that he would be starting work at the *Times* shortly. After a long pause, the editor on the other end of the line said, "Arthur, you've just hired the wrong person." The wrong person began working for the *Times* in April.

—J. J. Hunsecker

"I was wondering if you could possibly return the cup of Johnnie Walker Black Label you borrowed."

It was a controversial war. It was a war that touched a generation. It was a war unlike any America had ever fought before. It was a hard, bloody, endless war — hard and bloody, anyway. Well, sort of hard and kind of bloody. It was a war that defined an entire... week in our nation's history. Yet it was also, we believe, a searing national experience that even today, on the fifth anniversary of the invasion, the American people have refused to face.

We were younger in the fall of 1983. We were younger before the War in Grenada.  Grenada. *The very word is nostalgic, conjuring up an era of youthful exuberance, a time before the*
Return to

Until now.



disillusionment of Irangate and before Just Say No, a heady time of Cyndi Lauper songs and *Remington Steele*.

But Grenada is more than just part of an innocent, faraway, early-Reagan-era time. It is more than the only successful war in the last 43 years of American military enterprise. For the generation born in the 1960s and '70s, Grenada is a watershed — Grenada is their Vietnam. With Vietnam, however, the country had a leisurely decade to figure out the pain and learn the lessons of the war; with Grenada everything was wildly accelerated — the communist threat, the bloody coup, the troop buildup, the full-

scale military commitment, the Washington duplicity and the American pullout *all happened in a matter of weeks*.

Today I am in Grenada to dig deep in its soil, to visit the killing grounds, to speak with our old enemies and to see if I can reach an accord with them, the deep accord of which I know we are capable now that the war is over. There can be nothing more profound than the meeting of two former enemies on an old battlefield. It is my contention that the war made us brothers. I hope to bring something of that home for all of us.

Before this saga is over, I'll entwine myself in the shadowy net

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GRE

A S P Y

Special

Report



by G U Y

MARTIN

in Grenada

A horizontal line of barbed wire with three visible barbs, spanning the width of the page.

NADA

of informants who control the flow of fact and fiction in Grenada; I will track the semimassive American occupation force; I will contact the bitter ex-communists living semi-underground; I will worm my way into the upper reaches of Grenadian society, or what passes for society on this island; I will be suspected of being and ultimately branded an intelligence operative; I will discover the purportedly secret lair of either (1) the CIA or (2) a formerly polygamist religious cult. In short, I will cut through the lattice of pretense and deception of the postwar inferno I find myself in.

You may ask, *Why now? Why not just forget it?*

We must look hard at our victory in Grenada for posterity and for the nation as a whole. Because we deserve to remember how and why we won so big.

But why *now*? For me personally, the answer is simple: I needed the years in between. I couldn't have gone back a minute sooner. I refused to believe that the war had affected me in any way—I routinely denied that it had even occurred. I moped. I suppose that was to be expected. I've since learned this is a side effect of all wars—even for people who didn't serve in them. Five years later, after the shooting

a fat, happy little cabdriver who claims he has never heard of Leo Castelli, *must* tell me everything. The story is fairly bursting out of him. I'm on the ground in Grenada 23 seconds before he offers his services as driver and tough-guy-know-it-all. In other words, Jasper wants to hire on as my personal stoolie.

For starters, I want to know why two mammoth camouflaged U.S. Air Force Military Airlift Command (MAC) transports, a C-130 prop plane and a C-141 four-engine jet, stand watch on either side of the Point Salines tarmac five years after our troops have ostensibly pulled out of Grenada. I want to know why, just a half mile down the road from the airport, there is a two-acre, barbed-wire-enclosed Navy compound, complete with generators, mess tent, officers' billet, laundry, motor pool, .45-toting Shore Patrol and a whitewashed concrete gate that reads

WELCOME TO
HOTEL CALIFORNIA,
HOME OF
U.S. NAVY HYDROFOILS

FURTHERMORE, I WANT TO KNOW WHY, on Jasper's deep *soca* radio station, I keep expecting to hear Jimi rip into a thunder-

leader, he still alive, so the Grenadian security cannot be depended on. Because *they* are from the early time, too."

What Jasper means is that almost everybody was here from 1979 to 1983, what they call the revolution time, except, of course, those unfortunates who managed to get killed. It's not as if the island were instantly reinvented after 6,000 Rangers, Marines and 82nd Airborne paratroopers dropped in. The islanders had lives, jobs, families and their own peculiar system of dealing with the rigors of their former government, even if they happened to be one of its many detainees. Extracting the taproots of daily revolutionary life takes a bit longer than nine days.

I'm just at the point of asking Jasper how he squeaked by during the four agitprop-filled years of Marxist-Leninist rule when we pass the dun-colored drill ground and barracks of the Grenadian security forces, just below the U.S. Navy base, and it becomes clear what else Jasper meant. At this very moment there are former People's Revolutionary Army soldiers at work securing a restructured, pro-Reagan Grenada—guys who shot down *our* choppers, who sniped at *our* grunts, and who, after witnessing and/or participating in two coups d'état and one invasion from 1979 to 1983, are currently being trained in counterinsurgency techniques by *our* Special Forces advisers.

Jasper appreciates the military drollery. "Army is army, mahn," he laughs, "and army go around."

A NEW AGE BABY DOC

OF COURSE, A REVOLUTION MUST HAVE A villain in order to stay a revolution. Grenada's first villain was Sir Eric "Uncle" Gairy, the demented spiritualist and UFO devotee who managed to put together a trade union coalition and lead the country to independence from Britain in 1974. But as he matured in the office of prime minister he developed a messianic mam-bologist's worldview, prominently featuring the divine juju of Himself, Sir Eric, New Age Uncle of Grenada.

Along with this came a Baby Doc-size appetite for muscle. Domestically, Sir Eric and a few of his friends funded the Mongoose Gang, whose job it was to beat, torture and otherwise instill terror in the opposition. On the twelfth of March, 1979, Sir Eric flew to New York for a meeting with then-squeaky-clean UN Sec-



Obligatory picture of obligatory anti-American sloganeering on a wall in St. George's

was over, I woke up one morning and discovered in myself the courage to face the fact that I was still tied to the war in Grenada, or, more precisely, that the entire nine days lived in Technicolor in my head—post-Grenada-stress syndrome. Then I knew I had to go. I had to see Grenada for myself.

JASPER JOHN WANTS TO TELL ME EVERYTHING. Actually, it's better than that. Jasper,

ous "Purple Haze." I want to know why I feel like I have not landed at windy, goat-mowed Point Salines, gateway to the paradisiacal Isle of Spice, but at Tan Son Nhut circa 1968, the hot, swarming gateway to hell.

Jasper has a simple answer to my questions. "That the *big* boys," he says, nodding at the Navy installation. "They here about one month now, becahse there are plenty people from the revolution time, and the



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JUNIPER BERRIES FROM ITALY



CASSIA BARK FROM INDOCHINA

retary General Kurt Waldheim on the subject of UFOs and other cosmic phenomena. Alas, the day after he left for New York, Sir Eric was deposed by Maurice Bishop, a young London-trained lawyer who seized power with about 50 poorly armed followers.

ity. For many poor Grenadians, it was the first time they had actually been addressed by a politician. Bishop and his deputy, Bernard Coard, began their long flirtation with Cuba and the Soviet bloc, which culminated in the building of the Point Salines airport and the stockpiling of weaponry.

was to save the medical students. *Save the medical students!* Perhaps you recall them, the 585 young Americans whose substandard SAT scores, substandard medical boards or substandard college marks tragically prevented them from realizing their parents' lifelong goal of having them attend medical school at a fully accredited university in the continental United States. But no matter. After Maurice Bishop's murder, our president implied, the medical students were in critical danger at the hands of unruly, heavily armed, dark-skinned communists who would rape the girls and kill the boys or, worse, hold them all hostage. (See "Fighting and Dying for Truth, Justice and an Unaccredited School of Medicine," page 62.)

Between golf games during that weekend in October, the president managed to sell this scenario to the Joint Chiefs. The military bought in fairly quickly, having 48 hours earlier lost face by sacrificing 241 Marines to a kamikaze truck bomber in Beirut. And, of course, eight years earlier, by having lost the Vietnam War.

Now it's the fate of the U.S. military to have *every single thing it does in the world evaluated in terms of the Vietnam War*, and I am happy, now, to be part of that tradi-

It's THE FATE OF THE U.S. MILITARY TO HAVE EVERY SINGLE THING IT DOES IN THE WORLD EVALUATED IN TERMS OF THE VIETNAM WAR, AND I AM HAPPY, NOW, TO BE PART OF THAT TRADITION. ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Maurice Bishop was the closest Grenadians ever came to having their very own JFK; it was just their tough luck that he was educated in England and was therefore a raving socialist. The day he took power, Bishop promised elections and the restoration of personal and political freedom. As time passed, of course, his government's fear of a coup ossified it, and the usual revolutionary entropy set in: a single ruling party, a Central Committee and jailings for the opposition.

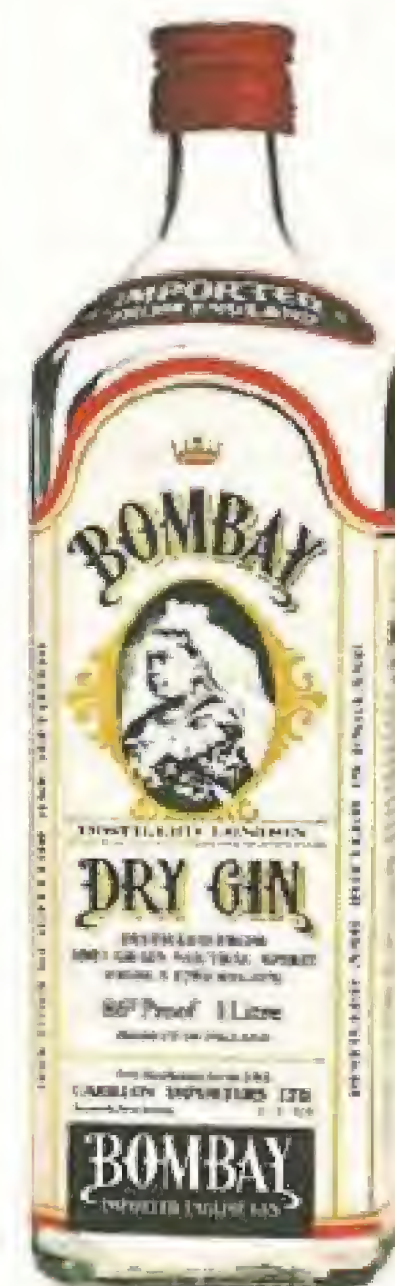
In spite of his excesses, it's difficult to overestimate Maurice Bishop's popular-

But even the most delightful revolutions occasionally eat their young. Coard soon poisoned the Central Committee against Bishop, who was stripped of power and placed under house arrest. Freed by a crowd of supporters, Bishop led a protest march to the old French fort above the town of St. George's, where troops loyal to Coard shot him and then cut at his corpse. Six days later, on October 25, 1983, the first of the 6,000 American invaders hit the silk under heavy opposing fire.

The mission, or the purported mission,



PORTED TASTE OF BOMBAY GIN.



ALMONDS FROM INDOCHINA



LEMON PEEL FROM SPAIN



ORRIS (IRIS ROOT) FROM ITALY



LICORICE FROM INDOCHINA

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tion. As a result, when they are engaged, our military mostly just tries to avoid humiliation; but the great problem with humiliation management as a military strategy, or even as a life-style, is that it leads to greater humiliation.

So, confronted in Grenada with an estimated 1,500 poorly trained enemy militia cut off on an island still suffering the disarray of an unpopular coup, our military planners opted for the usual firepower blanket and dispatched to the war a small number of top-secret, special-operations insurgent-killers, plus two battalions of Rangers, 600 Marines, 5,000 paratroopers, a five-ship amphibious assault force and the U.S.S. *Independence* battle group, including its 80 fighter planes, its full-size cruiser, a guided-missile destroyer, a guided-missile frigate and two standard-issue destroyers.

In short, it wasn't enough. Does this remind us of anything else in the last 20 years? *We own the air and we own the sea, but Charlie owns the ground.* The first thing that happened in Grenada was that the top-secret, special-ops counterinsurgents got pinned down immediately by a few cool, committed members of the People's Revolutionary Army and their Cuban friends. Hours later they had to be rescued by 250

regular-line grunts and five tanks (see "The Other MIAs," page 57). Then the defenders of the airport at Point Salines, the Cuban construction workers, decided, incredibly, to shoot at the main invading force. American commanders later claimed that the intelligence reports they'd received had stated



War is hell: U.S. troops two days after 1983 invasion that they would only be facing token resistance: *But sir, you specifically told us they were going to give up!*

Then 295, or roughly half, of the medical students somehow got lost in the hurly-burly of life and languished in their dorm rooms for two days, surrounded but untouched by the communists. Finally, the battlefield commanders learned where they were and sent helicopters to pick them up off the beach.

But we won, don't you see? Eight thousand, six hundred and twelve medals were awarded to our 6,000 combatants, the most ever in American history for so brief an engagement. The president and the military showed spine; the medical profession, thank God, had its future preserved; and we as a nation had the thanks of a grateful Grenada, indeed of a grateful Caribbean. Okay, it cost us 19 American boys, but if we had the chance to ask them, they'd say they gave their lives gladly to help us purchase back our pride after so many long, dry years of shame. In a phrase, *it was Vietnam in reverse.*

GRENADA'S NATIONAL PASTIME

I KNOW I'VE FOUND THE RIGHT WATER-front dive in St. George's when I glance at the bar menu, which offers a house specialty called the U.S. Bomber Cocktail (Super Potent), built with equal measures of the local white rum, crème de bananes, Galliano, orange and lemon juice and a few heaping tablespoons of honey. Although they eat and drink sugar by the ton on this island, nobody drinks these things.

I had to dump Jasper earlier in the day. Such is the way with informants. Not that I didn't want to keep going, it's just that the

legion of Grenadian snitches and their information have a very short half-life, and poor Jasper reached his sooner than most.

Next to cricket, informing is the national sport of Grenada. When politics are fluid, and they have been darned fluid for more than a decade here, there's an insatiable need for information. Each of the three regimes prior to our invasion had its own secret police, and, naturally, each had its immediate predecessors in jail.

Now, no matter what their stripe, most Grenadians are out of jail, and there is a wild, blooming souk of information, a whole nation of gossip merchants. The most popular of the island's several newspapers is, appropriately, *The Grenada Informer*, "the fearless weekly that tells it is, where it is, how it is, just as it is [sic]." The *Informer* has a strict editorial policy of printing every single rumor that has survived more than a day on the street. But around Market Square, one hears much more:

- The guns left in the hills are in the wrong hands;
- There are no guns in the hills;
- The recent series of unsolved robberies and killings with AK-47s, the weapon of choice during the Marxist heyday, has great political significance;
- The robberies and killings are simply an opportunistic crime spree;
- America has helped Grenada;
- America has sucked the blood of this nation and placed it in the thrall of the CIA;

I'm AT THE POINT OF ASKING HIM WHETHER HE ACTUALLY KILLED ANY AMERICANS IN HIS FIREFIGHT DURING THE WAR, BUT IT STRIKES ME AS IMPOLITE. ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

- There is no race consciousness here;
- White people are evil CIA operatives; light-skinned Grenadians are their pawns and toadies;
- There is no drug problem here;
- The island has been riddled with cocaine ever since the Americans arrived;
- The three local cocaine kingpins, "Tony One," "Tony Two" and "Dennis," are Grenadians; Americans have had nothing to do with it.

YOU GET THE PICTURE. THE SAFEST—in fact, the only—course is to believe absolutely everything anybody says unless it

can be immediately proved false. I make this decision after my third rum at the Delicious Landing while watching a colorized Robert Taylor film called *Bataan* on Ted Turner's "SuperStation," TBS. What could Turner possibly have in mind?



Meet the enemy: Michael, a former revolutionary

Obviously the right thing, because my drinking companions, about eight youngish island guys who can't really afford to be here, are lapping it up, howling with laughter and calypso jive, slapping the bar whenever Taylor, Desi Arnaz or Lloyd Nolan greases some Nips. It's near the end of the movie, so the stars engage in slaughter at an amazing rate... and in the middle of all the tropical hilarity a light-skinned, lightly bearded young Grenadian leans

over and says to me, low and even, "I done that, mahn. When Raygahn come [he means the U.S. troops] I got my gun, I shooting in the jungle just like that."

He nods at the television. He has a slight stutter, but his voice is deep and healthy, and he is angry. He introduces himself as Michael Charles, bus driver and former People's Revolutionary Army soldier.

I feel a chill: for the first time, I am mano a mano with the enemy. Perhaps a reconciliation can begin.

"That Raygahn, he a asshole, man, he a beeeeg, beeeeg asshole. You been to the airport. You see the two C-Ones? You see

them? You see the flying Navy boats in the marina?" Michael's not angry at me personally, he just wants to make sure I've cataloged the abundant oppression.

It turns out that local Reagan agents jailed Michael twice, once as a POW after the fighting, from which custody he was released without any reeducation, and again two years later as a potential troublemaker, when Reagan came to Grenada to dedicate a monument at the airport. About 25 of Michael's acquaintances were incarcerated with him for four or five days, neatly bracketing the president's stay.

Three American sailors come around the corner, looking ill at ease in mufti and crew cuts. Michael melts away from the bar. Standing next to the sinewy island boys, these guys look pasty, soft in the stomach and, above all, stupidly, irreversibly white. They are out for their last night before a cruise, they say, and they'll be back in four or five days. They are based in Key West.

But what are they doing here?

"That's classified," barks their chief.

The chief will, however, discuss the machinery. "The actual top speed is classified, but we can go 40-plus knots, we carry Harpoon surface-to-surface missiles on the stern and a 78-millimeter on the bow. It fires 80 rounds per minute," he says proudly, shifting his belt under his gut. "The boat," he says slowly, "can get to Venezuela in an hour."

"We've got the Coasties with us," says one of the younger sailors brightly, apropos of nothing.

By this time the sailors have started to notice the people at the bar, and they've begun to feel the heat from some of the bad-boy cineasts over my shoulder. The sailors leave. There was a trace of something sad about the chief loving his hydrofoil so much. It had to do with money, America's money, as expressed through its ability to send warships anywhere it cared.

Key West? The Coast Guard? Venezuela in an hour? Then I understood that the chief and his boys were down here looking for dope.

Michael sidles up when they are gone. "Mahn," he says, shaking his head, "America always doing something underneath what they doing."

I'm at the point of asking him whether he actually killed any Americans in his firefight during the war, but it strikes me as impolite. ➡

THE OTHER MIAS

One Man's Search for Americans Held Captive in Grenada

ONE SPRING AFTERNOON I CALL Washington. The instant the soldier picks up the phone, I can hear I've interrupted a rocking little office party, lots of people laughing and the jostled, harried voice half shouting at me.

"What? Grenada?" He turns from the phone and yells, "Hey! Does anybody here know anything about Grenada?"

I would have felt better if I had called the State Department; they probably have parties all the time. Unfortunately, this is the Office of Public Affairs in the Pentagon, the government-designated spokesperson of our armed forces. Now, I'm as willing as the next patriot to give the Pentagon the benefit of the doubt. But still. The soldier on the phone could have at least pretended to be interested.

He says, "Sir, just when was that? Eighty-three? Look, sir, why don't you call the Atlantic Command on that, they're the ones who ran that thing. That's the Atlantic Command, in Norfolk, Virginia."

My heart sinks. So nobody knows anything about Grenada anymore. I can't blame that soldier, but I can blame a vast, ungrateful and lethargic American public. Does America know the magnitude of what she has lost? The simple, hideous irony was that we won that war. *Here* was the chance to put the twin legacies of Korea and Vietnam to rest; *here* was the chance to reclaim national pride—or at least one glorious week's worth of it.

WHAT OCCURRED IN THE PENTAGON that afternoon was merely a reflection of what had already happened all across the nation. The more I think about it, the angrier I get.

Some days later I was talking

about this at dinner with an old professor of mine. He used to be a frogman (although not, technically, a member of the SEALs, the Navy's Sea, Air and Land forces). SEALs were among the special-operations team that went into Grenada, and since they were top secret, their casualties were never divulged. But according to unconfirmed reports at the time, four of them drowned.

Drowned? Drowned? How could SEALs drown? They're professional, underwater-demolition, hyperaquatic saboteurs. We know very little about the SEALs, and that's as it should be, but we do know for a fact that one of the entrance requirements is being able to swim.

wanted to feel in my guts, that they were—and if we could somehow get them out, then and only then could there be a real chance for America again.

The SEALs had three missions in Grenada. The first was to save Sir Paul Scoon, the governor general. The second was to storm Richmond Hill Prison and release the political prisoners. The third was to neutralize the communist radio station. They succeeded on one count: Sir Paul managed to survive. But there were casualties. A Blackhawk chopper was shot down near the prison. They had to pull out. So perhaps in order to save the unit from total extinction, our men had to leave their brothers behind.

You may ask, just who is hold-

ing these MIAs, and why? had the Cubans' number pegged between 1,000 and 1,200 at the start of the war, leaving a minimum discrepancy of 216 unaccounted-for Cubans.

Let me say parenthetically that this is just about exactly the number of ill-trained construction workers it would take to imprison four SEALs for five years.

I'll admit I was slow coming around to the idea that there might be a camp specially constructed for the imprisonment of American servicemen, manned by renegade Cubans in the wilderness of the Grenadian interior. But let me tell my story, and if you aren't convinced—this is a wonderful thing about a democracy, by the way—you're still free to participate in the destruction of the moral and political fiber of this country any way you see fit.

IN GRENADA THE PERFECT PLACE for such a camp is in the vast, uncharted jungle-covered mountain range called the Grand Etang. It is forbidding country, magnificent in its wildness and isolation and oddly, weirdly sim-



Prison cell in Vietnam film *The Deer Hunter*... and similar-looking rig in Grenada today

Drowning, my old professor hinted darkly, has nothing to do with it. His eyes sparkled with meaning and intent.

I said, "Surely you don't mean those brave men could still be alive, somewhere in Grenada? Surely you don't mean that they're MIAs or POWs?"

He never answered my question. But I believe that is what he meant, and I resolved then and there to do all I could to prove him right. If the MIAs were there—and I felt in my guts, or

ing these MIAs, and why?

The answer is simple: our archenemy in the Caribbean is Cuba, a country that, historically, has needed no reason to humiliate America. Do the Shiites need a reason to hold American wire-service reporters or college professors? Do the Vietnamese need a reason to hold American corpses? When the fighting stopped in 1983, the Cubans claimed that 784 of their countrymen had been in Grenada, but U.S. intelligence

ilar to the homeland of the montagnards of Laos and Vietnam. Which, I need hardly add, is exactly where international intelligence experts suspect that MIAs from the Southeast Asian war are being held.

The government of Grenada calls these mountains a national park, but if you look carefully, you can see the land under cultivation, banana, cacao and nutmeg groves tangled up in one great morass of growth. Tucked back in the hills are the

formerly hard-line communist villages of the revolution. The thing about these villages is that every man, woman and child in them seems to own a machete and carries it at all times. They twirl their machetes by the side of the road. Civilians? Or, disguised as banana farmers, perpetually armed keepers of American prisoners?

Arranging for a safari into the highlands from downtown St. George's is much like pulling a James "Bo" Gritz from Bangkok—everybody knows where you're headed the second you begin to look like you're leaving town. It's hard to keep the mission secure. After a few days it becomes clear that I need a beard. Eventually it hits me: *my wife is with me!* We'll act as much like tourists as possible, spreading money around, pretending not to understand people and taking pictures. *Lots of pictures.*

We reach an elevation of 1,900 feet before noon and break for some food. We've seen nothing so far except a few footpaths off into the woods—no people. The first break comes a little below the summit. We begin to see regular-looking banana groves, exquisitely terraced on the steep slopes of the Etang. *Too regular-looking, if you get my drift.*

The jungle-tracker warning light goes off in my brain. Three long terraces, three short terraces, three long ones. Of course! An aerial SOS from our boys! But it takes a long time to grow banana trees, even in the jungle where they are supposed to grow, so I don't know. The men who planted these could be dead by now.

Then we have an extraordinary piece of luck, the kind you pray for in the jungle but rarely get. Three young banana farmers come trudging up to the grove where we've stopped to inspect the earthworks. They want to know what we're doing with cameras in their father's grove. We say we're tourists from America, and then they smile. They've got cousins living in Brooklyn, which, outside of Trinidad, is home to the largest Grenadian

expatriate community. They would like to go to Brooklyn someday. We ask if they've seen any other Americans up this way. No, they say—except the Americans who help the people on the farms.

In town a Rasta informant of mine had told me of some very, very strange Americans living back in the hills off the road. On their rare descents to civilization these Americans say they are here helping the people to farm—but, as evidence showed only too well, *the people already know how to farm.*

I am elated and depressed. If we find these former American servicemen, it may not be possible to get them out. They may have simply, after this amount of time and this amount of psychological torture, *gone native.* They may not speak English any longer, or they may speak it with a local accent, as did PFC Robert Garwood after his 14 years in Vietnam.

On the gentle glaxis, heading down into the ex-communist stronghold of Grenville, we stop to inspect a massive banana

plantation. They would like to go to Brooklyn someday. We ask if they've seen any other Americans up this way. No, they say—except the Americans who help the people on the farms.

Then I spot a pile of bamboo poles, big thick ones, *just like the ones used in all jungle prisons and guerrilla-run "tiger cage" cells.* And I have an answer: our Special Forces are, in their wisdom, training on a life-size mock-up of the Cuban camp. I realize, though, that I haven't got any hard proof to take back. And the shooting...well, the shooting stops before we ever get close. We're just about to turn for home, bitterly disappointed, when we see the hut. We've passed this stretch of road just above the ex-communist stronghold of Birch Grove a half dozen times and not noticed this thing, nestled among some nutmeg trees. We get out and approach it without speaking. It's empty. It has a crude bench inside and a window on the uphill wall. Its inhabitants, poor souls, must have had a terrible time here: the hut has been precisely constructed so as to prevent the men locked inside from standing up or lying down. Classic prison-camp construction. I dig carefully through the refuse on the dirt floor with

"No," says Ernest, "not so many Americans up here."

But Ernest is wearing a bleached little red hat, like a baseball cap from the 1890s. His cap reads, in English, *LITTLE SLUGGER.* I don't ask him where he got it.

Ernest claims this is a banana-harvesting house, a storage area where they put the fruit to be picked up by the truck. I don't mention the evidence of human habitation. I ask him once again if he has seen any Americans.

"Sometimes I see them in the woods," Ernest says.

I don't tell him that he has just contradicted himself, but I'm excited by what he says, and my usual discretion fails me.

"So, uh, Ernest, do they live up here? Where do they live?"

"No, I can't say that, I ain't been up that way," he says quickly, his rheumy old eyes flashing with knowledge. He looks me up and down, then says, "Well, I must be going. A pleasant day to you. An' take it light."

"What?"

"Take it light, I say. That means," he pauses to smile fondly, "that means in that time, no worries. *Take it light,*" he says again for good measure, and he begins his long haul up the Grand Etang.

I suppose I'll never know whether I was being warned off by the old man with the machete, or whether he was trying to communicate with me in some oblique, reverse code, but since I've returned stateside I've found it impossible to take his advice. It goes against the very grain of my being.

I brought back what I consider to be evidence that there are U.S. nationals who may or may not be living against their will in the Grenadian interior (just as the MIAs in Vietnam do), who may or may not be assisting in tropical agricultural projects (just as the MIAs in Vietnam do), whose appearance has been heavily altered by time and hardship (like that of the MIAs in Vietnam), and whom the natives are most reluctant to talk about. —G.M.



Writer discovers bamboo—standard jungle-prison building material

plantation, and it is there that we begin to hear the small-arms fire. It is training fire, which is to say it hasn't got the hot, call-and-response texture of a fire-fight. It is semiautomatic target practice, but by whom? And where? The insistent crackling echoes in and out of the steep ravines around us. Another man would assume it was the Grenadian Special Services Unit training under our Special Forces, but I can't live with that thought.

my knife. Cigarette butts, bits of plastic sheeting used in banana cultivation, some cardboard.

Suddenly there is an old man with a machete at the door of the hut, wanting to know what we're doing photographing inside it. I step outside, smiling, motioning my wife to start the car. The old man says his name is Ernest; he's heading up into the Grand Etang in his rubber boots to prepare some more land for bananas.

MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR KENNY ROGERS

JOHN IS IN HIS LATE TWENTIES, ALERT, with the sloping shoulders of a linebacker. He's a bartender and a fast talker, and you can't spend more than 20 minutes with him before you have to buy him a drink or a piece of chicken or a ticket to the disco. But the problem is more subtle than that.

For a few months after the invasion, at least until we could get Prime Minister Herbert Blaize propped up, the U.S. Army was the de facto government of Grenada. As such, it needed information, and as usual there were citizens who obliged: ex-political prisoners, those otherwise out of favor under the communists, and folks who just wanted to get ahead. John was among the latter.

Today, most Grenadians carry what amounts to a horrible political hangover—that is, they're tetchy about all the hell they've raised and would just as soon have it recede now that stability is in flower. Unfortunately for John, his very presence reminds people of their carousing. To hang out with him is to see shadows dart across the faces of those around you, flickers of displeasure and recognition. As a direct result of the high caliber of postinvasion Americans that John has habitually run with—can-do Army boys and hypercurious civilians in white belts and Walgreens-issue aviators—to hang out in public with John is to be seen by Grenadians from all walks of life as a CIA field operative.

Not that it doesn't happen constantly to me anyway. In restaurants, in bars or just walking down the street, people generously take the time to look up from the hustle and bustle of their lives and say to my face, "CIA *redneck*." It happens five, six, eight times a day. Some of it is teasing, even fond, but mostly it's quiet, direct, we-got-you-honky finger-wagging. It seems that during the late days of Bishop/Coard, white people, specifically non-communist-bloc Westerners, fell deeply out of favor. Citizens of Grenada, John says, could be severely punished for any sort of fraternization.

I want to know where they got the *redneck* appellation, but John can't help me. After a few days one comes to understand that the people don't really mean it personally. It's more an exercise in ghost rhetoric, a nerve twitching in the corpse of the revolution. But do they even know what

rednecks are? Of course, hiring rednecks and/or Utah-blond cowpokes for its field operations, especially in countries where there are no indigenous white people, is a classic M.O. of the post-Ivy League CIA, but how could every single person in Grenada know that?

John and I are having braised conch for lunch at the Tropicana, a breezy cinder-block café on the lagoon side of St. George's. John wanted to eat at the

I believe John is talking about U.S. Army Special Forces Sergeant Major Howard Allen, the adviser currently on loan to train the Special Services Unit, or SSU, the Grenadian paramilitary police who have the compound across the road from the Navy hydrofoil base. But it's impossible to say. John's friend could also be a figment of his imagination, fired in the desire to be intimate with all important Americans. Such as myself.



Grenada yesterday and today: wreckage from Bolshevik hell (1983), Western-style democracy (1988)

Tropicana because he was once a waiter here, and with my wallet at his disposal he's back to show them just how far he has come in the world.

He says proudly, "I work for the 82nd, I work for the 101st Airborne, I work in the motor pool, but I go everywhere with the Americans. I go to S-2, which was military intelligence. I go an' nobody stop me, mahn, nobody."

In John's mind the work he did has graduated far beyond simple procuring and chauffeuring for his long-gone buddies in S-2 and S-5—it has become an actual résumé credential. John knows the units and their old compounds by heart, and, like a man who used to be on television, he very much misses the access and the heat.

"I tell you about my friend the senior master sergeant from America, out training the police by the airport," John says. "He speak all the languages, even Russian. He's cool, mahn. He been in Vietnam, he knows all the funny ways to fight. He don't wear no uniform, so you don't know he's a soldier, but he got plenty stripes. And he always go in a tinted car, so you don't know he's coming when he's coming."

Then John says, "So, you listen to music?" Suddenly I'm interested. Grenada is the birthplace of the Mighty Sparrow, the greatest calypso singer in the Caribbean, and I think John is about to give me the name of the little old guy in the hills who taught the Mighty Sparrow when he says, just by way of idle conversation, "So, Lionel Richie! I really, really like Lionel Richie. And who's the mahn with the silvah beard? You know the mahn with the silvah beard. Kenny Rogers!"

Now I'm convinced John has been spending a lot of time with a real Special Forces sergeant. I can just picture the fit, grim, counterinsurgent NCO stepping off a big, whining C-130 at Point Salines, the plane's single passenger, a Clint Eastwood, only-man-for-the-job out of Langley, his Walkman and his treasured easy listenin' tape of "Three Times a Lady" wrapped softly at the heart of his duffel.

"So, uh, John," I say, fishing as hard as I can, "are there any guns in the hills?"

I figure if anybody's getting ready to go hunting for guns in the hills, it will be John's master sergeant from America and his trainees, the redoubtable Grenadian SSU. "Mahn, everybody have guns in revo-

lution time," he says, "but just little guns now, little-little. You know the Cubans or the PR [People's Revolution] boys be going by in the road and drop some of it, and we pick it up. Grenades, rockets, guns, bullets. Most of the people, they give it back when the Americans come, so just little ones now, here and there."

The only thing left to figure out is dope. John and I drive over to the municipal piers, where the three American hydrofoils are docked, to see if we can, as interested and sympathetic civilians, get a tour aboard one of them. The Shore Patrol standing at parade rest amidships the *Taurus*, his .45 tucked neatly on hip, shakes his head. John is crestfallen, his prior military experience not enough to get us on board. Just below the ship, on the boarding platform, are a half dozen well-tanned, mean-looking guys with walkie-talkies strapped to their waists.

"Yeah, we're normally based in Key West," says one. "We're just down here for the ride." He's a stocky young kid with brown hair and very expensive sunglasses. "Be here for another 49 days, then back home. I'll tell you, there's nothing going on. Nothing. Best L.E. I ever had."

He means law enforcement, which is to say, he's looking for drugs. Or, put another way, he's not looking for drugs. Between the Coast Guard boys and my car, a distance of about a hundred yards, two street dealers offer me samples of the local killer spliff. Two days later the *Informer* asks, in its Is It True? rumor column,

IS IT TRUE
that drug dealers have
beaten the hydrofoils
with speed and tactic?

IS IT TRUE
they nearly
caught three
boats transport-
ing "coke"?

SO AM I A CIA AGENT?

IN SOME WAYS IT'S A VERY, VERY LIBERATING thing to be mistaken for a United States intelligence operative. It can help clarify certain ambiguous interpersonal relations. People respond better and more honestly to your questions, especially if they have things to hide. In a word, they're

terrified, and that helps you cut through a lot of red tape.

Some people find it amusing instead. At a party at The Boatyard, a marina bar on the luxury peninsula called L'anse aux Épines, I'm introduced to a young Guyanese woman by a Western diplomat. She sips her drink slowly. We chat about money for



The American presence today: a Marine named Yogi

a while. A British investment group has just bought what is called Butler House, the bombed-out shell of Maurice Bishop's old office and living quarters. It commands a truly stunning view of the harbor, and the plan is to make it into a luxury hotel for yachtsmen.

What makes a cola come to life,

a tonic tingle with anticipation,

"Whoa," calls the Guyanese woman softly. "This investment, that investment. How many rich people do you have?"

Butler House is a fine deal, we all agree, until it falls through like all the others. The diplomat asks her what she does.

"This and that," she says closely, looking at me. "I'm doing this and that."

The diplomat mentions another party.

"Oh," she pounces, looking at him and nodding at me, "so you and your government friend are going to this party?"

The diplomat is confused, but, to his credit, just for a moment. He smiles. He has been in the country for two years; it must be his 5,000th conversation like this. "Oh, okay," he says, jerking his thumb my way, "he's in the CIA, all right?"

"Oh, *eh*," she says, wearing as much surprise as she can muster, "he's in the CIA? Did you think I meant he was in the CIA? I never said anything like that!"

A COUPLE OF DAYS AFTER THIS, I FIND Kenny, and we resolve to address the CIA problem in this country together. Kenny is a Rastafarian from St. Vincent, but he has been living in Grenada for the last 15 years and has a Grenadian wife. Kenny sells

coral jewelry on the beach at Grand Anse, and this brings him in contact with a number of white people. He's also something of a cocksman, specializing in Northern European women, for whom he trolls the discos on Friday nights. He says he has discussed this at length with his wife, who understands that he must occasionally meet with white people.

I meet Kenny striding over the back of the vertiginous little hill to Market Square in downtown St. George's. He's laden with his wares, done with beach work for the

to go reason about it?"

Kenny leads me around the corner to a second-floor bar over Granby Street. The bar is called Talk of the Town, A Grenadian Concept in Eating and Drinking. It's rush hour, but it's comfortable out on the balcony of the Talk, where we sip beer and stare down into the jerking, hooting traffic.

Kenny says, "Who the bahd boys are?" Kenny would make an ideal television guest, because he parrots each question before formulating the answer. "What I tell you, mahn, is positive. They all soldiers,

In RESTAURANTS, IN BARS OR JUST WALKING DOWN THE STREET, PEOPLE GENEROUSLY TAKE THE TIME TO LOOK UP FROM THE HUSTLE AND BUSTLE OF THEIR LIVES AND SAY TO MY FACE, "CIA REDNECK." ★ ★ ★

day, in town to catch a bus home. I tell him I want to know what the Americans are doing here.

Kenny laughs and says, without missing a beat, "Jobs, information, security, mahn! They have tied up this place." He pronounces it *plebbca*. He says, "Do you want

mahn, even the one who don't look like soldiers. CIA every dahmn where, mahn! They got American training the Secret Service."

I'd never heard of the Grenadian Secret Service.

"Yah, mahn! They drive in the American Army trucks with SSU painted on the

and O.J. blush with excitement?



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FIGHTING AND DYING FOR TRUTH, JUSTICE AND AN UNACCREDITED SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

EXCEPT FOR ALL THOSE MARXISTS RUSTLING around in the bushes, Grenada's St. George's University School of Medicine seemed an ideal spot to attend medical school in 1983—and more so if one wasn't hung up on lots of boring details, such as American Medical Association certification or talented classmates. Sun-drenched waves lapped against the school's swim-up beachside snack bar; servants lived in; and the students quietly reveled in the self-satisfaction that came with knowing they had slipped through medicine's back door while other, harder-working students actually studied all that time to get into *real* medical schools in the States.

None of which is to say that St. George's 585 students were a bunch of scheming, no-account offspring of Long Island orthodontists out to ride a few waves, polish their bossa nova and (*Okay, my sand castle's done*) get a medical degree. Indeed, most of these people (including one named Atillo) actually became doctors, armed with sharp instruments and everything, and many of them practice in the New York area. It's just that St. George's tends to move in its own backwater way. "You have to understand one thing," says Arthur Massolo, a spokesman for the school's U.S. office, in Bay Shore, New York. "Most of these students were, you

the school has a somewhat relaxed approach to learning, as exemplified by the fact that it took a reporter four days to contact Massolo because he was incommunicado while boating around the Caribbean. "Uh, he's out on the water right now," said his secretary. "But he'll call you when he docks in Grenada for lunch." All this and more for just \$8,470 (that's per semester, of which there are nine, and not including housing, food, the occasional book and, no doubt, countless small paper umbrellas).

Despite Massolo's admission that the Marxists "never actually came near the campus," you'd think from the way the alumni tell it five years later that the evacuation was nightmarish. "Really, it was like *Apocalypse Now*," recalls Dr. Chris Stowe.

"If you walked outside, you were shot dead," remembers Dr. Mark Polimeni of the 24-hour curfew imposed on the students, none of whom was so much as jostled. "I was sitting on the veranda having my morning coffee when all those soldiers came streaming up," recalls Dr. Jill Babbitt. "They had on the camouflage and those little twigs sticking from their hats and everything."

The students' leader during the long, tense minutes of the War in Grenada was St. George's vice-chancellor, Geoffrey H. Bourne. Dr. Bourne seized on his experience as a nutritional adviser to the British military in Malaysia to rally the shaken students. "I had to do what was best for the students," he said, pausing nicely. "And for America."

Once the Americans had chased the enemy back to their Bolshevik hell, however, the strangest thing happened—almost none of the students returned to Grenada. After speaking at more than 100 (real, accredited) American colleges, it seems our heroes found it too traumatic to head back to the heart of darkness. "It was a very primitive place," Dr. Stowe says of Grenada. "There was absolutely no entertainment or nightlife." Frightened and alone, the martyrs pursued one of the few meager avenues left to them: they would finish school in—*The horror. The horror*—Barbados. "I was in no mental state to go back to the place," says a somber Dr. Polimeni, who nevertheless mustered enough strength to make it to Bridgetown. "But I must say, Barbados was just gorgeous." —Ned Zeman

side! Secret Service Unit! Who the bahd boys are!"

I try to explain why it's hard to be a proper Secret Service man in a marked truck, but Kenny is adamant. He has two main facts he holds dear, key to all true analysis of Grenadian society. First and foremost, the "high ranky," as Kenny calls the ruling class, are all members of the CIA. Their children and probably their



Kenny: Rastafarian and incessant CIA-agent spotter dogs are members of the CIA. The second is that the high ranky are responsible for the proliferation of cocaine, anathema to the mellow Rasta.

To prove it, Kenny leans over the railing and begins tagging cars and people.

"See her? That lady there in the blue dress." He points to a blond woman standing at the end of the street with her two children. Kenny says, "Her husband CIA. They make a some job, but that is a pass. I know they CIA. See that car?"

A Japanese make rolls by, driven by a big blond guy in a coat and tie.

"He CIA, he also bring some cocaine around. Yah, mahn, lotta bad foreign guys all over this island, I know I speak true. See that blue Mazda? Bahd, bahd boys in there. They CIA. The mahn with the gray mustache work with the Secret Service."

After a half hour and a couple of beers, Kenny has pointed out every white person who shows up on Granby Street, with the notable exception of me. It's not clear what he expects me to do with this information, but he is sure something extraordinary will happen with it immediately. Slowly, ever so slowly, his stated CIA demographics settle on him, and he begins to grasp that he has been telling all this to a white man, a foreigner, an American, a stranger. As the implication reaches him, or he reaches it, he's like a cartoon character whaling at the air for those few queasy seconds after



Back in U.S., med student provides photo opportunity understand, turned down by lots of schools at home." As for all that blather about accreditation, Massolo demurs. "To get accredited," he huffs, "takes a lot of time and labor."

Founded in 1976 by what administrators call simply "a handful of investors,"

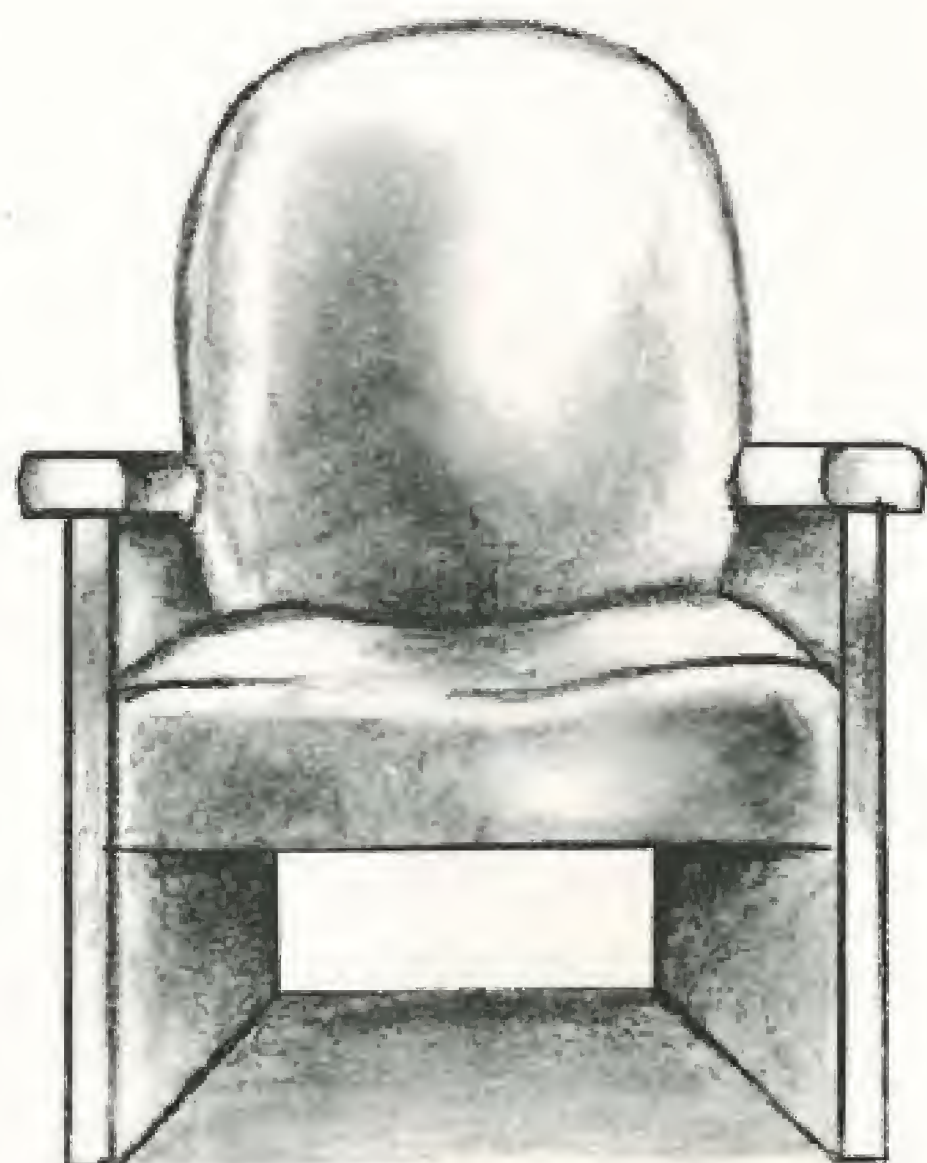
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realizing that he has stepped off a cliff.

"Yah, mahn," he says, elaborately relaxed, holding up his empty beer. "About to go home!" He starts to have a hard time again, as if, by making the words for his next question, he runs a great risk of making them true. "Say, mahn, you...you not...you not...."

I take him out of his misery, and he breaks into a beaming smile.

ONE DAY, NEAR THE LAGOON, JOHN NODS at a man stepping out of a car. "See that man? He was in jail for a year and a half during the Bishop time."

John stares at the man, biting back his envy of the jail term — if only *he* could have done a little prison time under the communists, he'd be a successful man by now! "He's got a good job," he explains, eyes welling with admiration. "Now he's a driver for

the American embassy."

IN A FINAL GESTURE OF COLLABORATION, Kenny agrees to take me to the red-hot epicenter of CIA operations in Grenada — the very house where they live. Nobody, he assures me, knows about this house. We drive south out of St. George's, slowing down as we come to Belmont, the suburb where the American embassy commands a stretch of the road. Near the embassy we turn left and drive up the hill, away from the ocean. The road takes us through a few houses and then across a well-grazed field full of sheep. The road ends. Looming off to one side is a lived-in farmhouse to which the field belongs. Were it not for the stunning view of the Caribbean, this could pass for a Victorian farmhouse in upstate New York.

"There it 'tis," Kenny says solemnly, portentously. "That the big house for the CIA."

A small sign hangs from the wire fence near the house. It reads

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST
OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

I want to explain to Kenny how it's possible for some Americans to attain that dorky, pink-scrubbed gung-ho-ness without necessarily being members of our national security apparatus. You would be amazed, I want to say, but in America, some people are just born that way.

IT WAS TIME TO HEAD HOME. I FELT I HAD learned as much as Grenada had to offer, and I had the added satisfaction of having raised many, many more questions than I could answer. I spent ten days on the island, longer than the war itself had lasted — the equivalent of spending a dozen years in Vietnam. You don't come out of these places the same as you went in. I guess I'd say I left a piece of myself behind.

On another reporting assignment, I found myself on a flight to Frankfurt, sitting next to a kid from one of the U.S. armored divisions stationed near the Czech border. This kid was extravagantly proud of his unit. Like any other good soldier, he ached for combat, which, of course, is unthinkable in Europe. Then he said the thing he regretted most was that he was born too late to fight in a real war. He'd just missed it by a couple of years, and I could see it pained him. He said a couple of the senior NCOs in his unit, the men he most looked up to in life, had experienced real combat. They were, he said with awe, veterans. Vietnam? No, he told me, veterans of the War in Grenada. ☐

THE EASTWOOD COROLLARY

The Movie About the War VS. the Movielike War

On the burning sands of a tropical island, two hard-hitting 1980s dramas unfold. Both pit American boys against a teeming communist horde. Both feature big guns, and lots of them, and both star tough-as-nails leathernecks who make the world safe for democracy the old-fashioned way. A politician-actor who has costarred with an orangutan gave the green light for one of the projects from the vicinity of Pebble Beach, while a politician and former actor who once costarred with a chimpanzee gave the nod for the other from Augusta. And both were successes, brought in under budget and on schedule.



HEARTBREAK RIDGE



GRENADA INVASION

Producer-director-star	Clint Eastwood	Ronald Reagan
Costars	Marsha Mason, Bo Svenson and Mario Van Peebles	George Shultz, Caspar Weinberger and Vice Admiral Joseph Metcalf III
Time in preproduction	7 weeks	72 hours
Music composed by	Lennie Niehaus	John Philip Sousa
Special effects	Chuck Gaspar	U.S.S. Independence
Production budget	\$13 million	\$134.6 million
Press access	Restricted by order of U.S. Marine Corps	Restricted by order of U.S. Department of Defense
Date of premiere	December 5, 1986	October 25, 1983
Running time	128 minutes	216 hours
Casualties	1, not counting extras	19, counting extras
Number of honorifics or awards bestowed	One — the 1,000th movie filmed in Dolby stereo	8,612, from the Army
Star's previous failed vehicle	Every Which Way You Can	Bomb-proofing of U.S. embassy in Lebanon
What the reviewers said	"The bullets are real, men die, and glory is won" — <i>The New York Times</i>	NOT ALL SUGAR AND SPICE — <i>Time</i>
Most memorable line	"All right, you devil dogs, let's take that fuckin' hill!" — Sergeant Tom Highway	EAT SHIT, COMMUNIST FAGGOT — graffiti scribbled by Airborne troops

— John Brodie



Sex and drugs and rock & roll. That was the battle cry of the sixties. There was fighting in the streets. There was dancing in the streets. There was 1968 in Chicago, and, in 1969, Woodstock.

♪ The decade that followed celebrated these newly won personal liberties. Sex and drugs and rock & roll reached their apotheosis in the seventies—a decade most memorable for its recent passing.

♪ Now, eight years into the Reagan era, we find that sex and

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drugs are early casualties of the revolution, victims of the eighties. Somehow, rock & roll has survived. In fact, rock & roll is going strong. Why? Because rock has adapted, matured, changed its tune. Rock has outgrown its rebellious adolescence, and settled, not without some ambivalence, into adulthood. 🎵 Rock & roll grew up fast in a racy part of town. The early days were full of sex-mad groupies, post-concert orgies and trashed hotel rooms. But those wanton days are long gone. (Aren't



they?) The age of decadence is over, and we're all a little relieved. (Aren't we?) Rockers have settled down. They are monogamous. They have families. There is an entire generation of rock & roll kids. We love those kids. We love their names: Dweezil and Moon

Ronald Reagan presents Michael Jackson with an award for his part in a campaign against drunk driving.

Unit Zappa, Zowie Bowie, Ziggy Marley, Blue Allman, Chastity Bono, China Kantner.

Rock & rollers have faced up to their responsibilities in the eighties. No longer uniformly self-indulgent, rockers have become involved in a spectrum of issues, from the American farm crisis to amnesty for political prisoners. Rockers are organizing fund-raising events—rock musicians, in fact, are organizing golf tournaments. The Rock 'N' Roll Celebrity Golf Tourney is held annually in Calabasas, California, and this year included Ronnie James Dio and members of Mötley Crüe.

Rock stars have become upstanding citizens, more or less. Consider these facts:

- ▶ Pete "I Hope I Die Before I Get Old" Townshend has a desk job as an editor at a leading London publishing house.
- ▶ The venerable *Wall Street Journal* reports with glee that Frank Zappa is a "businessman," involved in a variety of marketing and high tech ventures.
- ▶ Punk poetess Patti Smith keeps house in Detroit.

▶ Ex-Sex Pistol Johnny Lydon, no longer Rotten, now lives in L.A. and is hailed for his decency by Washington Wife Tipper Gore in her book *Raising PG Kids in an X-Rated Society*.

▶ Former New York Doll David Johansen has traded in his halter top and lipstick for a dinner jacket and hair gel to become the suave and debonair Buster Poindexter.

▶ Lou Reed, in an MTV spot for Rockers Against Drugs, observes "Drugs... I stopped...you shouldn't start" with the steely demeanor we know so well from his Honda Scooter commercials.

Yes, rock & roll is downright respectable. This year, *The New Yorker* began reviewing "Popular Music," debating in one issue the fine points distinguishing Pet Shop Boys from New Order and Eurythmics. At the Academy Awards, Cher was named Best Actress. Dan Rather is a gratifyingly enthusiastic fan; he called up WNEW-FM disc jockey Dan

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TALKING New York, WALKING New York

THE ROCK 'N' ROLL HALL OF FAME MAY MAKE ITS HOME IN CLEVELAND, BUT EVERYONE KNOWS THE BIG APPLE IS WHERE IT'S AT. TAKE A WALK WITH US THROUGH THE STREETS AND CLUBS AND CONCERT HALLS OF NEW YORK AS WE TOUR SOME OF THE CITY'S LEGENDARY ROCK & ROLL LANDMARKS.

CONTINUED

Neer this past winter and exclaimed "rock & roll forever." Prince Charles hosts annual charity rock concerts in Britain. And every June since 1983, Sotheby's, one of the world's most prestigious auction houses, has held rock & roll memorabilia auctions.

Rolling Stone remains the bible of rock & roll 21 years after its founding. The magazine is, however, no longer an organ of the counterculture. It is now, to use Jann Wenner's phrase, "one of America's leading publications." Where once it gave away a roach clip to charter subscribers, it now celebrates its twentieth anniversary with all the trappings of an established commercial success. *Rolling Stone's* "Perception/Reality" ad campaign graphically illustrates the evolution of a culture (Perception—a hash brownie; Reality—a pint of Häagen-Dazs ice cream). Its birthday celebration included a prime


time network television special and its annual awards were sponsored by Volkswagen.


It is clear that rock & roll is no passing trend. It is an art form with a long and enduring history, and complicated results. Radio today is rich with the classics—vintage stuff from the past, like "Stairway to Heaven" and "Layla." There's now a Rock'n'Roll Hall of Fame and Museum, headquartered in Cleveland; this year's awards dinner was held at the Waldorf-Astoria. The Hard Rock Cafe chain has served as an unofficial rock & roll museum for years, displaying gold records, instruments, clothing and other memorabilia on the walls of its 13 restaurants worldwide.

Still fun. Foreveryoung. Aging gracefully. And coming to terms with the world. Shall we celebrate rock & roll? Ladies and gentlemen, a *special rock & roll promotional supplement!*

DEFUNCT NIGHTCLUBS

LIGHTS OUT, BIG CITY

It's late at night. You're sitting alone in the dark and you can't say the situation is entirely unfamiliar. The screen lights up and you feel a momentary rush as the title flashes: "Bright Lights, Big City."  You're hoping the movie will bring back those wonderful, reckless days when you would club-hop till dawn and still somehow manage to make it to your desk before your boss made his third foray to the coffee machine.

 **The sound track blasting over the**

opening credits is the first sign that things aren't right, that the movie is not a fond look back at urban disco euphoria but a crude updating punctuated by a post-new-wave monodrone.

Things get worse. Michael J. Fox, playing the coke-head lead, is given a proper first name. And this *Jamie* is seen hanging out at... the Palladium? You're shocked. And frankly a little bitter. But for the invitations to networking parties scattered about the 24-hour cash machine, you wouldn't know the place still existed. What the

WALKING New York

WEST

The Apollo Theater, 253 West 125th Street: "Sugar Plum Fairy came and hit the streets/Looking for soul food and a place to eat/Went to the Apollo/You should have seen him go go go/They said hey, Sugar, take a walk on the wild side"—Lou Reed, "Walk on the Wild Side" (1972).

Tom's Restaurant, 2880 Broadway at 112th Street: The "Tom's Diner" Suzanne Vega sings about on her second album, *Solitude Standing*: "Oh, this rain/It will continue/Through the morning/As I'm listening/To the bells/Of the cathedral/I am thinking/Of your voice..." (1987).

Screaming Mimi's, 495 Columbus Avenue at 84th Street: Vintage clothing shop where Cyndi Lauper buys her threads. She's so unusual.

Beacon Theater, 2124 Broadway between 74th & 75th Streets: Just when it looked like New York would get another world-class discotheque, a bunch of local loudmouths came along and spoiled the whole damn thing. Now, when acts like Midnight Oil, Buster Poindexter and the Alarm play the Beacon, ill-mannered, poorly dressed youths descend on the Upper West Side, loitering in front of sushi restaurants and making it very difficult to park.

China Club, 2130 Broadway at 75th Street: A record biz hangout where David Bowie, Julian Lennon and other stars sometimes jam.



Strawberry Fields, Central Park near West 72nd Street: The John Lennon memorial.

The Dakota, 1 West 72nd Street: Scene of the crime.

CONTINUED

Some Things Are Meant To Last. Pick One.

Okay, here's the list.

- ① Great Music.
- ② Compact Discs.
- ③ Cockroaches.

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Arrogant but aerodynamically correct, 12 of these guys can live on the glue of a postage stamp for a week.



So remember.

What's wiring to you may be deli to the enterprising roach. In a pinch he'll even eat your shoe polish. Isn't it just a matter of time before he works his way over to that salad bar of old 45's?

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heck is our hip protagonist doing at such a loser nightspot? You stumble out into the night dazed and disillusioned. You have come to terms with nothing. Your youth seems a distant memory. You begin to wander through the phosphorescent back streets, searching for the clubs where you once claimed the city as your own.

But they're gone. All of them are gone. And there's no sign that they ever existed. No markers, no plaques of commemoration. It's all just so much real estate. And you feel sick from the discovery.

In the dawn light, you trudge deject-

edly across Union Square Park, headed for the former site of Max's Kansas City. As you draw near your despair deepens. Max's is now a deli. A deli! You start to laugh. You laugh so hard you start to choke.

You're tired and hungry, but you're out of cash. You offer the snarling character behind the counter your sunglasses in exchange for a roll. They're a cheap plastic pair but he takes them.

Out on the street you rip open the saran. The first bite sticks in your throat and you almost gag. You will have to go slowly. An era has passed.

Max's Kansas City

213 Park Avenue South (1966-1977): Max's Kansas City, a two-story restaurant and bar off Union Square, opened in late 1965 and quickly became, in Andy Warhol's words, "the ultimate hangout." Max's, Warhol recalled, "was the exact place where Pop Art and pop life came together in New York in the sixties—teeny boppers and sculptors, rock stars and poets from St. Mark's Place, Hollywood actors checking out what the underground actors were all about, boutique owners and models, modern dancers and go-go dancers—everybody went to Max's and everything got homogenized there." Lou Reed played his last gig with the Velvet Underground at Max's on August 23rd, 1970. The New York Dolls performed there regularly. Warhol and his crew made the back room their clubhouse. Debby Harry waitressed there.

And Max's was the launching pad for Sid Vicious' aborted comeback. Today, the first floor of Max's is an Area Code 212 deli, an Israeli-owned concern with over a dozen locations throughout Manhattan. The second floor is vacant and for rent. For information, call Sutton West Realty at (212) 935-2660.

Hurrah

36 West 66th Street (1976-1980): Hurrah opened in November, 1976, and attracted a bevy of celebrities, such as Halston, Bianca Jagger and Liza Minnelli. When the beautiful people decamped for Studio 54 the following year, Hurrah was transformed into one of the nation's first New Wave danceclubs. A long list of leading underground artists performed there, including the Lounge Lizards, Philip Glass, the Dead Kennedys and the Psychedelic Furs. The building now houses offices

for ABC Television.

Studio 54

254 West 54th Street (1977-1986): Studio 54 opened in April, 1977, in what was originally an opera house and more recently the television studio for *What's My Line?* Run by Brooklyn-born Steve Rubell, who owned the Steak Loft chain of restaurants in the mid-1970s, and his partner Ian Schrager, the disco became a magnet for the famous and would-be famous, including Calvin Klein, Roy Cohn and Elizabeth Taylor. Everything was rosy until a raid by the Internal Revenue Service turned up cash-filled trash bags stashed in the basement, financial records hidden behind ceiling panels and several ounces of cocaine. Convicted of income tax evasion, the two were sent to jail in 1980 for a little over a year at a minimum-security prison in Montgomery, Alabama. By the time

WALKING New York

Penthouse, 1965 Broadway between 66th & 67th Streets: After Publisher, Editor and Design Director Bob Guccione Jr. refused to turn over control of upstart rock rag SPIN to his father in August, 1987, Bob Sr. gave his son and the SPIN staff 24 hours to vacate the building.

Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center, Broadway at 64th Street: The Who's performance of *Tommy* at the Met on June 7, 1970, received a 14-minute ovation. It marked the first time a rock band had ever played there, and the last time the Who performed their rock opera on stage in its entirety.

Unitel Studios, 515 West 57th Street: At MTV's studios on September 18, 1983, the members of the seminal heavy metal band Kiss appeared for the first time in public without their make-up.

Henry Hudson Hotel, 353 West 57th Street: When the Doors arrived in New York in November 1966 for their first-ever out-of-town gigs at Ondine, a club on East 59th Street near the Queensboro Bridge, the band checked into the Henry Hudson. Low on cash, Jim Morrison spent many of his afternoons in his room watching soap operas and smoking dope, and occasionally, when he got bored, hanging by his hands from the window ledge.



Carnegie Hall, 57th Street & 7th Avenue: The first rock concerts ever held at this venerable venue were the two shows the Beatles played here on the night of February 12th, 1964. Each stage appearance lasted less than 35 minutes, and over 350 policemen were required to keep capacity crowds rule.

6 mg "tar," 0.6

CONTINUED



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they were released in 1981, they had sold their interest in Studio, although they remained affiliated with the club for several more years. Rubell and Schrager went on to open the megaclub Palladium and the midtown hotel Morgans. In February, 1988, another Studio 54 opened at the same location and now attracts a predominantly young Hispanic crowd. Rubell threatened to sue the new owners, a consortium of backers led by Marvin Ginsberg, over the use of the name, until he discovered he had no legal right to it.

Xenon

124 West 43rd Street (1979-1984): Xenon was a large, flashy disco in the Studio 54 mold opened in a converted theater by Howard Stein. Xenon, dubbed Xerox by some, was the club people went to when they couldn't get into Studio. Stein has since opened several more hotspots, including the Rock Lounge, Prima Donna and Au Bar. Today Xenon is Shout!, a club that plays music from the 1950s and 1960s, and is particularly popular with folks from outer boroughs.

Mudd Club

77 White Street (1978-1983): The Mudd Club opened in October, 1978, in the

wilds of downtown Manhattan—a grungy, nondescript lounge that eventually grew to three levels. The Mudd was a cramped rock club, in sharp contrast to the other hip nightspot of the day, disco palace Studio 54. While the core group of regulars were area artists and rockers, Roy Cohn, Halston and other Studio habitués eventually made their way down to the Mudd. After closing in 1983, the building was purchased by artist Ross Bleckner. The first floor is currently occupied by B.L. Frames, Inc., a frame shop.

Peppermint Lounge

128 West 45th Street (1981-1982) and 100 Fifth Avenue at 15th Street (1982-1984): The original Pep, a favorite of celebrities and rockers in the late fifties and early sixties, was one of the first clubs in New York to play records rather than showcase bands. In the fall of 1981, what had become G.G. Barnum's, a transvestite bar, was converted back into a rock club and renamed the Peppermint Lounge. Like Hurrah, it featured both dancing and live music. The club moved from Times Square in 1982 to 15th & 5th and closed two years later. The Fifth Avenue location is now a pricey French

eyewear shop, occupied by Alain Mikli. The Pep's original home has been demolished as part of the Times Square redevelopment program and is the site of an office building currently under construction.

Danceteria

37th Street at Eighth Avenue (1980-81) and 30 West 21st Street (1982-86): Danceteria was the brainchild of New York nightlife impresarios Jim Fouratt and Rudolf, who were also behind Hurrah and the Peppermint Lounge at different times. Like those clubs, Danceteria offered a mix of dancing, live performance and video, and had a variety of different rooms and levels for each. Danceteria was the city's hot club during the summer of 1981, but shut down in the fall after several raids by the State Liquor Authority. Several months later, Danceteria reopened in the space of another multi-level club, the short-lived Interferon. The club closed in 1986 and was converted into high-priced office space. Tenants include Virgin Records; Susan Crane Inc., a "visual merchandising" firm; and, on the ground floor, Main-space, a furniture showroom.

WALKING *New York*



Hard Rock Cafe, 221 West 57th Street: *The McDonald's of rock & roll.*

Henri Bendel, 10 West 57th Street: *Tina Weymouth worked in Bendel's shoe department in the early days, when Talking Heads was another unknown band playing CBGB's.*

The Ed Sullivan Theater, 53rd Street & Broadway: *On February 9th, 1964, the Beatles gave the first of two live performances on the Ed Sullivan Show. The Fab Four played a total of five songs, three at the beginning of the show ("All My Loving," "Till There Was You" and "She Loves You") and two in the second half ("I Saw Her Standing There" and "I Want to Hold Your Hand").*

Marriott Marquis Hotel, 1535 Broadway between 45th & 46th Streets: *Every July, during the annual New Music Seminar, the music industry's biggest get-together, more booze is consumed at the eighth floor bar at the Marriott Marquis than at any other bar in the hotel chain.*

Bond's International Casino, 1526 Broadway at 45th Street: *The Clash were quite pleased when their eight shows at Bond's sold out in the spring of 1981—until a New York City Fire Marshall discovered that the promoter had oversold each performance by almost twice the legal capacity, and the band was forced to add seven additional dates to accommodate the spillover.*

Bryant Park, Sixth Avenue, between 41st & 42nd Streets: *"I was walking up Sixth Avenue when Balloon Man blew up in my face/There were loads of them on Bryant Park so I didn't feel out of place/There must have been a plague of them on the TV when I came home late/They were guzzling marsh-*

Bob Dylan. "Down In The Groove."




Bob Dylan

Rock, folk, blues and country played the way only Bob Dylan can play them. "Down In The Groove." Brilliant interpretations of new compositions and legendary standards including "Silvio," "Let's Stick Together," "Had A Dream About You, Baby" and more.

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Area

157 Hudson Street (1983-1987): Opened in 1983 in a former warehouse by Eric Goode, Christopher Goode, Darius Azari and Shawn Hausman, Area attempted to stave off stagnancy by redecorating every six weeks around a specific theme. Some of the more memorable themes were "Suburbia," "The Future," "Food" and "Sex." Area closed because its clientèle ulti-

mately proved as fickle as its decor. A new club called B², designed to appeal to the Wall Street crowd, is scheduled to open sometime soon. Decor will include cash machines and a BMW.

The Saint

233 East 6th Street (1980-1988): The Saint opened as a private discotheque for gay men in September, 1980, in what was originally The Loew's Commodore, an early movie

palace. From 1968 through 1971, the theater was the home of Bill Graham's Fillmore East. The Saint opened its doors to the public—both straight and gay—for the first time in 1985. Last year, the club became the first in the city to institute alcohol-free nights for the high school crowd. This year, The Saint was purchased by developers, who plan to convert the former club into a multi-screen cinema.

MTV'S FIRST
VEEJAYS —
WHERE ARE
THEY NOW?

ROLE MODELS FOR THE ROCK & ROLL GENERATION

"OUR VEEJAYS WERE NEVER *POSITIONED* to become superstars," recalls John Sykes, MTV's vice president of production and promotion in the early days. "We didn't plan it that way. We were just looking to put a human face on MTV."



Alan, Martha, Mark, Nina and J.J.—the human side of what *Esquire* called "not just a television concept but a cultural revolution in a contemporary style."

But superstars they became. Three men and two women. J.J., Nina, Martha, Mark and Alan. The Starting Five. Pioneers. Visionaries. Superstars.

It all began on August 1, 1981. The five jocks were cautious. They were trying something unheard of. There were technical hurdles to overcome and skeptics to contend with. "Manhattan didn't have [MTV] for a year," Alan remembers, "so we'd walk the streets trying to convince our friends we weren't working on a porno channel. They'd say, 'Oh, cable? Porno, right?' We'd say, 'Oh no, it's a rock & roll channel, really. It's happening. It'll be here soon, I promise.'"

And then MTV broke through—bigtime. When MTV went on the air in the summer of 1981, it was carried by

WALKING New York

mallows and then jumping off the Empire State"—Robyn Hitchcock, "Balloon Man" (1988).

Madison Square Garden, Seventh Avenue at 32nd Street: On June 5, 1974, Sly Stone married Kathy Silva a televised ceremony before the star of a sold-out show at the Garden.



Four months later, Silva sued for divorce, demanding custody of their one-year-old son, Sylvester Bubb Ali Stewart, Jr.

The Chelsea Hotel, 222 West 23rd Street between 7th & 8th Avenues: On October 11, 1979, Nancy Spungen, girlfriend of former Sex Pistol Sid Vicious, was found stabbed to death in her room at the Chelsea. The following day, Vicious was arrested and charged with her murder.

EAST

Mimi's Pizza, 1284 Lexington Avenue at 84th Street: Paul McCartney often sends his limo to pick up pies from Mimi's when he's in town. The pizzeria became his favorite in 1967 when then-girlfriend Linda Eastman, now Mrs. McCartney, was living a block away at 140 East 83rd Street.

The Great Lawn, Central Park: Diana Ross' free concert in the park in the summer of 1983, organized to raise money for a children's playground to be built in her name, was marred by rain, violence and mind-boggling excess. The original concert was staged on July 21, but was aborted after only a few songs due to a downpour. As the crowd dispersed, gangs of youths went on a rampage, robbing and assaulting concert-goers. The show was restaged the following evening, with a heavy police presence.

CONTINUED

A WAY TO A WONDERFUL PLACE YOU DIDN'T KNOW YOU NEEDED TO SEE



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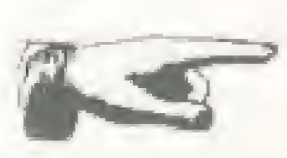
**COMING
SOON**

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300 cable systems reaching only 2.5 million households nationwide; by the end of 1983, MTV was available to more than 17.5 million homes on some 2,000 cable outlets. And suddenly, the veejays were celebrities. "We are becoming as popular as the artists we showcase," Alan marvelled in *USA Today*. "The fan mail, the hundreds of people who turn out at our city-to-city promotions... and we don't even provide the music or write the songs."

But what were the veejays really like, as individuals, as human beings? Martha put it most succinctly: If the veejays were publications, she would be *Teen Beat*, J.J. would be the *Encyclopedia of Rock & Roll*, Nina would be *Glamour*, Alan would be *GQ* and Mark would be *Creem*.

Their influence cannot be underestimated. "To the dismay of many mothers," US observed, Nina's "trademark shaggy locks are being imitated by teenage girls across America." The Daily News noted that "at an Adam Ant concert there may be scores of [Alan] Hunter clones." The impact they had on their generation was not unlike that of another seminal video ensemble, the original cast of *Saturday Night Live*.

Not surprisingly, things got pretty heady. Fame came fast and everyone handled it differently. "I began to feel like I was driving," Martha recalls, "but my wheels weren't on the road. I was losing a sense of what's important." To put things in perspective, she got "really into spiritual things," in particular the works of psychic Edgar Cayce.

Ultimately, the veejays were able to take real satisfaction from what they were doing, because they believed in the essence of MTV. They were bringing music to the people. They were breaking important new acts, like the Stray Cats and Duran Duran. And then, of course, they were the TV hosts for the ultimate remote, the event that made it all worth it—Live Aid. On July 13th, 1985, they brought the Woodstock of the eighties into the living rooms of America.

But after a while, truth be told, it all became rather routine. The novelty wore off. "When you do it for such a long time," Alan admitted shortly before he left MTV one year ago, "it's difficult sometimes to get up and go through it." It was time to move on. To try new things. To grow.

The original five veejays are no longer regular fixtures on MTV. Some left of their own accord, others got a gentle

shove. After leaving, they all moved to Los Angeles to pursue brand new careers. They get together on occasion, to talk about old times and the future. They have become actors and reporters and music directors. But to us, they will always be veejays. The Starting Five. Pioneers. Visionaries. Superstars.

J. J. JACKSON

final on-air date—June 9, 1986

John Julian Jackson is a veteran rock radio jock who began his career at WBCN-FM in Boston in 1968 before moving to Los Angeles in 1971. MTV's only black veejay during his stay there, J.J. is fondly remembered for once having said, "That was Jackson Browne and this is brown Jackson."

J.J. left MTV after management chose not to renew his contract. He is currently Music Director of and a disc jockey on KMPC-FM, an album-oriented rock station in Los Angeles.



NINA BLACKWOOD

final on-air date—June 15, 1986

Before answering an ad in *Billboard* that led to her job at MTV, Nina lived in Los Angeles where she worked as a model (she appeared in a *Playboy* spread in August, 1978), actress (in the 1981 hit *Vice Squad*, she played a prostitute who is murdered in the first fifteen minutes of the film), and musician (she performed at nightclubs under the billing "America's Fantasy Harpist").



After MTV declined to renew her contract in 1986, she moved back to L.A. and became a rock reporter and behind-the-scenes industry analyst for *Entertainment Tonight* and *Solid Gold*. She had a cameo in the film *Ratboy*, directed by Sondra Locke (Clint Eastwood's spouse), and co-starred in the made-for-television movies *Rock & Roll Mom* and *Revenge of the Stepford Wives*. Nina has also made guest appearances on such television shows as *It's Your Move*, on which she played herself, and *The New Gidget*, on which she portrayed an Australian disc jockey.

WALKING New York

The ultimate production cost was \$2.5 million (sample outlay—\$11,035 for Ross' embroidered gown), leaving the



city with close to \$500,000 in expenses and nothing for the playground.

Sotheby's, 1334 York Avenue at 72nd Street: The austere auction house takes bids on Elvis Presley's underwear, Jimi Hendrix's doodles and other rock & roll treasures every June.

The Plaza Hotel, 5th Avenue at 59th Street: In February, 1964, the Plaza's staff was taken by surprise when the hotel was besieged by thousands of screaming teenagers eager to catch a glimpse of the Beatles, who had reserved rooms weeks in advance under their individual names.

Rolling Stone, 745 Fifth Avenue between 57th & 58th Streets: Jann Wenner moved the bible of rock & roll from San Francisco to this swanky address in 1977 when New York City was teetering on the brink of bankruptcy.

Queensboro Bridge, 59th Street at Second Avenue: Feelin' groovy with Paul and Artie.

53rd Street and Third Avenue: The scene of the crime in Rod Stewart's tale of gay-bashing, "The Killing of Georgie (Part I)" (1976): "The ambulance screamed to a halt at 53rd and Third."

47th Street and Lexington Avenue: "I see your teeth flash/Jamaican honey so sweet/Down where Lexington cross 47th Street/She's a big girl, she's standing 6 foot 3/Turning tricks for the dudes in the big city"—Elton John, "Island Girl" (1975).

CONTINUED

STATE-OF-THE-HEART R-E-C-O-R-D-I-N-G-S

MELISSA ETHERIDGE



MELISSA ETHERIDGE

"...Melissa Etheridge is the most vital new vocalist in rock 'n' roll."
-The New York Daily News

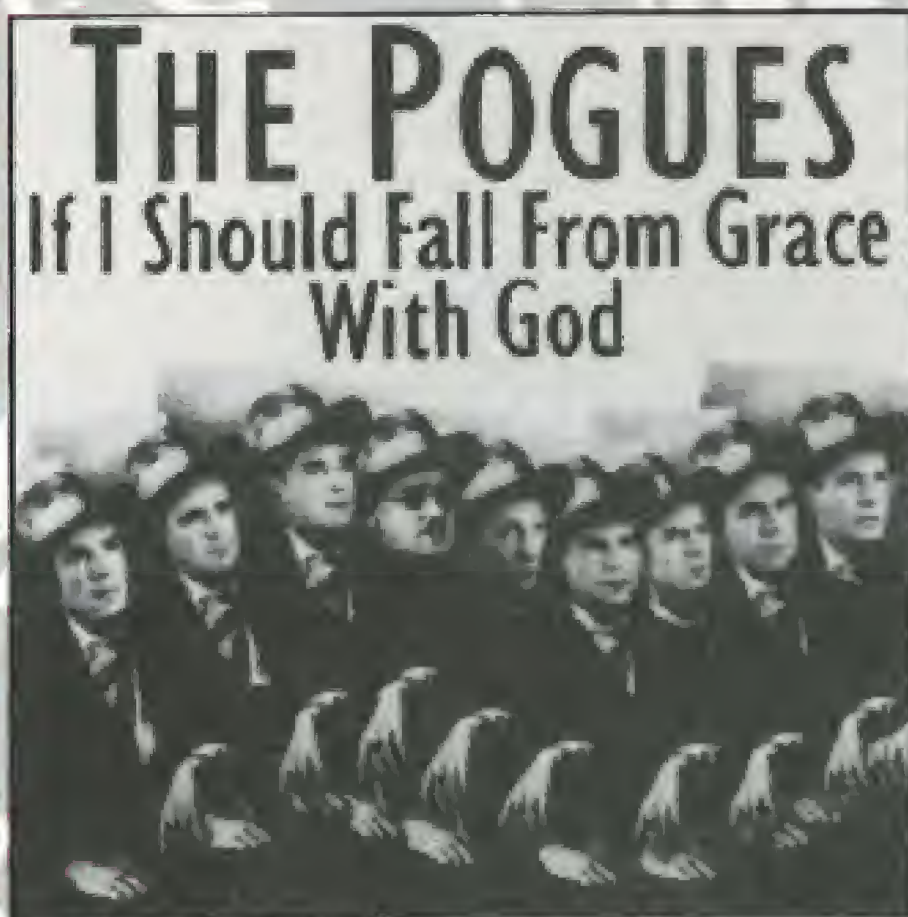
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MARTHA QUINN*final on-air date—December 31, 1986*

"For something to take me away from MTV," Martha told *The Christian Science Monitor* in June, 1986, "it would have to offer me more—and MTV offers me so much right now, I don't know what that would be." Six months later, MTV refused to renew her contract and Martha found herself jobless for the first time since graduating from New York University five years earlier.



As an undergraduate, Martha majored in broadcast journalism and hosted a show on WNYU-FM, the campus radio station, under the alias "Tiffany." While she was a student, Martha appeared in over a dozen television commercials for such products as Hallmark cards, Clearasil acne-pimple medication, Campbell's soup and Country Time Lemonade. In one particularly memorable spot for McDonald's, she predicted, "You'll go nuggets for McNuggets!"

In July, 1981, two months after graduating, Martha was working part time as an ID card checker at an NYU dorm and filing records at WNBC-AM when she heard that something called Music Television was looking for "video jockeys." She auditioned wearing a shirt that declared "Country Music Is In My Blood." Within days she was on the air.

After she was "pushed," as she puts it, from her job at MTV, Martha moved to Los Angeles to break into acting. She landed a few television roles, including an episode of *Fame* and a cable special with former Pizza Hut spokesman Rich Hall. She also hosted an installment of the post-Joan Rivers *Late Show* on the Fox Broadcasting network and filled in for Casey Kasem on the syndicated radio countdown program, *American Top 40*. Recently, she joined ex-Olympian Mitch Gaylord as co-host of *Fan Club*, a syndicated television series about celebrities for teenagers.

In 1986, Martha was immortalized by Mojo Nixon and Skid Roper in their underground smash "Stuffin' Martha's Muffin" (sample lyric: "Music Television should be covered with jism"). Coincidentally, Mojo has gone on to do promotional video spots for MTV and was recently a guest host at MTV's "Spring Break '88" in Daytona Beach.

MARK GOODMAN*(final on-air date—July 5, 1987):*

A graduate of Temple University, Mark began his career in 1975 as a Philadelphia disc jockey at WUSL-FM. He moved to WMMR-FM, where he met his wife, disc jockey Carol Miller (they're now divorced). In 1980, Mark followed Carol to WPLJ-FM in New York. While still at MTV, Mark got his first taste of acting in 1984, appearing as himself in Mick Jagger's feature film *Blame it on the Night*. He also appeared as a disc jockey on several episodes of *One Life to Live*.

Now that he has left MTV, he's taking acting classes in Los Angeles and says he has no interest in returning to radio. He's currently reading a lot of scripts and reports that he's "up for some really great roles." While Mark thinks his talents may be best suited to comedy, he's not ruling anything out. Ultimately, his goal is to get into film. In the meantime, Mark's departure from MTV was so amicable that he has agreed to appear every so often as a guest veejay.

**ALAN HUNTER***final on-air date—July 24, 1987*

After graduating from Millsaps College in Jackson, Mississippi, with a degree in psychology, Alan moved to New York to pursue a career in acting. Before joining MTV, Alan had a small part in *Love's Savage Fury*, an ABC-TV movie-of-the-week set during the Civil War, and appeared as one of six dancers in the David Bowie video "Fashion." Shortly before leaving MTV, he filmed an episode of *Mike Hammer* for CBS and co-starred in *Crack in the Mirror*, an unreleased film about cocaine in which he plays the best friend of actor/director Robby Benson.



Alan now lives in Encino, California, with his wife Jan and their two-year-old son Dylan, where he is enthusiastically pursuing a career in acting. According to his agent, he's currently reading a lot of scripts and is "up for some really great roles."

WALKING New York**DOWNTOWN**

Cinema 14, 133 Third Avenue at 14th Street: "Well they spill out of the Cinema 14/To that drag bar there on the block/Best live show by far in the whole east coast/With a bank rolled up in your sock"—Tom Waits, "Union Square" (1985).

Washington Square Park: The New York City Parks Commissioner banned guitar playing in the park in the



summer of 1960, but backed down after protesting folkies picketed his office and home.

Electric Lady Sound Studios, 52 West 8th Street: Jimi Hendrix's custom-designed studio opened on August 26, 1969.

CBGB, 315 Bowery at Bleecker Street: The club that launched a thousand bands—Talking Heads, Blondie, the Ramones, Television and Patti Smith, to name a few—celebrates its 15th anniversary this coming December. In a city where clubs come and go more frequently than George Steinbrenner hires and fires managers, that's no mean feat.

Gerde's Folk City, 11 West 4th Street: Nineteen-year-old Bob Dylan made his New York debut at Folk City on April 11, 1961, opening for John Lee Hooker.

Weinstein Center for Student Living, 5 University Place: Rick Rubin operated Def Jam, the burgeoning rap and metal label, out of his NYU dorm from 1984 through 1985.

9th Street & Third Avenue: Guitarist Johnny Ramone was beaten by another musician, Seth Macklin, in a

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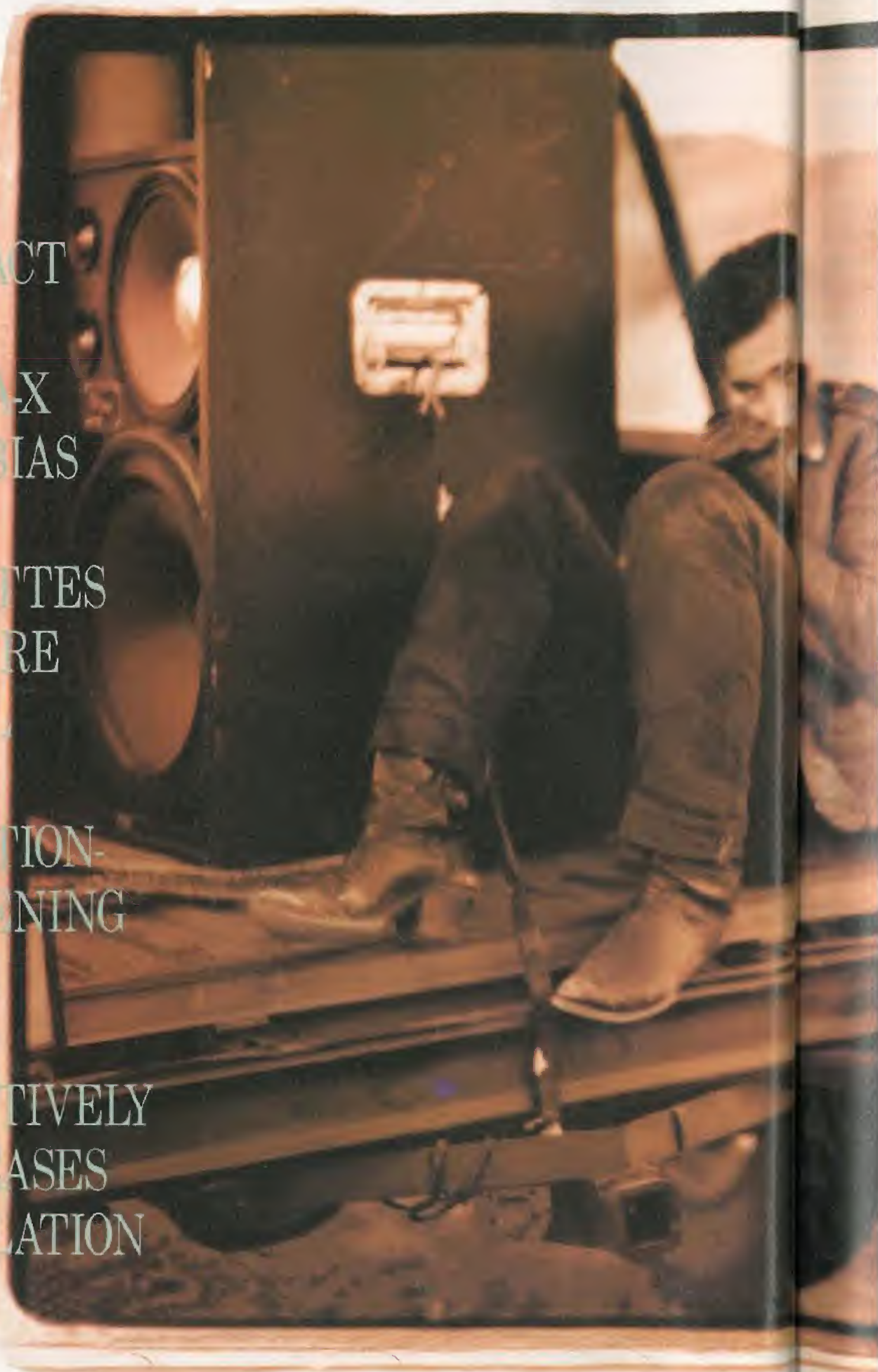
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SOME
LOVE
THE FACT
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and the envelope, PLEASE

THE GRAMMYS WERE OVER TWENTY YEARS OLD BEFORE THE NATIONAL Academy of Recording Arts & Sciences got hip to what was going down and recognized rock & roll as a distinct entity. And that wasn't until 1979. Of course, that was the same year disco was given its own award, but mercifully "Best Disco Recording" was discontinued the following year. ☒ Since then, a wide variety of new categories has been added. For 1988, new categories will include Best Rap

Performance, Best Hard Rock/Metal Performance and Best Bluegrass Recording, Vocal or Instrumental. And we already have awards for soul gospel, reggae, polka, Latin pop and new age music. Not that we haven't paid a price for this new ecumenical approach. Now the annual ceremony is interminable—longer than the Oscars, it seems. We sit through hours of obscure presentations when all we really want is a glimpse of Bono's passion and Whitney's wardrobe. ☒ The new Grammy Awards introduced by year, and the very memorable, very special charter winners, are:

1979

Best Rock Vocal Performance, Female

"Hot Stuff," Donna Summer

Best Rock Vocal Performance, Male

"Gotta Serve Somebody," Bob Dylan

Best Rock Vocal Performance By a Duo or Group with Vocal

"Heartache Tonight," Eagles

Best Rock Instrumental Performance

"Rockestra," Wings

Best Disco Recording

(suspended in 1980)

"I Will Survive," Gloria Gaynor, Dino Fekaris & Freddie Perren

Best Jazz Fusion Performance, Vocal or Instrumental

"8:30," Weather Report

Classical Producer of the Year

James Mallinson

1981

Video of the Year

(suspended in 1983)

"Michael Nesmith in Elephant Parts," Michael Nesmith

1982

Best Traditional Blues Recording

"Alright Again," Clarence Gatemouth Brown

Best Jazz Vocal Performance, Female

"Gershwin Live!," Sarah Vaughan

Best Jazz Vocal Performance, Male

"An Evening with George Shearing and Mel Torme," Mel Torme

Best Jazz Vocal Performance, Duo or Group

"Route 66," The Manhattan Transfer

1983

Best Gospel Performance, Female

"Ageless Medley," Amy Grant

Best Gospel Performance, Male

"Walls of Glass," Russ Taff

Best Gospel Performance By a Duo or Group, Choir or Chorus

"More Than Wonderful," Sandi Patti & Larnelle Harris

Best Soul Gospel Performance, Female

"We Sing Praises," Sandra Crouch

Best Soul Gospel Performance, Male

"I'll Rise Again," Al Green

Best Soul Gospel Performance By a Duo or Group, Choir or Chorus

"I'm So Glad I'm Standing Here Today," Bobby Jones

Best Latin Pop Recording

"Me Enamore," Jose Feliciano

Best Tropical Latin Recording

"On Broadway," Tito Puente and His Latin Ensemble

Best Mexican/American Performance

"Anselma," Los Lobos

Best Music Video, Short Form

"Girls on Film/Hungry Like the Wolf," Duran Duran

Best Music Video, Long Form

"Duran Duran," Duran Duran

1984

Best Reggae Recording

"Anthem," Black Uhuru

1985

Best Polka Recording

"70 Years of Hits," Frank Yankovic

Best Contemporary Composition

"Lloyd Webber: Requiem," Andrew Lloyd Webber

1986

Best New Age Recording

"Down to the Moon," Andreas Vollenweider

Best Contemporary Folk Recording

"Tribute to Steve Goodman," Hank Neuberger, Al Bunetta & Dan Einstein (Producers)

Best Musical Cast Show Album

"Follies in Concert," Thomas Z. Shepard (Producer)

1987

Best Album of Original Instrumental Background Score Written for a Motion Picture or Television

"The Untouchables," Ennio Morricone

Best Country Vocal Performance, Duet

"Make No Mistake, She's Mine," Ronnie Milsap and Kenny Rogers

Three albums you won't like.

Each of these albums has a strong voice,
individual and intelligent.

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three



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RECURRENCE

FEATURING "PLEASURE" AND "IN THE MEANTIME"

From Wigan, outside Manchester, England, comes the reflective music of Railway Children. Originally on Factory Records, home of Joy Division and New Order, the group has enjoyed two No. 1 singles and a No. 1 E.P. in Britain.



CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN

OUR BELOVED REVOLUTIONARY SWEETHEART

FEATURING "EYE OF FATIMA"

Hailing from Santa Cruz, the band's popularly-acclaimed independent releases have finally succumbed to a major label debut. Hyphen-hyphen ethno-everything descriptions don't do justice to Camper's certifiably odd and enjoyable foragings.



AMBITIOUS LOVERS

GREED

FEATURING "LOVE OVERLAP"

A former member of the Lounge Lizards and the Golden Palominos, American-born, Brazilian-raised Arto Lindsay joins Swiss emigre keyboardist/songwriter Peter Sherer for this album of cerebral samba.

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PEOPLE *who* WORKED and SUFFERED and STRUGGLED for FAME

“You can see all the stars as you walk down Hollywood Boulevard/Some that you recognize, some that you haven’t even heard of/People who worked and suffered and struggled for fame/Some who succeeded and some who suffered in vain.”

—“CELLULOID HEROES” BY RAY DAVIES OF THE KINKS (1972)

According to the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce, “to be honored with a star on Hollywood’s Walk of Fame, the world’s most famous sidewalk, is a tribute as coveted and sought after as any of the entertainment industry’s equally prestigious awards—including the Oscar, Emmy, Grammy, Golden Mike or Tony.” ★ The Walk of Fame, the Chamber reports, is one of the city’s “most widely seen tourist attractions.” That’s “seen,” mind you, not “visited.” But then, how can you miss it? There are over 1,850 stars on the Walk. Elvis has a star. Tina Turner has a star. Bill Haley has a star. Ray Davies does not, but he’s in good company. The Beatles, the Stones, Dylan—no stars. Of course, who are they compared with the Bee Gees and Billy Vera? ★ Here’s a list of the rockers who’ve got one and where you can pay your respects.

Herb Alpert
6929 Hollywood Blvd.

The Beach Boys
1500 North Vine Street

Bee Gees
6845 Hollywood Blvd.

The Carpenters
6931 Hollywood Blvd.

Ray Charles
6777 Hollywood Blvd.

Dick Clark
Sunset & Vine

Crosby, Stills & Nash
6666 Hollywood Blvd.

Bobby Darin
1735 Vine Street

Fats Domino
6616 Hollywood Blvd.

The Everly Brothers
7000 Hollywood Blvd.

Fleetwood Mac
6608 Hollywood Blvd.

Peter Frampton
6819 Hollywood Blvd.

Aretha Franklin
6920 Hollywood Blvd.

Bill Haley
6350 Hollywood Blvd.

Michael Jackson
6927 Hollywood Blvd.

The Jacksons
1500 Vine Street

Elton John
6915 Hollywood Blvd.

Quincy Jones
1500 Vine Street

Casey Kasem
6931 Hollywood Blvd.

Barry Manilow
6233 Hollywood Blvd.

Rick Nelson
1515 Vine Street

Olivia Newton-John
6925 Hollywood Blvd.

Elvis Presley
6777 Hollywood Blvd.

Helen Reddy
1750 Vine Street

Smokey Robinson
1500 North Vine Street

Diana Ross
6712 Hollywood Blvd.

**Bob Seger & The
Silver Bullet Band**
1750 North Vine Street

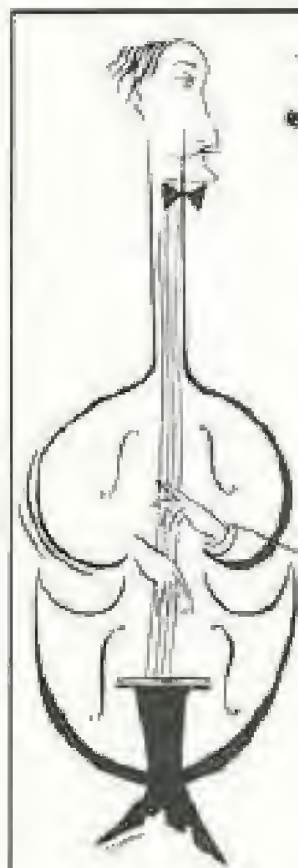
The Spinners
6723 Hollywood Blvd.

**The Steve Miller
Band**
1750 North Vine Street

Tina Turner
1750 North Vine Street

Billy Vera
1770 Vine Street

Gene Vincent
1751 Vine Street



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BILLY



Astor Pl
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Page 14:

WALKING New York

streetfight on August 15, 1983. Ramone was rushed to the hospital for emergency brain surgery.

St. Marks Bar & Grill, St. Marks Place and First Avenue: The pub where the Stones shot their video for "Waiting on a Friend."

55 Chrystie Street: The rat-infested dump the Beastie Boys lived in before they went triple platinum with Licensed to Ill (1986).

BILLY JOEL TURNSTILES



Astor Place subway station, Uptown Platform: The station where Billy Joel shot the cover for his Turnstiles LP (1976).

The Public Theater, 425 Lafayette Street: Hair, the first hit rock musical, opened at the Public on October 17, 1967. After it was properly sanitized, it moved to the Biltmore Theater on Broadway on April 28, 1968, where it ran for 1,729 performances.

Trash and Vaudville, 4 St. Marks Place: Cher, Prince, Jon Bon Jovi and other superstars regularly stop into Trash and Vaudville for the latest in studded leather goods.

PHOTO CREDITS

- Page 1: H. Armstrong Roberts. (girl listening to record); courtesy of National Archives and Records Administration; (Nixon with Presley) © 1986 Paul Chauncey/The Stock Market (roll).
- Page 3: Bettmann Newsphotos (Reagan and Jackson); Ewing Galloway (sock hop).
- Page 4: AP/Wide World (Strawberry Fields).
- Page 6: Bettmann Newsphotos (Beatles).
- Page 8: Norman McGrath (Hard Rock Cafe).
- Page 10: Robert Fitzgerald/Globe Photos, (Stone).
- Page 12: AP/Wide World (Ross).
- Page 14: Fred W. McDarrah (Washington Square Park).



Photo: Mickey Pantano

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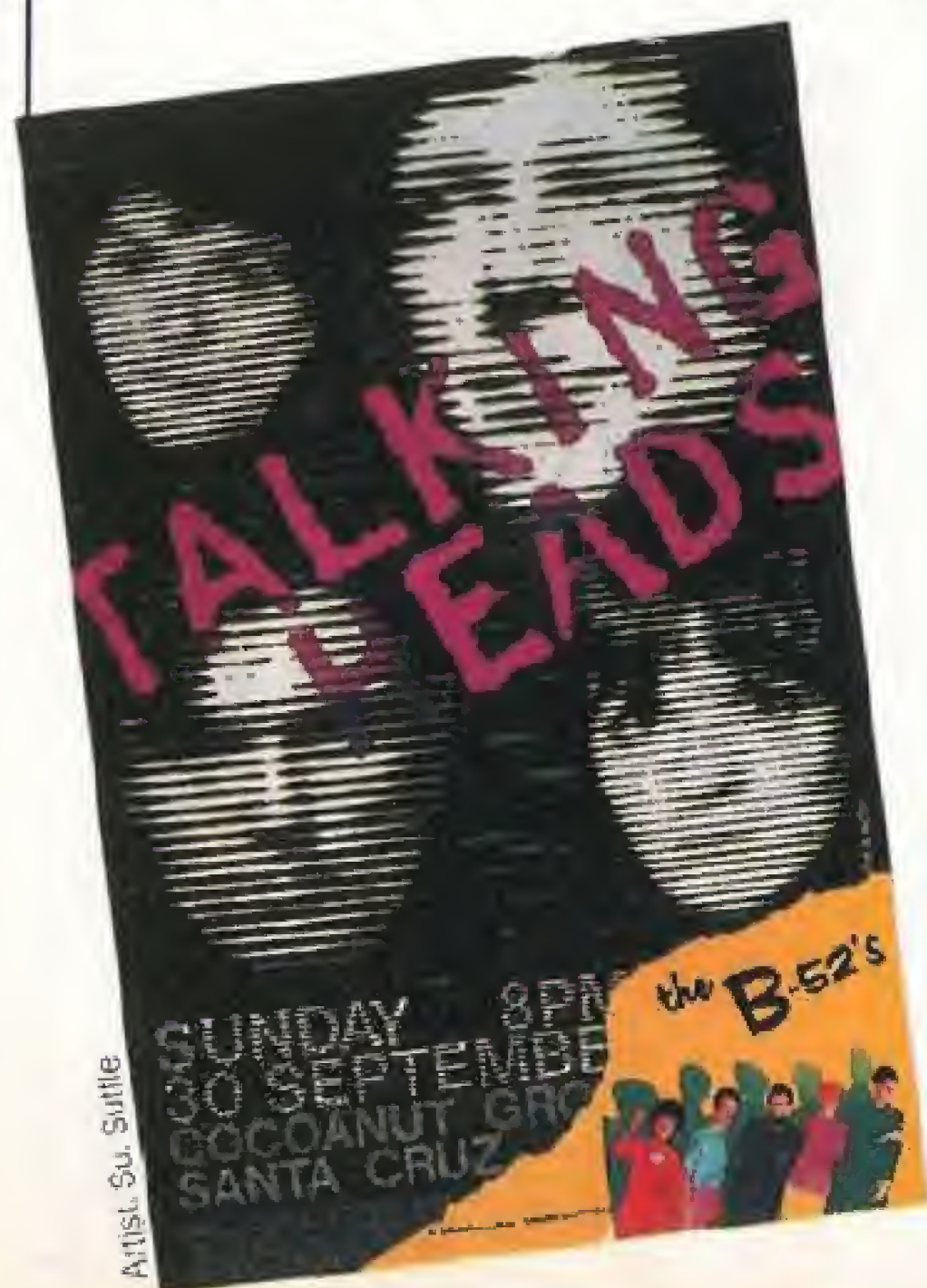
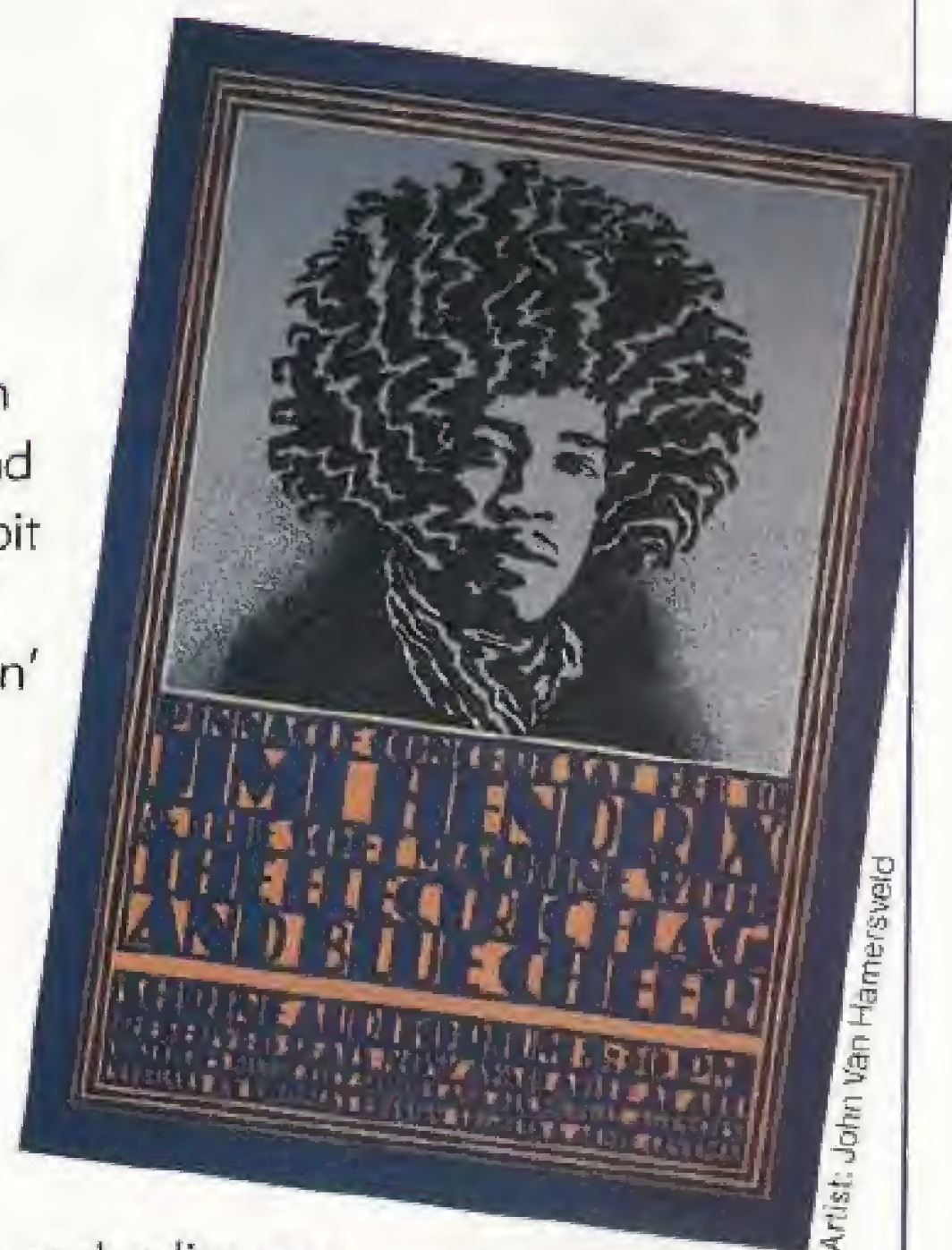
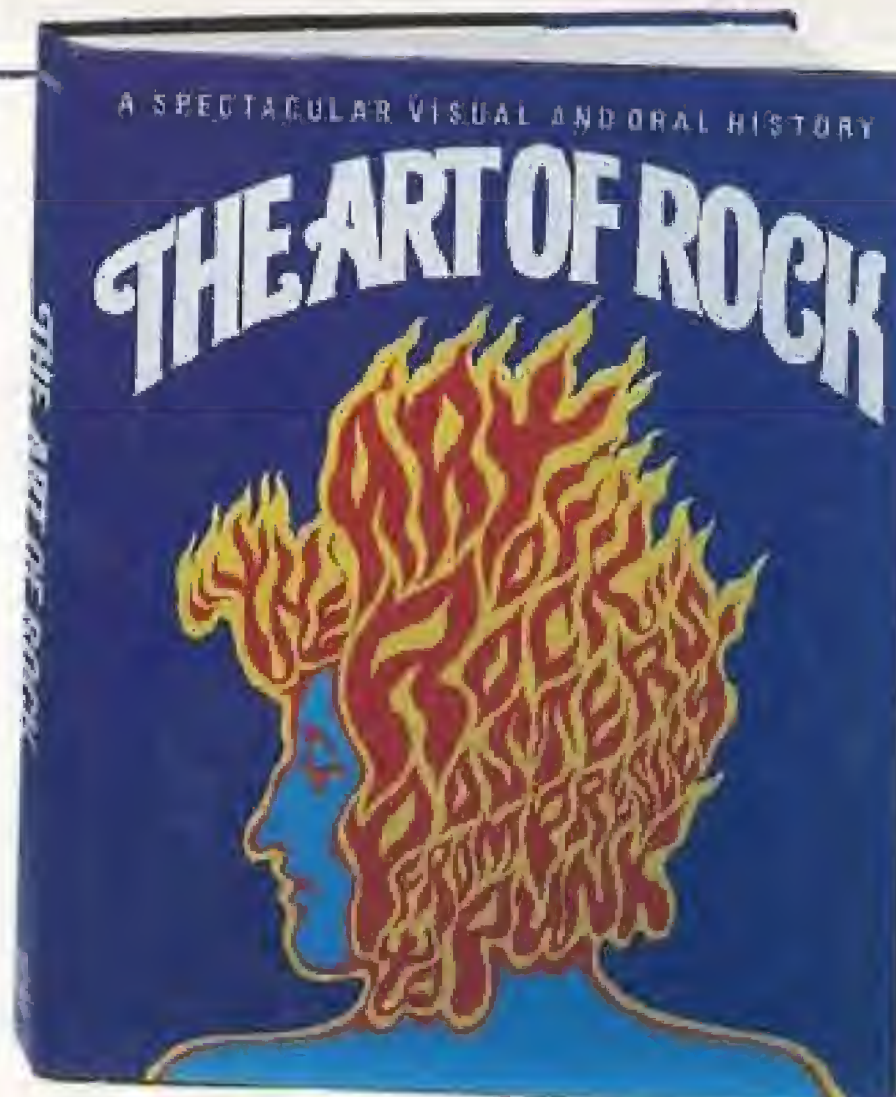
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"HERE ARE THE EVENTS THAT MARKED OUR LIVES..." —DETAILS

Five years in the making, the long-awaited **ART OF ROCK: POSTERS FROM PRESLEY TO PUNK** by Paul Grushkin is available at last. This "exhaustively researched compilation brings together more than thirty years' worth of the best and brightest rock posters and art work" (*Rolling Stone*). Every bit as exciting as the great sounds it represents, **THE ART OF ROCK** is a visual, full-color trip through the history of rock 'n' roll, illustrated with the original, explosive art designed to promote the music. The ultimate high for any music fan.

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- Preface by San Francisco's Bill Graham

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 Abbeville Press, Inc., 488 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022
 1-800-227-7210; in NY call 212-888-1969



PEOPLE WHO DIED

It's Better to Burn Out Than to Fade Away

With each passing year, scores of one time rock & roll heroes fade away into oblivion. Just take a minute to think back to those glory years of the seventies. Whatever happened to Peter Frampton, Looking Glass and the venerable Three Dog Night? And, more recently, what about The Knack? And Adam Ant? Who knows? More important, who cares? What we care about are

those rock & rollers who lived on the edge. The ones who courted danger. The ones who choked on their own vomit. We're talking about the ones who died. We counted 55 rock & roll stars who have died. We're sure there are more. As Jim Carroll sang in 1980, "They're all my friends, and they died." Whatever the cause or place of the deaths, their music lives on. Unfortunately for some, but thankfully for most. And thankfully, too, we believe: "Hey hey, my my/Rock & roll can never die" (Neil Young, 1979).

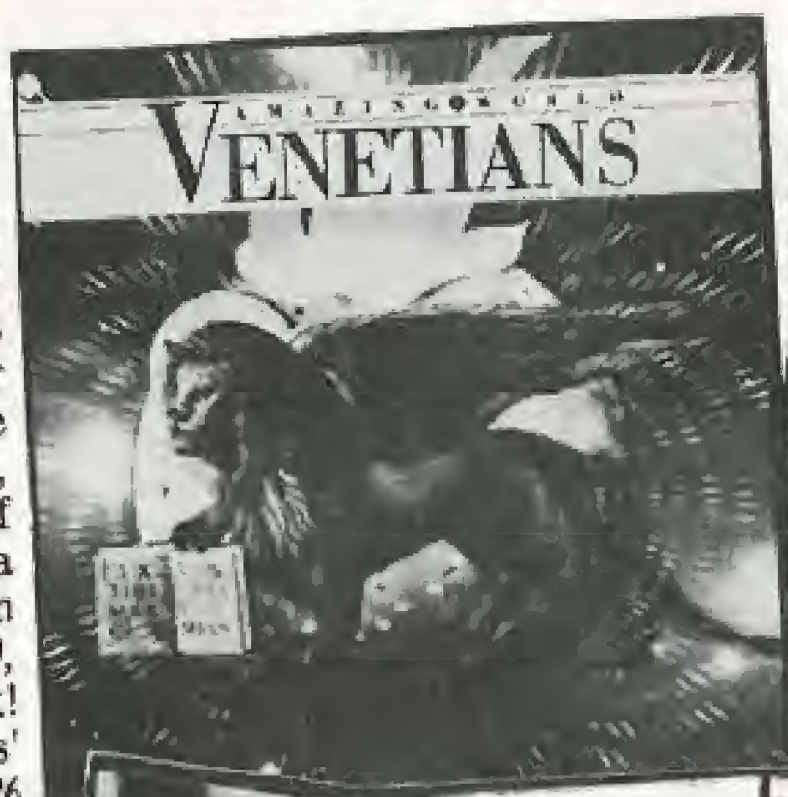
NAME	BAND	HIT	DETAILS OF DEATH:			
			DATE	AGE	PLACE	CAUSE
Johnny Ace		"Pledging My Love" (1955)	Dec. 24, 1954	25	Houston, Texas	Ace, an early r&b star from Memphis, shot himself in the mouth with a .22 revolver, apparently while playing Russian roulette, backstage at the City Auditorium during a Christmas Eve concert.
Duane Allman	The Allman Brothers Band	"Blue Sky" (1972)	Oct. 29, 1971	24	Macon, Georgia	Allman lost control of his motorcycle while trying to avoid a collision with a tractor-trailer truck. He died three hours later on an operating table at Middle Georgia Hospital.
Florence Ballard	The Supremes	"Baby Love" (1964)	Feb. 22, 1976	32	Detroit, Michigan	Ballard died destitute of a heart attack.
Marc Bolan	T. Rex	"Bang a Gong (Get it On)" (1971)	Sept. 16, 1977	28	London, England	Bolan was killed when the car driven by his girlfriend, American soul singer Gloria Jones, struck a tree.
John Bonham	Led Zeppelin	"Whole Lotta Love" (1970)	Sept. 25, 1980	32	Windsor, England	Bonham, Led Zeppelin's drummer, asphyxiated on his own vomit after falling asleep in a state of severe intoxication at the home of bandmate Jimmy Page.
Johnny Burnette	Johnny Burnette Rock & Roll Trio	"You're Sixteen" (1960)	Aug. 1, 1964	30		Burnette, a rockabilly pioneer, drowned in a boating accident.
Harry Chapin		"Cat's in the Hat" (1974)	July 16, 1981	38	Jericho, New York	Chapin suffered a massive heart attack when his car was struck by a tractor-trailer truck on the Long Island Expressway.

PEOPLE WHO DIED

DETAILS OF DEATH:

NAME	BAND	HIT	DATE	AGE	PLACE	CAUSE
Eddie Cochran		"Summertime Blues" (1958)	April 17, 1960	21	London, England	Cochran, a rockabilly star, was speeding towards Heathrow Airport when his limousine blew a tire and slammed into a lamppost. He suffered severe head injuries and died within a few hours. Fellow passenger Gene Vincent broke several ribs, his collarbone and his leg.
Sam Cooke		"You Send Me" (1957)	Dec. 11, 1964	29	Los Angeles, California	Cooke allegedly attempted to sexually assault a young woman named Elisa Boyer in a motel room in L.A. After Boyer escaped with most of his clothes, the half-naked Cooke gave chase. He broke down the door of the 55-year-old motel manager, Bertha Lee Franklin, who shot him three times with a .22 pistol and then beat him with a heavy walking stick.
Jim Croce		"Bad, Bad Leroy Brown" (1973)	Sept. 20, 1973	30	Natchitoches, Louisiana	On the way to a concert, Croce died when his chartered plane crashed into a tree on take-off.
Ian Curtis	Joy Division	"Love Will Tear Us Apart" (1980)	May 18, 1980	23	Macclesfield, England	Curtis, lead singer of the British cult band Joy Division, hung himself only days before the start of the band's first U.S. tour.
Bobby Darin		"Mack the Knife" (1959)	Dec. 20, 1973	37	Los Angeles, California	Darin died of cardiac arrest on the operating table after years of heart illness.
Cass Elliott	The Mamas and The Papas	"Monday Monday" (1966)	July 29, 1974	31	London, England	Mama Cass died in a friend's apartment, reportedly after choking on a sandwich.
Peter Farndon	The Pretenders	"Stop Your Sobbing" (1979)	April 14, 1983	29	London, England	Bass player Farndon, who had left the Pretenders in June of 1982, died of a drug overdose and apparent heart attack.
Steve Gaines	Lynyrd Skynyrd	"Sweet Home Alabama" (1974)	Oct. 20, 1977	28	Gillsburg, Mississippi	Lynyrd Skynyrd was beginning an extensive national tour when its private plane crashed into woods 200 yards from an open field. Killed in the accident were guitarist Gaines, vocalist Ronnie Van Zant, roadie Dean Kilpatrick and backup singer Cassie Gaines, Steve's sister. MCA quickly recalled Skynyrd's <i>Street Survivors</i> album, released the week before, which featured a cover photograph of the band engulfed in flames.
Marvin Gaye		"I Heard It Through the Grapevine" (1968)	April 1, 1984	44	Los Angeles, California	On the eve of his 45th birthday, Gaye was shot to death by his father after a heated argument at his parents' home.
Lowell George	Little Feat	"Dixie Chicken" (1973)	June 29, 1979	34	Arlington, Virginia	George died from a heart attack brought on by drug abuse and obesity the day after he performed at George Washington University in D.C.

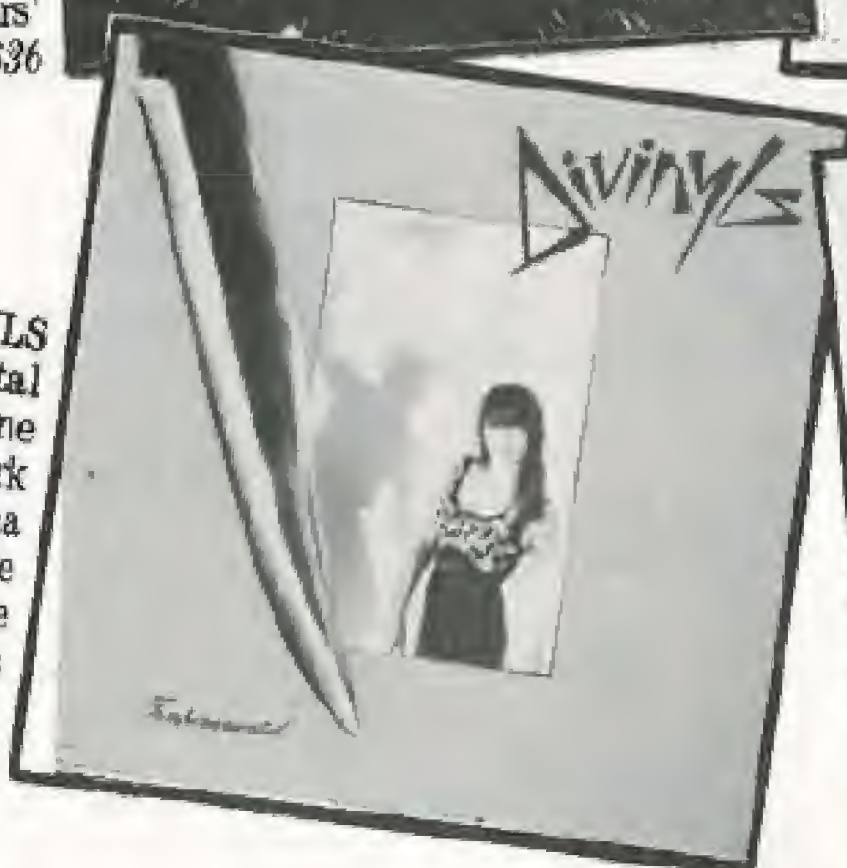
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 call her a passionate
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PEOPLE WHO DIED

NAME	BAND	HIT	DETAILS OF DEATH:			
			DATE	AGE	PLACE	CAUSE
Andy Gibb		"Shadow Dancing" (1978)	Mar. 10, 1988	30	Oxford, England	Gibb died at John Radcliffe Hospital of inflammation of the heart, allegedly related to extensive cocaine abuse.
Bill Haley	The Comets	"Rock Around the Clock" (1955)	Feb. 9, 1981	55	Harlingen, Texas	Haley died from heart failure at home.
Jimi Hendrix	The Jimi Hendrix Experience	"Purple Haze" (1967)	Sept. 18, 1970	27	London, England	Hendrix suffocated on his own vomit while asleep in the London apartment of a friend, Monika Danneman. He died at St. Mary's Abbot Hospital nearby. The coroner reported "inhalation of vomit due to barbiturate intoxication," and the autopsy revealed a "mixture of tranquilizers, amphetamines, depressants and alcohol."
Bob "Bear" Hite	Canned Heat	"Going Up the Country" (1969)	April 5, 1981	36	Venice, California	Hite died of a drug-induced heart attack.
Buddy Holly	The Crickets	"That'll Be the Day" (1957)	Feb. 3, 1959	20	Clear Lake, Iowa	Holly's plane crashed in a cornfield nine miles from Iowa's Mason City Airport.
James Honeyman-Scott	The Pretenders	"Brass in Pocket" (1980)	June 16, 1982	24	London, England	Guitarist Honeyman-Scott was under treatment for cocaine addiction when he overdosed on the drug at a party.
Brian Jones	The Rolling Stones	"(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction" (1965)	July 3, 1969	27	London, England	Less than a month after Jones left the Stones due to "creative differences," he drowned in his swimming pool during a party. The coroner termed it "death by misadventure."
Janis Joplin	Big Brother and the Holding Company	"Me and Bobby McGee" (1971)	Oct. 4, 1970	27	Hollywood, California	Joplin was found dead from a heroin overdose lying face down on the carpet in her room at the Landmark Hotel.
Terry Kath	Chicago	"If You Leave Me Now" (1976)	Jan. 23, 1978	31	Los Angeles, California	Kath, Chicago's guitarist and vocalist, shot himself at a party while playing with a gun he told friends was unloaded.
John Lennon	The Beatles	"Imagine" (1971)	Dec. 8, 1980	40	New York, New York	Lennon was shot seven times outside the Dakota by Mark David Chapman, a 25-year-old fan who patiently read <i>Catcher in the Rye</i> while waiting for the police to arrive.
Frankie Lymon	The Teenagers	"Why Do Fools Fall in Love?" (1956)	Feb. 28, 1968	25	New York, New York	Lymon died of a heroin overdose in the bathroom of his grandmother's apartment in Harlem.
Phil Lynott	Thin Lizzy	"The Boys Are Back in Town" (1976)	Jan. 4, 1986	34	London, England	Lynott died of heart failure brought on by drug and alcohol abuse.
Richard Manuel	The Band	"Tears of Rage" (1968)	Mar. 4, 1986	40	Winter Park, Florida	Pianist Manuel hung himself from a shower curtain rod in a motel room while on tour with a reunited version of the Band, minus Robbie Robertson.

HUXTON RAINBIRDS
CREEPERS FOUNTAINHEAD
MICHELLE VANESSA
SHOCKED about WILLIAMS
THE FAT
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TONI FACE
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VANESSA WILLIAMS • FOUNTAINHEAD • NIA PEEPLES

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PEOPLE WHO DIED

NAME	BAND	HIT	DETAILS OF DEATH:			
			DATE	AGE	PLACE	CAUSE
Bob Marley	The Wailers	"No Woman, No Cry" (1975)	May 11, 1981	36	Miami, Florida	Marley died of cancer at Cedars Medical Center. He had flown to Miami to visit his mother en route from Germany, where he was being treated for a brain tumor.
Robbie McIntosh	Average White Band	"Pick up the Pieces" (1975)	Sept. 23, 1974	24	Hollywood, California	McIntosh, the band's original drummer, died at a Hollywood party after snorting a mixture of morphine and heroin, which he apparently thought was cocaine.
Ron "Pigpen" McKernan	The Grateful Dead	"Truckin'" (1970)	Mar. 8, 1973	27	San Francisco, California	Pigpen, the Dead's keyboardist, died from cirrhosis of the liver brought on by years of excessive drinking.
Keith Moon	The Who	"My Generation" (1966)	Sept. 7, 1978	31	London, England	Moon died from an overdose of Hemin-eurin, a sedative used to treat alcohol withdrawal that he had taken shortly before going to sleep.
Jim Morrison	The Doors	"Light My Fire" (1967)	July 3, 1971	27	Paris, France	Morrison died in his bathtub from what official records report was heart failure.
Rick Nelson		"Travelin' Man" (1961)	Dec. 31, 1985	45	DeKalb, Texas	En route to a New Year's Eve concert in Dallas, Nelson's twin-engine DC-3 crashed in a cow pasture after a fire broke out, allegedly started by someone freebasing cocaine in the cabin.
Berry Oakley	The Allman Brothers Band	"Ramblin' Man" (1973)	Nov. 11, 1972	24	Macon, Georgia	Oakley's motorcycle collided with a city bus only blocks away from the spot where Duane Allman was killed.
Phil Ochs		"War is Over" (1967)	April 9, 1976	35	Far Rockaway, New York	Suffering from depression, folksinger Ochs hung himself at his sister's apartment.
Gram Parsons	The Byrds, The Flying Burrito Brothers	"Hickory Wind" (1968)	Sept. 19, 1973	26	Joshua Tree, California	Parsons, a pioneer of country rock, died in a motel room of a suspected drug overdose. Several days later, his body, en route to New Orleans for burial, was stolen by manager Phil Kaufman and returned to Joshua Tree National Monument, near L.A. According to Parsons' wish, the body was cremated in the desert.
Dave Prater	Sam and Dave	"Soul Man" (1967)	April 9, 1988	50	Sycamore, Georgia	Prater died in a car accident on the way to visit his mother.
Elvis Presley		"Heartbreak Hotel" (1956)	Aug. 16, 1977	42	Memphis, Tennessee	After years of drug abuse and junk food binging, an obese and constipated Presley collapsed while seated on the toilet in an upstairs bathroom in Graceland, wearing blue pajamas and reading <i>The Scientific Search for the Face of Jesus</i> . An hour after he was discovered, he died at Baptist Memorial Hospital of heart failure. A hospital employee said that he had "the arteries of an 80-year-old man."

MISSION IMPOSSIBLE

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THE FUTURE OF MUSIC DEPENDS ON IT!

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NEW YORK
NIGHTS

JULY 15-20

WHO DIED

NAME	BAND	HIT	DETAILS OF DEATH:			
			DATE	AGE	PLACE	CAUSE
Otis Redding		"(Sittin' on) The Dock of the Bay" (1968)	Dec. 10, 1967	26	Madison, Wisconsin	Redding died en route to a gig when his chartered twin-engine aircraft crashed into icy Lake Monona in a heavy fog. Redding drowned, as did four teenage members of his touring band, the Bar-Kays.
Keith Relf	The Yardbirds	"For Your Love" (1965)	May 14, 1976	33	London, England	The Yardbirds' vocalist was electrocuted while tuning a guitar at his home.
J.P. "Big Bopper" Richardson		"Chantilly Lace" (1957)	Feb. 3, 1959	28	Clear Lake, Iowa	See Holly. The Big Bopper, replaced Buddy Holly's bandmate Waylon Jennings on a chartered flight. When the plane crashed in a cornfield, he died on impact and was thrown 40 feet through the air.
Bon Scott	AC/DC	"Highway to Hell" (1979)	Feb. 19, 1980	33	London, England	Vocalist Scott choked to death on his own vomit after a session of heavy drinking.
Tammi Terrell		"Your Precious Love" (1967)	Mar. 16, 1970	24	Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	Three years after collapsing into Marvin Gaye's arms during a concert, Terrell died of a brain tumor.
Peter Tosh	The Wailers	"(You Got to Walk And) Don't Look Back" (1979)	Sept. 11, 1987	42	Kingston, Jamaica	Tosh was shot to death at his home during a robbery.
Ritchie Valens		"Donna"/"La Bamba" (1958)	Feb. 3, 1959	17	Clear Lake, Iowa	See Holly and Richardson. Valens was the opening act on Holly's tour.
Ronnie Van Zant	Lynyrd Skynyrd	"Sweet Home Alabama" (1974)	Oct. 20, 1977	28	Gillsburg, Mississippi	See Gaines.
Sid Vicious	The Sex Pistols	"God Save the Queen" (1977)	Feb. 2, 1979	21	New York, New York	While awaiting trial for the murder of former girlfriend Nancy Spungen, bassist Vicious overdosed on heroin in the apartment of girlfriend Michelle Robinson.
Gene Vincent	The Blue Caps	"Be-Bop-A-Lula" (1956)	Oct. 12, 1971	36	Los Angeles, California	Rockabilly star Vincent died from a bleeding ulcer partly due to alcohol abuse.
Clarence White	The Byrds	"Ballad of Easy Rider" (1970)	July 14, 1973	29	Palmdale, California	Guitarist White died after he was struck down by a hit-and-run driver.
Al Wilson	Canned Heat	"Going Up the Country" (1969)	Sept. 3, 1970	27	Torrance, California	Wilson died from a drug overdose.
Dennis Wilson	The Beach Boys	"I Get Around" (1964)	Dec. 28, 1983	39	Marina del Rey, California	The middle Wilson brother, the only real surfer in the Beach Boys, drowned and was buried at sea.
Jackie Wilson		"Night"/"Doggin' Around" (1960)	Jan. 21, 1984	39	Cherry Hill, New Jersey	On December 25, 1975, Wilson suffered a heart attack while performing in a Dick Clark oldies revue at the Latin Casino in Cherry Hill. He lapsed into a coma from which he never recovered and died eight years later.

STYLE

THE SUMMER 1988 COLLECTION

SHARP
NEW LOOK:
RUBEN BLADES •
NOTHING BUT
THE TRUTH Like

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A black and white photograph of a man in a dark suit and white shirt, looking down and lighting a cigarette with a blue lighter. The cigarette has a yellow filter and the word "Marlboro" is visible. The background is dark and out of focus.

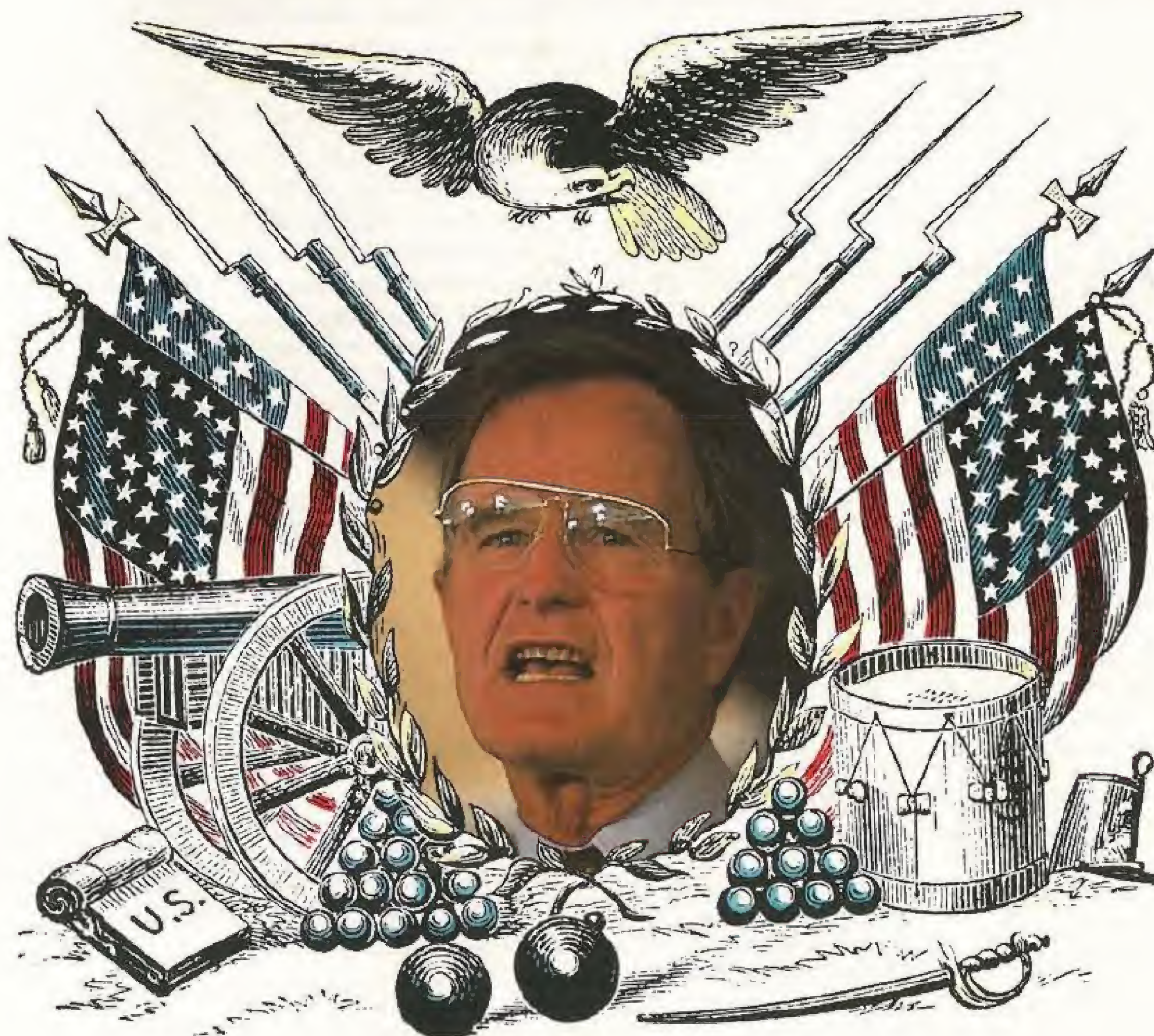
Come to where the flavor is.

Kings & 100's: 16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av.
per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85—Menthol Kings:
15 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking
By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal
Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

"DEEP DOO-DOO"



This month 2,277 distinguished elected delegates will meet in the floppy heat of New Orleans for the Republican National Convention. They will put on funny hats and applaud meanspiritedness and talk seriously about George Herbert Walker Bush. But they will most likely not discuss everything about George Bush—they

might, for instance, skip over his bipartisan reputation as a lapdog, his prep-school-style swearing, his affection for phrases like *the Big Mo* and *the vision thing*, his penchant for being photographed looking ridiculous in heavy vehicles, his doubly and triply contradictory pronouncements about the Iran-contra scandal and, most recently, his odd misstatement that he has "had some sex" with President Reagan. The Republican elders will probably not discuss the fact that George Bush once said, "What's wrong with being a boring kind of guy?" But **PAUL SLANSKY** will.

SPY'S
UNOFFICIAL
1988
GEORGE
BUSH
BRIEFING
BOOK

PART I: THE BOY SCOUT WITH A HORMONE IMBALANCE

1. What did Bush do during his brief (7 hours and 54 minutes) tenure as acting president while Reagan was having a piece of his colon removed?

- A. He watched the Live Aid concert on MTV.
- B. He reread the third chapter of Richard Nixon's *Six Crises*.
- C. He slipped and hit his head while playing tennis, then took a nap.
- D. He called up Al Haig and said, "Eat your heart out!"

2. Complete Bush's quote: "I don't consider _____ to be a character flaw."

- A. optimism
- B. intellectual honesty
- C. loyalty
- D. pandering

3. What misperception about him does Bush say he has heard from people "over and over and over again?"

- A. That he went to Harvard, not Yale.
- B. That he was "a little short guy."
- C. That he was Jewish.
- D. That his wife was his mother.

4. How did Jesse Jackson respond when Bush referred to him as "the hustler from Chicago?"

- A. He began reminding his audiences that in *Doonesbury*, Bush is invisible.
- B. He said Bush's lack of stability suggested he "would be a national risk" as president.
- C. He referred to Reagan and Bush as "the simp and the wimp."
- D. He made fun of Bush for not speaking up in Cabinet meetings, saying, "Picture the scene: Reagan's asleep, and from Bush, not a peep."

5. Three of these statements were made by Bush during the 1980 primaries. Which one did he make during the early days of the 1988 campaign?

- A. "Do I have a mounting confidence that I could lead? You bet. Would I be a good president? ...I'd be crackerjack!"
- B. "I'm going to be so much better a president for having been at the CIA that you're not going to believe it."
- C. "If this country...ever loses its interest in fishing, we got real trouble."
- D. "I mean, like, hasn't everybody thought about becoming president for years?"

14. What made Bush's 1980 Los Angeles Times interview with Robert Scheer newsworthy?

- A. He revealed that his presidential bid had the enthusiastic support of The Beach Boys, but he repeatedly called the group "The Beach Guys."
- B. He came out very strongly against compulsory air bags in automobiles, saying, "I don't want to back into my neighbor and be engulfed by some damned air bag!"
- C. He expounded at length on "the way you can have a winner" in a nuclear war.
- D. He used the word *momentum* or *Big Mo* 136 times in the space of a 22-minute conversation.

15. How has Bush distinguished himself so far in the 1988 race for the White House?

- A. He offended American autoworkers by joking that Soviet mechanics should be sent to Detroit "because we could use that kind of ability."
- B. He offended a group of Hispanic East L.A. high school students by telling them they didn't "have to go to college to achieve success. We need the people who do the hard physical work of our society."
- C. He said that Dan Rather "makes Lesley Stahl look like a pussy."
- D. He grabbed a Kémp flier out of the hands of a teenage girl, ripped it to pieces and cried, "Finis!"
- E. All of the above

16. True or false: Bush's favorite snack is mayonnaise spooned right out of the jar.

17. Which of these actual statements about Bush was made by his cousin Ray Walker?

- A. "George Bush's entire emotional range, which extends from puppy-dog-like enthusiasm to the habitual politeness of the upper classes, does not include a gram of empathy."
- B. "Daddy was a senator from Connecticut. Old money. Old values. Greenwich Country Day School. The son loves to tell how he and his wife packed up their belongings in a car and took off for a new life in Texas. He makes it sound like *The Grapes of Wrath*."
- C. "God help us from people who think they are going around exercising their goodness."
- D. "Bush always smiles like he's hoping to get a better grade from a teacher."

WHO CALLED BUSH WHAT?

Match the acute observer with his or her Bush description.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 6. TV evangelist
Pat Robertson | A. "Lackey" |
| 7. GOP analyst
Kevin Phillips | B. "Whiny loser" |
| 8. Former White House spokesman Larry Speakes | C. "Perfect yes man" |
| 9. Former governor
Pierre du Pont | D. "National twit" |
| 10. <i>Newsweek</i> reporter
Eleanor Clift | E. "Boy Scout with a hormone imbalance" |
| 11. <i>New Republic</i> editor
Michael Kinsley | F. "Ronald Reagan in drag" |
| 12. <i>Washington Post</i> editorial | G. "The Cliff Barnes of American politics—blustering, opportunistic, craven, and hopelessly ineffective all at once" |
| 13. Columnist
Murray Kempton | H. "An Ivy League cheerleader, the perfect gentleman on his way to being the perfect idiot" |



PART I

18. To 1
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PART II: THE VELCRO VICE PRESIDENT

18. To whom did Bush gush, "America is in crying need of the moral vision you have brought to our political life... What great goals you have!"

- A. Jerry Falwell
- B. Frank Rizzo
- C. Manuel Noriega
- D. Ed Meese



19. Three of these events occurred during the 1980 GOP convention in Detroit. Which one did not?

- A. Desperate to be picked for vice president after being passed over three times by Nixon and Ford, Bush was overheard to say, "Gee, what good people Reagan has around him. These guys are really bright. Really bright.... Gosh, a new president can really make a difference!"
- B. Bush told reporter Michael Kramer, "If this doesn't work out, I'm gonna be the pissed-off guy around."
- C. Asked how he felt about being selected only after Ford had turned Reagan down, Bush snapped, "What difference does it make? It's irrelevant. I'm here."
- D. Bush asked reporters to refer to him in headlines as GHWB.
- 20. True or false: after posing for photographs in Warsaw with Lech Walesa, Bush said, "The question is, how many relatives does he have in Iowa? That's the only thing I want to know."
- 21. Which aspect of Bush's version of his role in the Iran-contra affair remains troublesome to his critics?
 - A. His insistence that though he knew we were selling arms to Iran and trying to get back our hostages, he never put the two together, despite his attendance at over 30 meetings on the subject, despite his claim that concern for tortured CIA station chief William Buckley ("I wanted Mr. Buckley out of there") led him to go along with the plan, and despite the existence of documents showing that the White House already knew that Buckley had been killed
 - B. His insistence that he "expressed certain reservations" he cannot reveal, despite the existence of memos attesting to his enthusiasm for the plan
 - C. His insistence that he never discussed contra-resupply efforts with contra-aid manager and former CIA agent Felix Rodriguez, despite the existence of a memo saying he did
 - D. His insistence that he had no idea Shultz and Weinberger opposed the plan (if he'd known, he says, he probably would have been against it himself), despite his well-documented presence at the meeting where Shultz was said to have become "apoplectic" in his opposition
 - E. All of the above, plus too many others to list

22. Which headline appeared in The Wall Street Journal?

- A. POLL FINDS BUSH ENIGMA TO MAJORITY
- B. BUSH, BLUE-BLOOD, TEXAS OIL MAN, WASHINGTONIAN, STILL MUST CONFRONT THE QUESTION: WHO ARE YOU?
- C. BUSH, LONG ACCUSED OF BEING A WIMP, MAY ACTUALLY BE A WUSS
- D. BUSH, FORMER GOP CHAIRMAN, FEARS WATERGATE DEFENSE OF NIXON MAY COME BACK TO HAUNT HIM
- E. BUSH, ONCE "HYPERKINETIC" AND "MANIACALLY SYCOPHANTIC," SAYS HE'S MORE RELAXED NOW, HIS OWN MAN

23. What did Barbara Bush say her husband vowed, on the occasion of his 60th birthday (June 12, 1984), never to do again?

- A. Use the phrase *deep doo-doo* in front of a reporter
- B. Suck up to the far right
- C. Eat broccoli
- D. Talk about personal tragedies to convince voters he's not a wimp

30. How has Bush distinguished himself so far in the 1988 race for the presidency?

- A. He theorized that he finished third in an Iowa straw poll because many of his supporters were otherwise engaged "at their daughters' coming-out parties."
- B. He said the congressional cutoff of aid to the contras "pulls the plug out from under the president of the United States."
- C. Scoffing at environmentalists who had once feared the Alaska pipeline would cause a decrease in the caribou population, he said, "Caribou like the pipeline. They lean up against it, have a lot of babies, scratch on it. There's more damn caribou than you can shake a stick at."
- D. He tried to minimize his own high-profile effiteness by calling rival candidate Pete du Pont by his given name, Pierre.
- E. All of the above

WHO'S WHO IN BUSH'S WORLD

Match the colleague or antagonist at left with his role in Bush's career at right.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---|
| 24. Everett Briggs | A. Broadcast two-year-old videotape of Bush dismissing Reagan's fiscal policies as "voodoo economics" after Bush denied he'd ever said it and challenged "anybody to find it" |
| 25. Robert Dole | B. Announced plans to "heavy-up" the content of Bush's speeches |
| 26. Reporter Ken Bode | C. Former U.S. ambassador to Panama reported to have told Bush about Noriega's drug dealing in December 1985 |
| 27. Zeid Bin Shaker | D. Told Bush on live TV, "Stop lying about my record!" |
| 28. Campaign aide Peter Teeley | E. Said, "I don't think anyone is more plugged in to baby-boomers than George Bush and his wife" |
| 29. Campaign manager Lee Atwater | F. Jordanian chief of staff who was asked by Bush, "Tell me, General, how dead is the Dead Sea?" |

31. What is the title of Bush's autobiography?

- A. Unleash the Tiger
- B. The Big Mo
- C. Looking Forward
- D. Past Passive
- E. The Velcro Vice President

32. "Boy!" Bush once said, "I'm glad that thing's over. I don't need any more of that." What was he referring to?

- A. The 1984 debate with Geraldine Ferraro
- B. The *Doomsday* series about him putting "his manhood in a blind trust"
- C. The flap about where he stands on oil prices
- D. The booing he received while making a speech on AIDS, which prompted him to wonder aloud into an open mike, "Who was that, some gay group out there?"
- E. The 1980 New Hampshire debate in which he sulked silently after Reagan invited four other GOP candidates to their intended one-on-one encounter

33. What made Bush feel so squeamish that he had Reagan call his mother to tell her it was all right?

- A. His tie-breaking vote in the Senate to resume production of nerve gas
- B. His unsupported claim that Mondale had maligned the murdered Marines in Beirut by saying they "died in shame"
- C. His defense of Reagan's veto of the Grove City, Pa., civil-rights bill
- D. His support of Reagan's trip to Bieburg
- E. His lobbying Labor Department officials to relieve management of the obligation to ventilate toxic gases from workplaces, suggesting that workers use personal respirators (which are much less effective) instead

PART III: IT'S THE EXCESSIVE TAIL-WAGGING THAT GRATES

34. Bush did three of these things during the debate with Ferraro in Philadelphia. Which did he do elsewhere on the 1984 campaign trail?

- A. He talked about how pessimistic Mondale was and said, "I mean, whine on, harvest moon!"
- B. He waved his arms a lot and at one point stopped himself from criticizing Mondale, saying instead, "I gotta be careful here."
- C. He held up his wallet and said, "Do you know what wins elections? It's who puts money into this and who takes money out."
- D. He delivered a glowing review of a Reagan meeting with Gromyko: "I wish everybody could have seen that one—the president, giving the facts to Gromyko in all of these nuclear meetings. Excellent, right on top of that subject matter. And I'll bet you that Gromyko went back to the Soviet Union saying, 'Hey, listen, this president is calling the shots. We'd better move.'"

35. What did Bush say he was "catching the dickens from friends" about?

- A. Refusing to admit that his position on abortion was ever different from Reagan's
- B. Failing to prevent the plan to swap arms for hostages
- C. Submitting his urine for drug testing
- D. Inviting Oliver North and John Poindexter to his Christmas party
- E. Claiming to be a Texan although he was born in Massachusetts, grew up in Connecticut, lives in Washington, D.C., and pays taxes in Maine

36. Three of these statements about working for Reagan were made by Bush. Which one was made by Al Haig?

- A. "There's no difference between me and the president on taxes. No more nit-picking. Zip-a-dee-doo-dah. Now it's off to the races."
- B. "My position is like Ronald Reagan's. Put that down, mark it down. Good, you got it."
- C. "I'm for Mr. Reagan—blindly."
- D. "When I disagreed with him, he heard it from me. I didn't sit there at his side to say 'yeah' to every cockamammy idea that came before the president and then claim I didn't know about it afterwards unless it was a winner."



Match the columnist at left with his Bush dog metaphor at right.

- | | |
|-------------------|--|
| 37. Richard Cohen | A. "It's not the fetching and heeling but the excessive tail-wagging that grates." |
| 38. Jody Powell | B. "[Bush] has the look about him of someone who might sit up and yip for a dog Yummie." |
| 39. Mike Royko | C. "When he talked about Reagan, he sounded like some wacky lady singing the praises of her dumb poodle." |
| 40. George Will | D. "The unpleasant sound emitting from Bush as he traipses from one conservative gathering to another is a thin, tinny 'arf'—the sound of a lapdog." |

41. Which of these events in Bush's vice presidency didn't occur until his second term?

- A. He complained that he had been "singled out" and "taken to the cleaners" after an IRS audit disclosed he owed \$198,000 in back taxes and interest.
- B. *Newsweek* ran a cover story on him with the cover line FIGHTING THE WIMP FACTOR.
- C. Barbara Bush called Geraldine Ferraro a name that, Mrs. Bush said, "rhymes with rich."
- D. He went to the Philippines and told Ferdinand Marcos, "We love your adherence to the democratic principle and to the democratic process."

42. Which of these actual statements about Bush was made by his sister, Nancy Ellis?

- A. "Anybody who has to spend all his time demonstrating his manhood has somehow got to know he ain't got it."
- B. "Poor George is hopelessly inarticulate. He never finishes a sentence or puts in a verb."
- C. "George Bush has been a real sit-down guy."
- D. "It takes eleven hours to get George ready for an off-the-cuff remark."

43. What crowd of Democrats did they laugh at?

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43. What did Jesse Jackson tell a crowd of big-name San Francisco Democrats about Bush that made them laugh very hard?

- A. He told them about the time back in 1980 when Bush, catching himself just before blurting out a bad word, said, "I'm gonna work my, uh, neck off."
- B. He told them about how Bush's staff failed in its effort to get him a cameo appearance on *Miami Vice*.
- C. He repeated Pat Schroeder's theory that Bush wouldn't choose a female running mate because "people would say, 'We need a man on the ticket.'"
- D. He described a recent photo opportunity in which Bush, invited to climb into a gleaming, open Jeep, sat down on the passenger side, leaving the driver's seat empty and photographers bewildered.

44. Three of these statements were made by Bush within 24 hours of his notorious January 1988 interview with Dan Rather. Which did he make the day after his 1984 debate with Ferraro?

- A. "I need combat pay for last night, I'll tell you."
- B. "The bastard didn't lay a glove on me."
- C. "You know, it's Tension City when you're in there."
- D. "We tried to kick a little ass last night."

45. What did Mario Cuomo suggest would be the weakest GOP ticket in 1988?

- A. "Bush and Robertson"
- B. "Bush and Hatch"
- C. "Bush and Helms"
- D. "Bush and Bush"

46. True or false: while Bush delivered the commencement speech to the University of New Hampshire's class of 1987, students in the audience engaged in squirt-gun fights.

47. How has Reagan contributed to Bush's 1988 campaign effort?

- A. Asked to give an example or two of Bush's involvement in policy decisions, he replied, "I can't answer in that context."
- B. He said he thought the best preparation for the presidency was being a governor.
- C. Even after Bush had mathematically clinched the nomination, he delayed endorsement, saying he was waiting until he was sure no one else was getting into the race.
- D. When he finally did endorse him, he mentioned his name only twice, once mispronouncing it to rhyme with *crush*.
- E. All of the above

48. What was Bush's 1980 presidential campaign slogan?

- A. "Go for It!"
- B. "I'm One of You"
- C. "A President We Won't Have to Train"
- D. "Up for the Eighties!"

49. True or false: Bush delivered the keynote speech at a tribute to the late Manchester Union Leader editor William Loeb—a speech in which he read aloud many of Loeb's most vitriolic attacks on him.

50. Which description of Bush was volunteered by his wife?

- A. "He doesn't have the courage of his convictions."
- B. "He's the best vice president in our history."
- C. "He was the handsomest-looking man you ever laid your eyes on, bar none. I mean, my boys don't even come close to him, nor did his own brothers. I really like him very much."
- D. "Hardly a week goes by without a shot of him grinning or pointing stupidly at something. Your heart goes out to him."

PART IV: A SCINTILLATING KIND OF FELLOW

51. Which of these examples of the Bush wit is actually funny?

- A. "I have opinions of my own—strong opinions—but I don't always agree with them."
- B. "I'm George Bush. You die, I fly."
- C. "A recent poll tells why the people of New Hampshire are supporting George Bush. Forty percent like my foreign policy. Forty percent support my economic policy. And 20 percent believe I make a good premium beer."
- D. His comment, following the disclosure of Ferraro's finances, that "it looks like Edith and Archie have turned out to be Pamela and Averell Harriman, *dabbling*"
- E. None of them



52. After spending 16 months as envoy to China, what did Bush reply when asked if he'd had a chance to meet any of the local people?

- A. "Jillions!"
- B. "Oh, yes. They gave us a boy to play tennis with."
- C. "No, but I sure love their food."
- D. "It wasn't that easy. You know, the language thing."

53. Complete this statement made by Bush at the December 1987 all-candidates debate on NBC: "To hear these guys wringing their hands about everything being wrong with this country, I'm sorry, I just am all depressed, want to switch over to see _____."

- A. something funny, maybe Suzanne Somers in *She's the Sheriff*, something like that
- B. *Jake and the Fatman* on CBS
- C. if any of the local stations are rerunning *Kings Row*
- D. *The Wilton North Report*, but Fox delayed the premiere

54. Complete Bush's oft-repeated catchphrase: "If you walk like a duck, and you quack like a duck, and say you're a duck, you're _____"

- A. all wet
- B. a mighty strange dude, I'll tell ya
- C. a duck
- D. Pamela and Averell Harriman, *dabbling*

55. Who told the audience at an April 1988 concert in New York, "Don't vote for that fuckin' Bush!"

- A. Frank Sinatra
- B. Bruce Springsteen
- C. Michael Jackson
- D. Whitney Houston

56. Which of these observations about Bush was made by his sister, Nancy Ellis?

- A. "He isn't quick on his feet. He tends to replace thinking about what to do next by working harder at what he's already doing."
- B. "He doesn't understand the role of issues in politics."
- C. "He reminds every woman of her first husband."
- D. "I think George would be marvelous with the poor... I didn't mean to say he'd be as dedicated as, say, Ted Kennedy. But, really, he'd be marvelous."

57. How did Bush respond when Al Haig asked him at a debate, "Were you in the cockpit, or were you on an economy ride in the back of the plane?" when the decision to sell arms to Iran was made?

- A. "I told you where I was, Al, and if you weren't such a head case, you'd remember. I was off at the Army-Navy football game, out of the loop."
- B. "What's your point, Al? That you want to do another rehash on this? You want to do a whole *Doonesbury* kind of number, is that it?"
- C. He boasted about his anti-terrorism report until the clock ran out, then chirped, "Time's up!"
- D. "Planes, yeah, let's talk about planes. Let's talk about a 20-year-old kid shot down in a plane, okay? Floating out there in a yellow raft, tired, head bleeding, thinking about his family, his friends, wondering if he'll ever see them again, and maybe thinkin' a little bit about the separation of church and state."

58. What advice did Bush's mother, Dorothy, give him about running for president?

- A. She told him he looked "silly driving all those big trucks."
- B. She said he was "talking about yourself too much."
- C. She told him that the next time he found himself outside Duke Zeibert's restaurant with Gorbachev, "don't just stand there and look like a half-wit."
- D. "For God's sake, George, stop dropping Margaret Thatcher's name!"

59. What did Bush say when asked who his vice president would be?

- A. "Whoa! You're trying to trick me into telling something before I'm ready to tell it. I was in Congress once. I know what people like you guys are like."
- B. "I haven't selected *her*. But let me tell you, this gender thing is history. You're looking at a guy who sat down with Margaret Thatcher across the table and talked about serious issues."
- C. "Hey, I'd take Charlie Manson if someone could guarantee that would be a winning ticket."
- D. "Whoever it is, they better be willing to grovel, 'cause let me tell you, I paid my dues on the fawning thing, and now I want to know what it's like on the other side"

60. How has Bush distinguished himself so far in the 1988 race for the presidency?

- A. While speaking before a group of fundamentalist ministers, he claimed to be born again, saying, "I believe in Jesus Christ as my savior, always will."
- B. He told a crowd that when he's "the education president," they'll be able to afford to "send your college to children."
- C. He referred to the high cost of college as "the high cost of courage."
- D. Meaning to acknowledge that he and Reagan had "had setbacks," he became tongue-tied and instead said they "had some sex."
- E. All of the above

61. How has Bush described himself so far on the 1988 campaign trail?

- A. "I have a tendency to go on and on and on, but please don't take that for lack of passion.... I don't talk much, but I believe. I may not articulate much, but I feel. And my work isn't done yet."
- B. "I'm not an apologize-for-America kind of guy."
- C. "What's wrong with being a boring kind of guy? ... I think to kind of suddenly try to get my hair colored, dance up and down in a miniskirt or do something to show I've got a lot of jazz out there and drop a bunch of one-liners... we're talking about running for the president of the United States. This is serious business.... I kind of think I'm a scintillating kind of fellow."
- D. "I've never felt stronger politically in my life. It's hard to tell, but I just can't accept the tarnished-image thing."
- E. "You gotta be what you are."
- F. "I know inside I've got a lot of fiber here."
- G. "All these people... who want me to stretch out and satisfy their psychoanalytical desires, I'll say: Here's who I am. I've been telling you that for 20 years, or 40, I've been living who I am, and *now you know*."
- H. All of the above

62. True or false: during Bush's tenure as ambassador to the United Nations, New York magazine named him to its list of the TEN MOST OVERRATED NEW YORKERS.

63. What did Bush say after touring the Auschwitz death camp?

- A. "Nothing you've heard prepares you for the horror."
- B. "As citizens of the world, we must do everything we can — *everything* — to see that this doesn't happen again."
- C. "Was moved."
- D. "Boy, they were big on crematoriums, weren't they?"

64. How did Bush respond when a friend suggested he go to Camp David for a few days alone to figure out where he wanted to take the country in a Bush presidency?

- A. "Hey, super idea. Super. Lemme call Barb and tell her. What a super idea!"
- B. "Hey, I *know* where I'm takin' this country, buddy. Into the future. Moving forward. Up for the nineties!"
- C. "I want to take the country up to Kennebunkport for a sail."
- D. "Oh, the vision thing."

ANSWERS

1. c	17. c	33. a	49. True
2. c	18. a	34. c	50. c
3. b	19. d	35. b	51. e
4. b	20. True	36. d	52. b
5. c	21. e	37. c	53. b
6. b	22. b	38. a	54. c
7. e	23. c	39. b	55. b
8. c	24. c	40. d	56. d
9. a	25. d	41. b	57. c
10. f	26. a	42. b	58. b
11. d	27. f	43. d	59. b
12. g	28. b	44. d	60. e
13. h	29. e	45. d	61. h
14. c	30. e	46. True	62. True
15. e	31. c	47. e	63. d
16. False;	32. a	48. c	64. d

he likes fried pork rinds with Tabasco sauce





job clerk



draftsman



welder



jack
the
pepper

4 out of 5 professionals prefer

exterminator chili

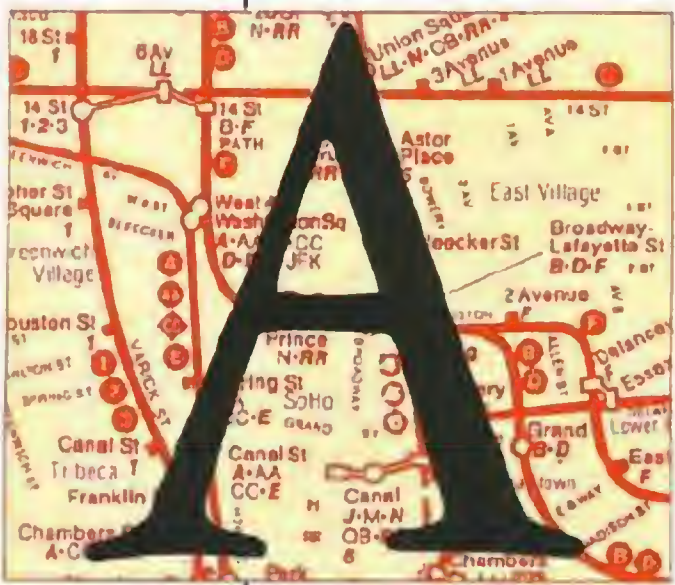
RESTAURANT BAR

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OPEN 7 DAYS • (212) 219-3070

NEW YORK HOLY LAND

MIRACLE on 99th Street and 50th Street and 9th Street and 160th Street and East End Avenue and Prince Street and...



PROFANE ZONE OF COMMERCE FOR SOME, FOR OTHERS NEW YORK IS A SACRED NEW JERUSALEM WHERE THE SPIRIT CAN BE QUICKENED BY THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF A UFO HOVERING LOW OVER FIRST AVENUE, OR BY CHRIST HIMSELF, OUTLINED ON THE LINT SCREEN IN THE CLOTHES

DRYER. ALL THAT'S NEEDED ARE EYES TO SEE; STEPHEN RAE REVEALS THE SUPERNATURAL WORLD THAT SURROUNDS US.

Victor and a Persian cat named Smokey—got a message from God telling them to drive to New York, where they spent most of July and August in the parked 1949 Chrysler they had christened Noah. While awaiting further directions to the Holy Land, they studied the Bible in the car. Neighbors called the 23rd Precinct, but police said the group wasn't behaving objectionably: "They look like they're getting ready to go to church."

1. EAST END AVENUE ALONGSIDE CARL SCHURZ PARK AT 90TH STREET

IN 1967 SEVEN KANSAS CITY residents—Patricia Raynor, her three children, Mr. and Mrs. Julius



2. FLUSHING MEADOW PARK

IN THE LONGEST-RUNNING vision in church history (14 years), the Blessed Virgin Mary, various combinations of saints and Island grandmother, on the site of the 1965 World's Fair Vatican-pavilion. Our Lady of Bayside, as the apparition of the Virgin is known, speaks through Mrs. Lucken



6. MORRIS-JUMEL MANSION, WEST 160TH STREET AND EDGEcombe AVENUE

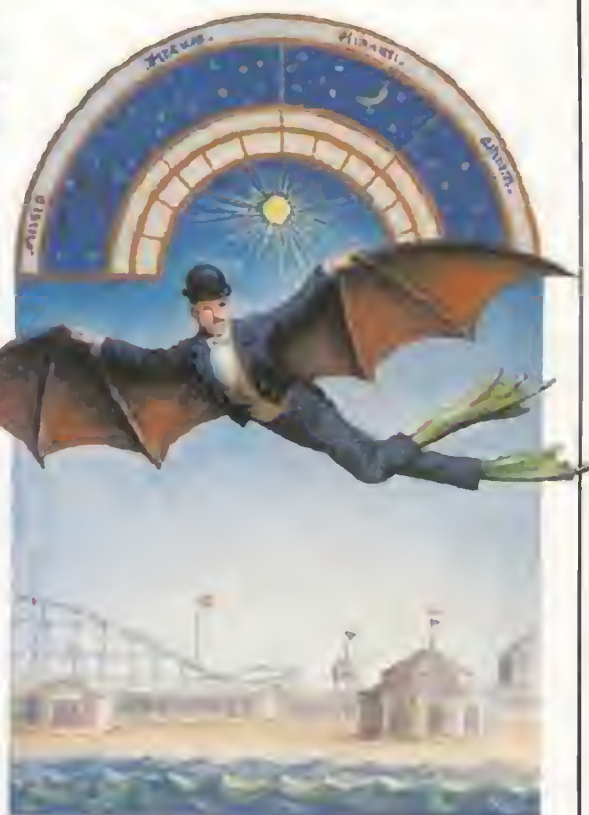
ELIZA JUMEL, WHOSE SECOND HUSBAND WAS AARON BURR, is said to haunt this 222-year-old mansion, which briefly served as George Washington's headquarters in 1776 and is now a museum. In the 1960s a group of noisy schoolchildren on the front lawn were addressed by the vision of a woman who appeared on the second-story balcony and said, "My husband is very ill. You have to keep quiet." Inside, the children came across a red-wigged mannequin outfitted in Madame Jumel's yellow-and-black lace tea gown. "That's her! That's her!" they shrieked.

7. CONEY ISLAND

ON SEPTEMBER 12, 1880, "the most extraordinary and wonderful object that has ever been seen" was spotted "at least a thousand feet in the air" above Coney Island, *The New York Times* reported. "It was apparently a man with bat's wings and improved frog's legs. The face of the man could be distinctly seen, and it wore a cruel and determined expression. The movements made by the object closely resembled those of a frog in the act of swimming with his hind legs and flying with his front legs. . . . The alarming nature of the apparition can be imagined." The creature was seen by "many reputable persons" who all agreed that it was flying toward New Jersey.

8. ORIC BOVAR'S APARTMENT, 817 WEST END AVENUE (99TH STREET)

ON CHRISTMAS EVE 1975, psychic Oric Bovar, who claimed Carol Burnett and Bernadette Peters among his followers, proved to his disciples that he was Jesus Christ by instructing them to look up in the sky as he created a star. One disciple decided that Bovar was indeed divine when, during their first telephone conversation, he received an electric shock. Bovar was apparently also able to endure a year without going to the bathroom. In 1976, however, Bovar's credibility was shaken when he attempted to resurrect 26-year-old Stephanos Hatzitheodorou, a disciple who had died of cancer in Bovar's apartment. For four days Bovar and five apostles kept a vigil over the corpse, chanting, "Rise, Stephan, rise, rise, rise." At one point Hatzitheodorou's skin seemed to be returning to normal. But the police arrived, tipped off by a Judas in the group, and insisted on hauling



IN A SPRING AFTERNOON IN 1980 AT APPROXIMATELY 5:30 p.m., in pouring rain a pedestrian

even Christ Himself have

Island grandmother, on the site of the 1965 World's Fair Vatican-pavilion. Our Lady of Bayside, as the apparition of the Virgin is known, speaks through Mrs. Lueken to instruct hundreds of rosary-clutching believers on the eves of 28 major Catholic feast days and the first Sunday of each month. Certain themes recur in her discourse: Pope Paul VI was replaced by a satanic impostor; agents of Satan have infiltrated the highest orders of the Vatican; and vampires roam New York in search of children's blood. The truth of Our Lady's revelations was proved, it seemed to some, when she declared in July 1985 that the city's water supply was poisoned. Four weeks later Mayor Koch revealed that

3. UNITED NATIONS HEADQUARTERS

ON AUGUST 23, 1974, JOHN Lennon and his mistress, May Pang, observed a saucer-shaped object surrounded by blinking white lights from the terrace of Pang's apartment at 434 East 52nd Street. The sighting lasted 20 minutes as the saucer coasted

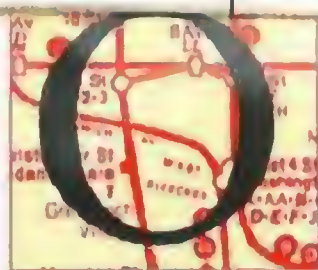
4. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING AND WORLD TRADE TOWERS

SOON AFTER HE ARRIVED IN THIS COUNTRY in 1972, the Reverend Sun Myung Moon had a vision of God departing from these buildings during rush

hour. "Tears began pouring down my face," he has written. "God is leaving America....Someone must come to America and stop God from leaving....God wants to see His spirit prevail in those great buildings." Moon thought he might be that special someone.

5. SHEA STADIUM

ON OCTOBER 16, 1969, THE New York Mets beat the Baltimore Orioles 5-3 and won the World Series, four games to one.



the police arrived, tipped off by a Judas in the group, and insisted on hauling away the leathery, decomposing body. The body was then buried in a court.

STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE

IN A SPRING AFTERNOON IN 1980 AT APPROXIMATELY 5:30 p.m., in pouring rain, a pedestrian found an unoccupied, on-duty Checker cab.

10. OLD ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH YARD, MULBERRY AND PRINCE STREETS

PIERRE TOUSSAINT (1776-1853) is buried here. Toussaint was a freed slave and popular hairdresser who was also well known for his support of orphans. The Pierre Toussaint Guild believes that since his death Toussaint has been responsible for many miracles. Among them is the case of John S. McBride, who first heard of Toussaint two days before mysteriously awaking one morning in the 1960s at 3:30 a.m. knowing he should check on his son. His son was unconscious and emitting a "death rattle." The doctor at Englewood

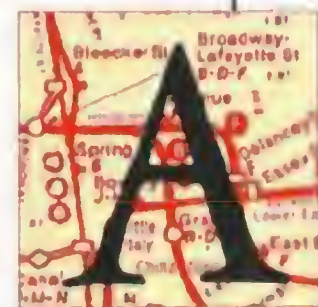


Hospital said, "This boy is dead—clinically speaking." He survived.

11. TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK

BHAY CHARAN DE BHAKTIVEDANTA SWAMI Prabhupada, a 70-year-old pharmacist from India, arrived in New York on September 18, 1965, and droned the names of Lord Krishna while sitting in

Tompkins Square Park, thus founding the Hare Krishna cult in the United States. Such was the power of Prabhupada's invocation that within a few years airports began posting signs alerting passengers that those saffron-robed people who appeared to be a general nuisance were merely exercising their First Amendment rights.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL J. DEAS

An
Advertising
Case
Study

My survey of feminist reactions to Newport cigarette ads was probably not very scientific, and the sample audience was rather small—two—but the results are nevertheless significant: fully 50 percent of those queried consider Newport's advertising campaign outstandingly twisted. First I delivered a batch of the Newport ads to Gloria Steinem. When I suggested that certain dark mis-

TAKE ME, HURT ME, SMOKE ME



ogynistic themes turned up again and again in the ads, Steinem looked blank. Then I sent a set to Betty Friedan. She called the next day with her own evaluation. "These ads," Friedan said, "are absolutely per-verse." There you go. With Newport ads, either you see it right away or you don't. And we're not talking subliminal seduction, genitalia in ice

BY JOHN LEO

cubes or anything nutty like that. We're talking sexual combat disguised as play. The advertisements, which began appearing in the mid-1970s, have become one of the most ambitious (more than \$80 million spent on magazine advertising alone during the last decade) and successful cigarette campaigns in recent history. The early ads featured almost amateurish photos of people sitting around smoking and laughing. The cigarettes eventually disappeared from the ads, the photography improved dramatically and the pictures began to show vigorous baby-boomers engaged in outdoorsy shenanigans—all with a trademark undercurrent of sexual tension. Newport sales started rising 15 to 25 percent annually. (They increased by \$170 million from 1975 to 1979 alone.) In fact, the campaign helped turn around the foundering corporate fortunes of Lorillard, the tobacco company that makes Newport and which is owned by CBS president Laurence Tisch and his brother Preston. Why are the ads so successful? Postfeminist resentment. About half the photos depict women who seem to be off-balance and menaced, or at least the target of berserk male energy. A man stands in the middle of a swimming pool, spinning a fully dressed woman around on his shoulders. A woman sits inside a large bell, her hands to her ears; her boyfriend, who is laughing, has apparently just rung the bell. In Newport's sexual wars, men get pushed around, too. During a miniature-golf game, a giggling woman tees up her ball on the mouth of a supine male. For some reason, the Lorillard people seem intensely interested in mock fellatio. Newport women tend to suck on icicles, drink from hoses whenever they can and open their mouths as tiny white snowflakes, water spray or feathers from pillow fights drift their way. How does Lorillard get away with retailing sexual animosity? Part of the trouble is that anyone who claims to see cryptic sexual messages in ads is apt to be relegated to the Frederic Wertham-Wilson Bryan Key lunacy fringe. Wertham, you will remember, was the fellow who kept seeing sexual parts turn up in comic books, including triangles of pubic hair slyly hidden in Tarzan's shoulder. Wilson Key detected the word *sex* faintly imprinted almost everywhere in the magazine world, from Ritz crackers ads to a *Time* cover on Vietnam. The Newport campaign is nothing that loony or complicated. One of the people who used to shoot the ads for Lorillard is Joel Meyerowitz, the reputable fine-art photographer. When contacted about the Newport photographs, he seemed more embarrassed about being caught doing commercial work than about being tagged as the perpetrator of soft-core sex and violence. Like the brand manager and art director of the campaign, who were also contacted, Meyerowitz implied that the campaign had been intended solely to depict rollicking, wholesome activities of fun-loving couples. Sure.

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◀ **MOST WOMEN WHO DRINK FROM garden hoses usually do not do so when a man's nose is three inches away and the water is shooting out at 100 pounds per square inch. The water speed suggests danger. Clearly, the poor woman has some unmet oral needs, or she would have given up Newports and power hoses by now. The hunched, too-close position of the male in an oral-sex photo is the standard soft-core-porn way of suggesting that sex is forced.**

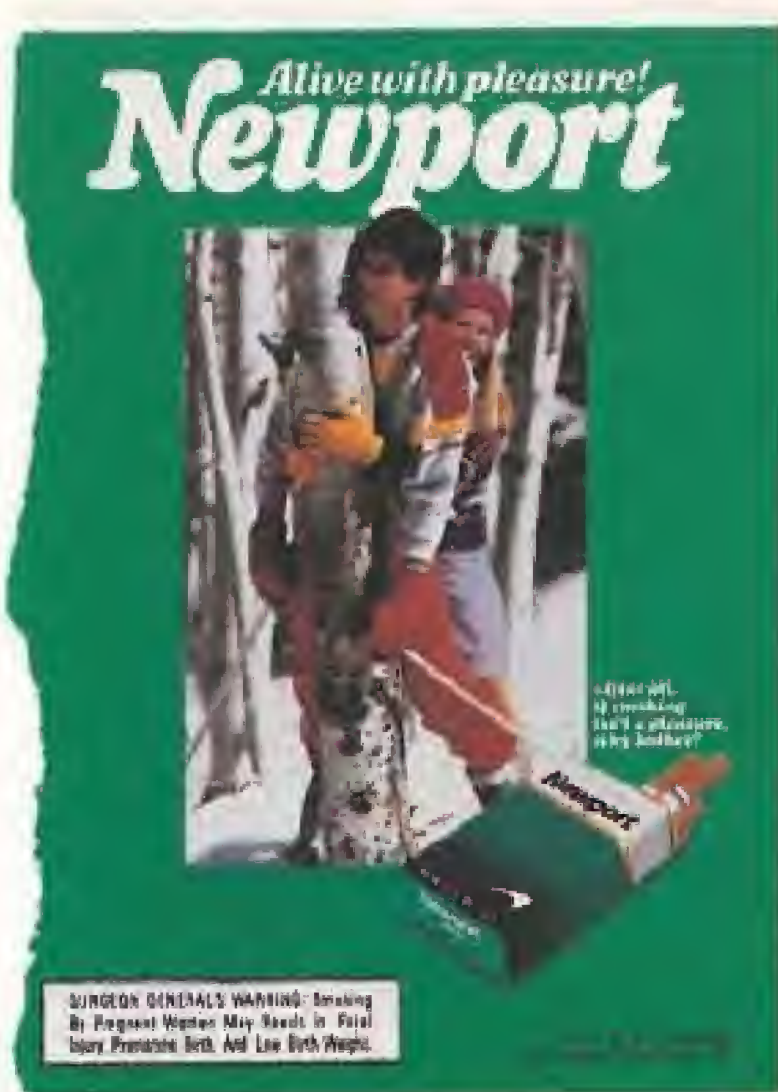
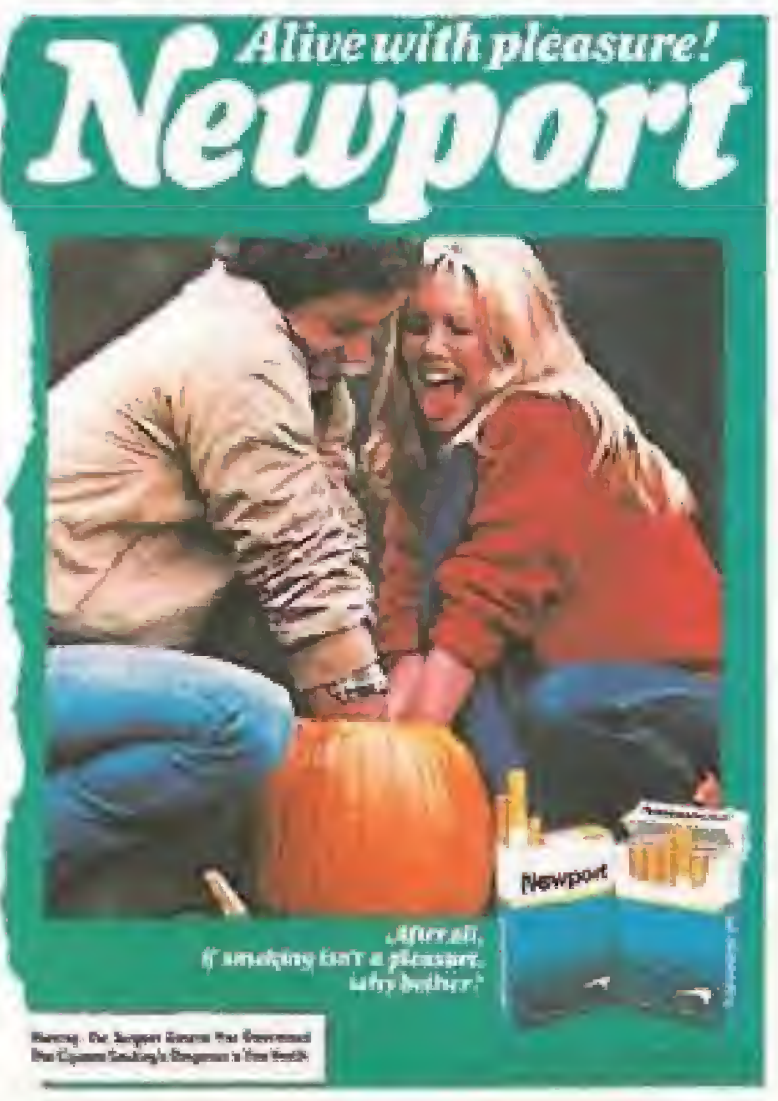


Newport Lights

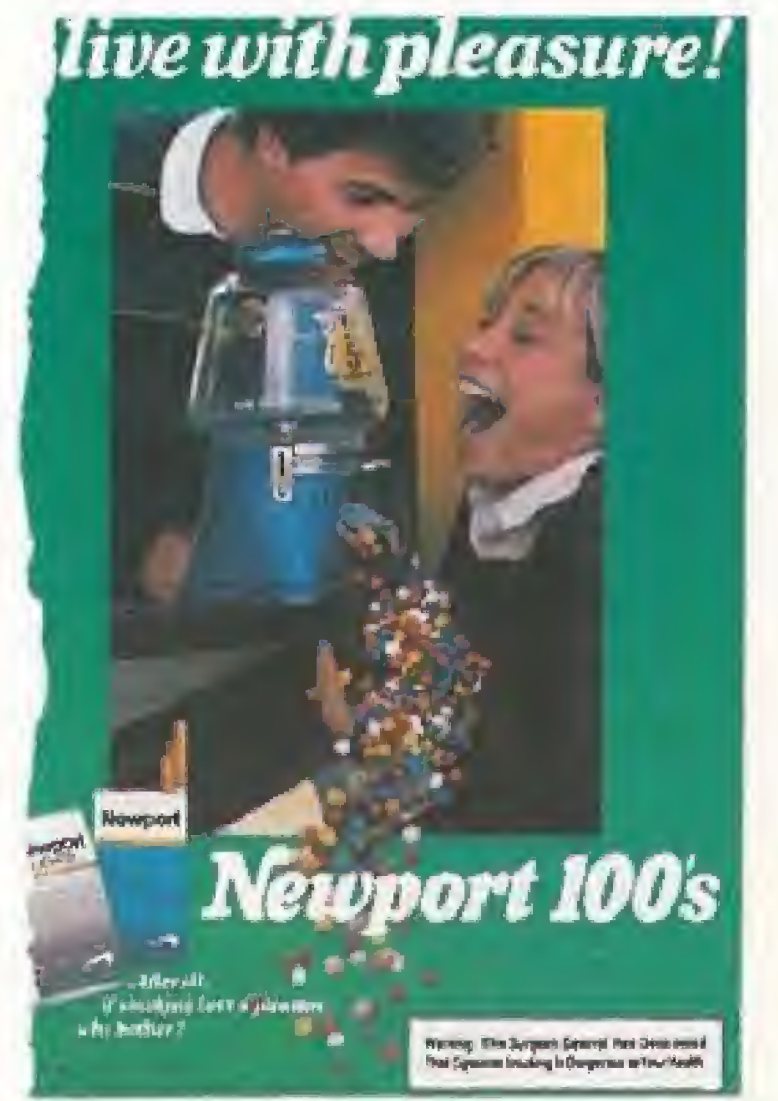


▲ **THIS MAN IS EMITTING A SYMBOLIC scream, the only sensible thing to do when a woman symbolically stomps on your private parts while you are unwisely spread-eagled halfway up a tree.**

▼ **THIS MALE IS SURPRISING AND DELIGHTING the female by plunging his hands into her pumpkin. Pumpkin-plunging occurs frequently in the Newport universe.**



▲ **IN THE PAST YEAR NEWPORT ADS have been killing off more males than females. Does research show that female smokers want more symbolically dead males, or is it simply a fair-minded attempt to even the body count? People who ski rapidly into trees tend to be maimed. The sex-and-death theme is carried by the odd phallic demibranch sticking out from the tree.**



▲ **SUGGESTIONS OF ORAL SEX ARE ho-hum in fashion and advertising, but orgasmic fellatio scenes are still puzzlingly rare. Here a devoted girlfriend opens wide, apparently happy to have his machine go off at roughly the level of his crotch and her mouth. Obviously a trouper, she tries to catch as many of his precious bodily gum balls as she can.**

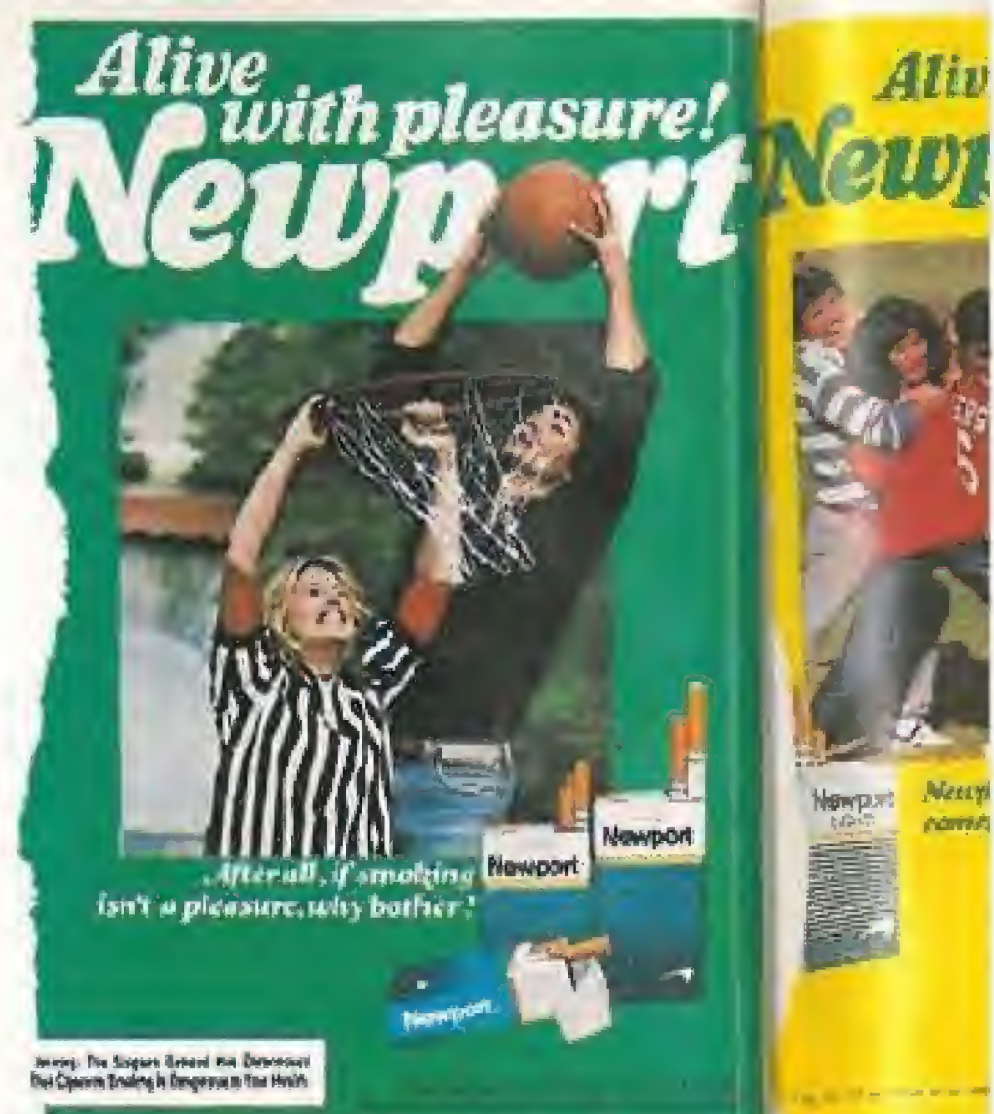


▲ THE PROPER WAY TO DECODE A Newport ad is to ask yourself, What's wrong with this picture? In this case, it's the leaves falling on the man's head. No photographer in America would shoot the picture with a shutter speed so slow that falling leaves would blur. Unless, of course, the red and yellow leaves were meant to suggest the poor fellow's immolation. He's not afraid of leaves: his head is on fire. This might explain why he is wincing.



▲ A MERRY SEASONAL RAPE SCENE. A girlfriend tries in vain to defend the victim, but the monstrous male, left over from familiar horror films, carts her off anyway. The smiling pumpkin is having a good time: his victim is wearing Newport's usual half scream-half grin.

▼ THE MALE IS SCRUNCHED DOWN and doing something tense enough to make him grimace while the woman is busy being finger-trapped.

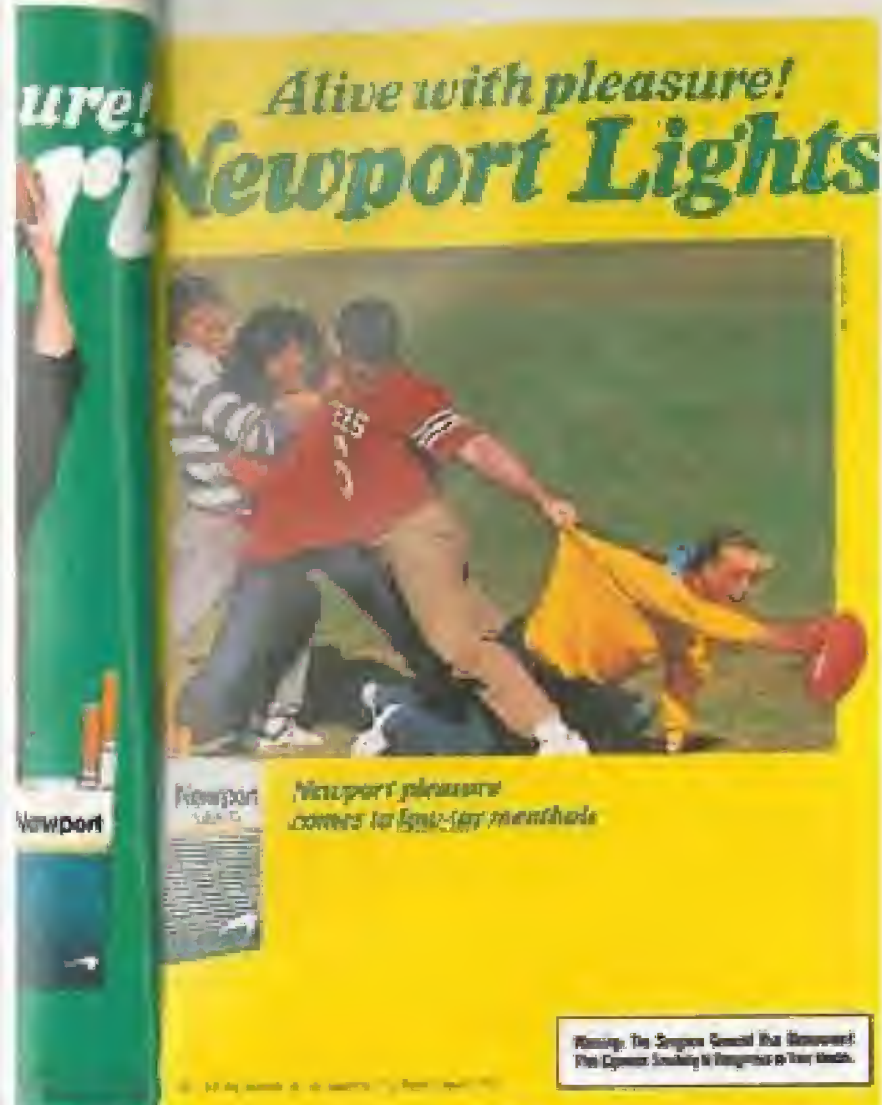


▲ MAN AS PENETRATOR AND SCORER woman as receptacle and target. The referee's shirt indicates she is neutral and safe, or would like to be. But the angle of the man's upcoming slam dunk indicates her imminent need for a reconstructed nose and a new set of teeth. As in other Newport scenes where disfigurement seems in store for a woman, the male is wearing the executioner's dark shirt.



► THIS PHOTO HAS BEEN SHOT AND doctored to eliminate perspective and make the kneeling or sitting woman appear to be directly in the fire. The male's scarf hangs like a priest's amice, suggesting a religious or ritual burning, while his right hand seems to hold her down in the flames — Newport's own Joan of Arc.





◀ THANK GOODNESS THE ALERT ART director has made the football jump out of the frame at right. If it didn't, innocents might think this was a rape scene. How often, we might well ask, do men play tackle football with women? When they do, how often do they apply dangerous choke-holds to a relaxed female obviously out of the play? If it is a football game, why doesn't the tackler ignore the already choking lineperson and concentrate on the ballcarrier?



▲ THOSE OF YOU TRAINED BY JESUITS know that subjugation is Latin for "under the yoke." Here the male, with taunting leer and vehemently clenched fist, is subjugating his enthralled female. Newport's arbiters of symbolic coding must have been asleep the day this one was approved: the misogyny is so obvious that ten negative letters poured into Lorillard and the ad was pulled. Newport's explanation of the scene: "We thought it was tender."



▲ NEWPORT MAY BE ALIVE WITH pleasure, but this poor lady is about to be dead without it. The man's dark hair and dark sweater suggest the executioner; his idea of a good time seems borrowed from the Boston Strangler. Do women really like to have their heads mummified like this during their leisure time, and if so, why does she seem to be screaming?

▼ "OOH," THE IMPRESSED FEMALE seems to be saying, and why not? She is the guest at a private showing of what appears to be the largest condom in America. The proud owner wisely restrains her with an extra-tight handhold. ▶





THE SECOND ANNUAL
CELEBRITY-AUTOBIOG-
RAPHY CHART, WHERE-
IN SPY DISTILLS THE
FAT, UNREADABLE LIVES
OF THE VAINGLORIOUS
AND THE INSIGNIFICANT

*The great authors of the
modern age gather at the Gotham
Book Mart. Back row, left to right:
Patty Duke, Roxanne Pulitzer,
Tennessee Williams, Oleg Cassini, Gore
Vidal, Freddie de Cordova, W. H.
Auden, Elizabeth Bishop.
Middle row, left to right: Stephen
Spender, Orson Bean, Dame Edith
Sitwell, Marianne Moore.
Front row, left to right: Chuck Berry,
Mamie Van Doren, Delmore
Schwartz, Randall Jarrell.*

TRUE

confessions



BY JAMIE MALANOWSKI



IT IS SUMMER.

In the city, the air is thick, sooty, unsavory. On the beach,
underdressed people stroll in the humidity, exposing too much flesh, inspiring
too much curiosity. Everywhere, the mood is lazy, slack, distracted, in need of some-
thing mind-numbing and nutritionally worthless. In other words, a celebrity tell-all book.

¶ This is the second annual SPY Distillation of Celebrity Autobiographies. When we



MAMIE VAN DOREN:

"The smell of {Henry Kissinger's} dirty socks was overpowered by his denture breath."



ROXANNE PULITZER:

"Posing for Playboy was my first step toward my autonomy."



CHUCK BERRY:

"I have never denied mine eyes the beauty of femininity in the buff."



ORSON BEAN:

"Vacuuming became my thing."



JERRY FALWELL:

"His father cooked a man's cat and served it to him for dinner."

launched this feature last year, we explained that such memoirs were quickly becoming the dominant mode of literary expression, and we fully expected trend-setting universities—or at least The Learning Annex—to begin offering survey courses in the subject. We noted how celebrity autobiographies have evolved over the years, that while the memoir was once reserved for fellows whose likenesses might later turn up on paper money—Benjamin Franklin, for example, or U. S. Grant—today's field of potential authors is restricted to anyone who has ever been mentioned in *People* magazine (or who has intimate knowledge of someone who has been mentioned in *People* magazine). A prospective author, we noted, has to meet three further criteria: first, the person has to be willing to disclose many of his or her secrets, indiscretions and sexual peccadilloes; second, he or she has to be capable of writing a summary of these events (or at least be capable of hiring a ghost to write them up in clear but appropriately awkward prose); and third, he or she has to be willing to accept a great deal of money for dirtying the reputations of his or her colleagues, lovers, acquaintances, spouses, parents and children. Finally, we observed an inverse relationship between one's current level of celebrity and how much one is required to reveal. While the currently popular have only to indicate minimal neural activity to get published (see any of Bill Cosby's books), those who have slipped out of the limelight have to tell more and more sordid tales about themselves and others.

The past year in celebrity memoirs has been rich, exciting and extremely perplexing—so great was the abundance of overblown life stories that selecting the final dozen was a wrenching process. In fact, there were easily two dozen more books full of sufficiently indiscreet confessions, turgid prose and Hallmark-variety introspection—and in particular we recommend that our readers look through remainder piles in coming months for Eve Arden's *Three Phases of Eve*, Jim and Henny Backus's *Forgive Us Our Digressions* and Phyllis Gates's *My Husband, Rock Hudson*. All will enrich you in ways in which you do not now sus-

pect you are poor.

A few words of explanation to those whose life stories narrowly missed inclusion. Dr. Ruth and Cousin Brucie, you both came very close, but we felt that in the category of media oddity we had to go with Judge Wapner. Lawrence Taylor, you dictated a marvelous book (*LT: Living on the Edge*) full of memorable expressions of your zest for football ("I wanted to knock some dick loose"), but we chose "Catfish" Hunter, a Hall of Famer who is unlikely to end up a criminal psychopath. We picked Patty Duke over Suzanne Somers because her TV show had a better theme song, and Chuck Berry over James Brown because he hasn't recently been accused of beating his wife. Vice President Bush: we were sorely tempted to select *Looking Forward* in the category of a book by a sycophantic second banana who has met Ronald Reagan, but we think Fred de Cordova is both a bigger brownnoser and closer to the president than you are. But readers should be assured that all these books had their moments. Consider Suzanne Somers's incredible contention in *Keeping Secrets* that she became pregnant while still a virgin, when a boyfriend's premature ejaculation seeped through her underpants. In other words, a Virgin Birth, only the second on record, and the only one whose author can still work the talk-show circuit.

Which brings us to our selections. They are a disparate bunch, but there is an ineffable worthiness in each—an unswerving reliance on cliché in one, a particularly cold-blooded indifference to the kiss-and-tell in another. One might show a charming capacity for self-delusion, while another—all the others, in fact—demonstrate the sweet and simple vanity that allows a celebrity to believe that just because we've seen the public self, we're bound to be fascinated by the private self.

Finally, in a self-congratulatory aside, we would like to point out that SPY's distillation of this shelfful of summer reading into 23 easily digested and salient categories provides an immediate financial benefit to our readers. At a bookstore these 12 volumes would cost you \$219.40. SPY costs a mere \$2.50, a savings of \$216.90.

CHUCK BERRY:
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

by Chuck Berry;
Harmony Books, \$17.95;
346 pages

CALL ME ANNA:
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF PATTY DUKE

by Patty Duke and Kenneth Turan;
Bantam Books, \$17.95;
298 pages

A VIEW
FROM THE BENCH

by Judge Joseph A. Wapner of
The People's Court;
Simon & Schuster, \$17.95;
249 pages

JOHNNY CAME LATELY:
AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

by Fred de Cordova, executive
producer of The Tonight Show;
Simon & Schuster, \$17.95;
283 pages

NAME(S)

Charles Edward Anderson Berry; no one called him Chuck until he was 21.

Born Anna Marie Duke, renamed Patty by managers because it was perkier. "Anna Marie is dead. You're Patty now," they told her; the crew on *The Patty Duke Show* nicknamed her "the little shit."

Joseph A. Wapner.

Nicknamed Freddie. Johnny's name is John William Carson.

FAMILY
BACKGROUND/
SCANDAL

"While we didn't have much money, we always seemed to be able to get by."

Father an alcoholic, mother hospitalized three times for depression; home (316 East 31st Street) was infested with bedbugs; "I never remember being hungry... Sure we were poor, but we weren't desperate."

Middle-class circumstances; father was a lawyer.

"Actually, I was born in rather lavish surroundings... an apartment on the corner of Sixty-fourth Street and Park Avenue." Father was a con man specializing in pyramid schemes, mother a Ziegfeld show girl. Johnny, of course, was raised in Iowa and Nebraska.

SPOUSE(S)

One, Themetta Suggs, nicknamed Toddy.

Four: Harry Falk (when she was 18), an assistant director on her show; Michael Tell, to whom she was married for 13 days—"If he walked into a room today, I wouldn't recognize him"; John "Gomez" Astin—"brilliant and older... and a magnificent lover"; Army sergeant Michael Pearce—"We are like epoxy for each other."

One, Mickey.

One, Janet, whom Fred married when he was 53. Johnny has been married four times.

KIDS

Three daughters, Ingrid, Melody and Aloha, and one son, Charles Jr.

Two sons: Sean, whose dad was long rumored to be Desi Arnaz Jr. but who was fathered by John Astin while he was married to someone else, and whose conception Patty announced on *The Dick Cavett Show*; and Mack.

Three: Fred, David and Sarah.

None. Johnny, of course, has three sons; Fred describes their father-son relationships as "close."

SEX

Refers to his penis as "the master of my desire"; on his first orgasm: "I was manmade in an instant"; first "shared [his] manhood" with Alma, a student of "registered nursing" who later attended at his circumcision; on the road, there was "an abundance of chance for intimate relations [and] an amplex of choice"; appears to enjoy voyeurism—once watched a blond beauty "paying... homage to [a well-known singer's] magnitude"; turned down a proposition from Little Richard; had an affair with Houston millionairess Candace Mossler. "'Come,' she whispered, pulling me to the round bed, 'and undress me'... I'd often seen the cleavage of her enormous breasts... but never the lower hemisphere of her voluptuous bosom as it became exposed. She stood silent as I saw my father's expression amid the cleavage of her lily-white bosom... 'Hurry,' she

Her first time, with Harry Falk, was "lovely... really lovely"; was intending to sleep with Frank Sinatra, but when she went into his bedroom, he took a phone call and discussed his father's illness, and it destroyed the mood; describes herself and Desi Arnaz Jr. as "lovers who needed no introduction"; engineered an affair while married to Astin, but chose someone impotent.

No personal disclosures.

Most memorable romance was with the "extremely 'experienced' French actress" Simone Simon. Enjoyed a ménage à trois with Tallulah Bankhead and her maid. Rock Hudson told Freddie he was gay back in the 1950s. Johnny's sex life is discussed in Mamie Van Doren's book (see next spread).

beauty paying...homage to [a well-known singer's] magnitude"; turned down a proposition from Little Richard; had an affair with Houston millionaire Candace Mossler. "Come," she whispered, pulling me to the round bed, "and undress me....I'd often seen the cleavage of her enormous breasts...but never the lower hemisphere of her voluptuous bosom as it became exposed. She stood silent as I saw my father's expression amid the cleavage of her lily-white bosom....'Hurry,' she whispered....In dubious perplexity, I yielded...and I heard minute moans of a million-dollar approval."

"I have never denied mine eyes the beauty of femininity in the buff by turning my head therefrom."

Went to see Muddy Waters at a club; after the show, Chuck asked Muddy how to cut a record and Muddy directed him to Chess Records.

Muddy Waters, "perhaps the greatest inspiration in the launching of my career."

"Toddy, in putting up with lonely nights and days of me being away from home, was the greatest cause of my...success."

Abstains from liquor, admits to nothing else, although in 1972 he owned 29 automobiles, mostly Cadillacs, and "I especially have a taste for pork."

At 17 he and two friends went on a spree of armed robbery in Kansas City; sentenced to ten years, he served three. In 1961 was convicted of bringing a 14-year-old girl from El Paso to St. Louis for immoral purposes and served six months of a three-year sentence. In 1979 served four months for income tax evasion (he owed the IRS \$214,000).

A cheapskate. "What was irregular about that night was that it was the third night in a row I picked up [the] tab."

Claims to have accepted under-the-table payments from promoter Richard Nader in 1973 in order to have the magic figure

one impotent.

Refused to do one for *Valley of the Dolls* but has taken her clothes off other times.

Getting a commercial with Paul Winchell and Jerry Mahoney.

Managers John and Ethel Ross dominated her life, denied her her childhood and spent a lot of her money; John Ross once fondled her and got an erection until she threw up on him; Patty "hero-worshipped" Anne Bancroft, her *Miracle Worker* costar.

"[The Rosses] must have seen [in me] a strong, basic instinct for acting. I do think that is a gift, something you come here with."

Has had "some problems" with liquor, and though she O.D'd twice on tranquilizers, she says she never was a drug abuser; diagnosed as a manic-depressive in 1982, she now regulates her moods with Lithium.

As a child Patty, a Catholic, ate meat on Friday for a TV commercial; at age 12, she lied to a grand jury about the coaching she'd received prior to her appearance on the TV quiz show *The \$64,000 Challenge*; she later told the truth to a congressional committee; at age 23 she had an affair with a minor, Desi Arnaz Jr.

"I was...crazy as a bedbug."

Estimates that she earned between \$500,000 and \$1 million as a child actor, but at age 18 she found only \$84,000 in

Once decided a case in favor of *Nude Look* magazine, a nudist-camp pictorial.

Became chairman of his junior high school Thrift Committee for 1933-34. "This was a minute event in human history. But for me, it was large indeed."

As a child his hero was his uncle Paddy.

Encourages out-of-court settlements.

"That was forty years ago, and I still recall...how delicious that tomato sauce and pasta tasted after a hard afternoon studying...res judicata versus collateral estoppel."

Once miscalculated the length of a musical number by B. B. King, and the show ended mid-song. "Mr. Carson explained to me, rather caustically, that even very young children know how to tell time."

Very impatient. His clerk composed "JAW's Prayer" — "Grant Me Patience, Lord, But HURRY!"

Once held the record for adjudicating the world's largest divorce settlement, the \$44 million awarded to Jack Kent Cooke's

Fred approved of Tallulah Bankhead's no-undergarment philosophy.

After college Fred worked for John Shubert, of the theater-owning Shuberts. Johnny, of course, would have to credit Jack Paar's emotional instability.

"In order to do [my job], it has been necessary to spend a great amount of time with, and around, one of the most fascinating and complex entertainment figures in the entire history of television...*The Tonight Show's*...shining star, Johnny Carson."

"There's just one boss [Johnny] — and don't you forget it."

"I drink a good deal of vodka every day, and all my friends tell me I smoke to excess." Johnny, of course, "was at one time a pretty good drinker."

After Johnny's divorce from wife number two, he told Fred, "If ever you think I am getting close to another marriage, you have my permission to punch me — as hard as you can — on the point of my jaw." Fred didn't, and Johnny divorced wife number three before marrying a fourth time.

Johnny's "financial aid to many less fortunate friends and acquaintances is severely underpublicized."

SEX

FEELINGS ABOUT NUDE SCENES

BIG BREAK

MENTOR/ INSPIRATION

SECRET OF SUCCESS

SUBSTANCE ABUSE

CRIMES

TINY FLAW

MONEY

TINY FLAW	a row I picked up [the] tab."		Lord, But HURRY!"	getting close to another marriage, you have my permission to punch me—as hard as you can—on the point of my jaw." Fred didn't, and Johnny divorced wife number three before marrying a fourth time
MONEY	Claims to have accepted under-the-table payments from promoter Richard Nader in 1973 in order to have the magic figure of \$1 million on deposit.	Estimates that she earned between \$500,000 and \$1 million as a child actor, but at age 18 she found only \$84,000 in her trust fund.	Once held the record for adjudicating the world's largest divorce settlement, the \$44 million awarded to Jack Kent Cooke's ex-wife Carrie (now Mrs. Pete Rozelle).	Johnny's "financial aid to many less fortunate friends and acquaintances is severely underpublicized"
FINDING GOD	"Many people rely on religion in the latter years of their lives, but it was vice versa in my life."	As a child she "really wanted to be a nun: nuns were the only people I came in contact with who weren't drinking and screaming!"		"When I find it necessary to make an important decision, I, of course, check it out with Johnny."
PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE	"A good mind can never be in bondage nor its body in less than liberty." Also, "I have tried to look upon no one deceased."	"If you live your life in truth, the truth will out."	"I have a virtual obsession with law and order."	"Chances are we'll agree with Mr. Carson's thoughts on the subject. It is likely he will be both perceptive and accurate. In addition, we remember who signs the checks."
"IT'S THE LITTLE PEOPLE WHO MATTER"	Once obliged a nude fan in Michigan with an autograph on her buttocks.	After getting involved in labor issues in the Screen Actors Guild, "'My God,' I said to myself, 'I can make a difference.'"	"Everyone who lives in this country should feel proud that our system strives to give consideration not just to the autocratic feelings of a judge, but to the complaints and fears of a bookkeeper or a retiree or a nurse or a mill hand."	"There are several experienced and talented folks who have considerable input [unto the show]. These aren't the 'little people' you hear about in acceptance speeches; these are professionals."
SURPRISE APPEARANCE BY	The Birdman of Alcatraz, who spied on Chuck rehearsing in the prison shower.	Late mobster Joey Gallo, a schoolmate who wore his uniform "rakishly"	Lana Turner, whom he dated in high school.	Ronald Reagan. Fred was the director of <i>Bedtime for Bonzo</i> .
REGRETS	"The only real bother about prison... is the loss of love."	Not standing up to the Rosses and not insisting that her mother be taken along to the 1963 Oscar ceremonies	Was never appointed to the California Court of Appeals. "It hurt a great deal."	People who have repeatedly declined to be on the show: Woody Allen, Al Pacino, Dustin Hoffman, Jessica Lange, Robert Redford, Robert De Niro, Jack Nicholson, Meryl Streep, Paul Newman, Katharine Hepburn, Anne Bancroft, John Gielgud.
MISSED OPPORTUNITIES	To declare income in a timely and legal fashion.	Lucille Ball—"efficient and cold, with barely a veneer of politeness"—broke up her romance with 17-year-old Desi Jr. by grounding him.	"A Japanese...bullet had ripped into my poncho, through my knapsack, and been stopped only by a tin of tuna fish that my mother had sent to me and I hadn't gotten around to eating. (Thank you, Mom!)"	At a party, trying to impress Marlene Dietrich, Fred tried to light her cigarette. Unfortunately, she was holding not a cigarette but a powder puff, which caught fire and scorched her nose
RATIONALIZATIONS	Having been paid \$44,000 in pound notes for a British tour, he claims that the reason he didn't exchange them for U.S. currency was that he liked the Queen's picture on the bills.	"An insulting <i>Look</i> magazine article about the filming [of <i>Valley of the Dolls</i>] portrayed me as a foul-mouthed harridan misbehaving in public. I did indeed swear but not like a sailor."	Contends that Governor Jerry Brown refused to appoint him to an appellate judgeship because he was outspoken in his opposition to Brown's plan to cut judges' salaries.	"Orson Welles, and James Dean, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift... climbed so high, so early, and we found that the Top was where they were and... there was no way to go but Down... I feel some consolation in knowing that if you never flew so high, you never had so far to fall."
ESPECIALLY GOOD QUOTES	"The courage I depended on was fast growing weaker, for I have always been subject to the sight of the female anatomy reaching my retina and taxing my tolerance."	"[John Astin] came out of the bedroom and said something grand and unkind, I can't remember what it was, and I punched him in the face."	"In early 1963, my wife, my children, and I took a driving vacation to see the major prisons of California."	"And once in a while the mix is great... The monologue is one big joke after another [and] the 'Mighty Carson Art Players' with Johnny as Rambo or Mr. Reagan or Mr. Rogers or Dr. Ruth is good enough to play on Broadway."
LAST LINE	"Some views that came down from the hippies are now classics, like rock is as well. Sincerely, Chuck."	"I've survived. I've beaten my own bad system and on some days, on most days, that feels like a miracle."	"Love thy neighbor as thyself. It's an ancient rule, but it still works"	"Thank you for traveling this far in the life of a very happy man. By doing so, you've made me even happier."

PLAYING THE FIELD:
MY STORY

by Mamie Van Doren
with Art Avelhe;
G.P. Putnam's Sons, \$18.95;
275 pages

MAN OF THE HOUSE:
THE LIFE AND
POLITICAL MEMOIRS OF
SPEAKER TIP O'NEILL

by Tip O'Neill
with William Novak;
Random House, \$19.95;
387 pages

THE PRIZE PULITZER:
THE SCANDAL THAT
ROCKED PALM BEACH—
THE REAL STORY

by Roxanne Pulitzer
with Kathleen Maxa;
Villard Books, \$17.95;
241 pages

IN MY OWN FASHION:
AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

by Oleg Cassini;
Simon & Schuster, \$19.95;
379 pages

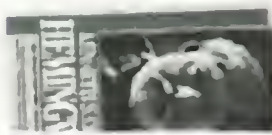
NAME(S)	Born Joan Olander. "Through some logic that still escapes me, I was told, 'You don't look Swedish, you look more Dutch....' They decided my last name should be Van Doren. And because I signed my contract on January 20, 1953, the day...Eisenhower was inaugurated...I was given the name Mamie."	Thomas P. O'Neill Jr., nicknamed Tip after an 1880s baseball player named O'Neill who was famous for his ability to foul-tip the ball.	Born Roxanne Renckens, she became Roxanne Ulrich when mother married for the second time.	Oleg Loiewski-Cassini
FAMILY BACKGROUND/SCANDAL	"It was the Depression, and times were... hard.... I remember walking the mile and a half to school in the snow running a temperature."	Mother died when he was nine months old; was raised by French Canadian housekeeper. Father was superintendent of sewers. "You don't get rich working for the city, but we always had enough to eat."	Father was an alcoholic, mother threw him out. Describes her background as "poor." She and siblings were the only kids in town raised by a single parent.	Russian nobility, dumped after the Revolution. "We were very important.... And yet, we had no money. We were very poor." Mother was energetic, developed a fashion business; father "usually ignored [us]."
SPOUSE(S)	Five: manufacturer Jack Newman (despite "athletic sex," the short marriage ended after he tried to throw her off a balcony), bandleader Ray Anthony ("an explosion of passion"), 19-year-old baseball pitcher Lee Meyers, businessman Ross McClintock ("I went through the motions") and actor Thomas Dixon.	One, Millie: "She has always been the Speaker in our house."	Two: Peter Dixon, a voting-machine heir ("Though we shared the same zip code, our lives were worlds apart"); divorced him when she found he'd been sleeping with her best friend, Beara Jo; Herbert Pulitzer, whom everyone but Roxanne calls Peter.	Two: cough-syrup heiress and bigamist Merry Fairney, "one of only a few purely evil people I've... met"; <i>Daily News</i> headlined their divorce COURT RIDES MERRY OF NAUGHTY COUNT, "stunning" Gene Tierney; divorced after ten years — she claimed he threw a hot spoon at her, he says it wasn't very hot.
KIDS	One son, Perry, with Anthony.	Five: Rosemary, Tommy, Susan, Kip and Michael.	Twins, Mac and Zac.	Two daughters with Gene Tierney, Daria and Christina.
SEX	With mobster Charlie Fischetti, Al Capone's cousin, who sent her envelopes full of \$100 bills ("He played my young [17-year-old] body like a musical instrument"); heavyweighi Jack Dempsey ("Our first time in bed was frigluening"); Nicky Hilton ("Nicky was generously endowed as a lover. But there was a sadness about having sex with him"); Ray Anthony ("One of our favorite places to make love was Palm Springs"); actor Antonio Cifariello ("Antonio upheld the much-publicized lovemaking abilities of Italian men"); pitcher Bo Belinsky ("[We] reached greater and greater heights of ecstasy"); Joe Namath ("We called out to each other as we came"); Burt Reynolds, who said he considered himself the male Mamie Van Doren ("From somewhere came the sound of waves crashing.... Burt moaned, 'Ohhhhh! Judy!'").	Confirms JFK's womanizing: "He had more fancy young girls flying in from all over the country than anyone could count."	First lover, John, broke up with her before going on tour with Santana's backup band. They had sex again after he returned, the night before she married Dixon. Sex with Pulitzer "reminded me of how sharks quiver when they're about to attack." Herbert proposed a ménage à trois after "one of our frequent trips to the red-light district of Amsterdam," where they saw live sex shows; Roxanne was reluctant until she thought of inviting her best friend, Jacquie Kimberly, wife of the toilet-paper heir. The first time, in which Roxanne slept with Jacquie and then with Herbert, "hadn't been such a bad experience." The second time, Roxanne was shocked to see Herbert with Jacquie. "Never, never...had it even crossed my mind that Herbert would fuck Jacquie."	Mother's advice to him about sex: "Men are nothing but pigs.... Your father was a pig.... You will be one, too!" Lost his virginity in a bordello when he was 17 with a woman named Ramona. Had affairs with socialite Baby Chalmers; Lana Turner; Marilyn Monroe ("She very obviously did not wear underwear"), Franchot Tone's wife, Jean Wallace; and Grace Kelly, to whom he was engaged. Speaks admiringly of playboy Porfirio Rubirosa, who could balance a chair with a telephone book atop it on his erect penis. "I must confess, throughout my life, even though I could perform impressively at times, it was only under perfect romantic conditions—only when there was a sense of mystery, allure, challenge" JFK once told him, "I would hate to have to compete against you for a woman. You'd be the toughest."
FEELINGS	Despite reservations, posed nude in a bath of beer for <i>Playboy</i> in 1963. When fourth husband McClintock became angry upon	Not mentioned explicitly.	<i>Playboy</i> paid her \$70,000 to pose holding a trumpet and lying on a bed "with the entire brass section," though she had "edito-	Participated in what appear to have been orgies with factory workers while stationed in Kansas during World War II.

	heights of ecstasy ("JFK is amazing... we came out to each other as we came"); Burt Reynolds, who said he considered himself the male Mamie Van Doren ("From somewhere came the sound of waves crashing... Burt moaned, 'Ohhhh! Judy!'").		shocked to see Herbert with Jacquie. "Never, never... had it even crossed my mind that Herbert would fuck Jacquie."	romantic conditions—only when there was a sense of mystery, allure, challenge" JFK once told him, "I would hate to have to compete against you for a woman. You'd be the toughest."
FEELINGS ABOUT NUDE SCENES	Despite reservations, posed nude in a bath of beer for <i>Playboy</i> in 1963. When fourth husband McClintock became angry upon finding nude photos of her in a magazine, she replied, "Ross, did you think you were marrying the Virgin Mary?"	Not mentioned explicitly.	<i>Playboy</i> paid her \$70,000 to pose holding a trumpet and lying on a bed "with the entire brass section," though she had "editorial control" over the spread. "In a way, posing for <i>Playboy</i> was my first step toward my autonomy."	Participated in what appear to have been orgies with factory workers while stationed in Kansas during World War II.
BIG BREAK	Won Miss Palm Springs beauty contest at age 15; later won the title of Miss Eight Ball.	Winning a seat in the Massachusetts statehouse at age 24.	Getting etiquette tips from her first mother-in-law.	The rise of Mussolini—he left Europe and came to America.
MENTOR/INSPIRATION	No one; saw herself, with Marilyn Monroe and Grace Kelly, as simply the next wave of Hollywood glamour girls.	High school teacher Sister Agatha, who pressed him to go to college; considers himself a protégé of Speaker John McCormack's.	Jacquie Kimberly, who taught her how to really shop. "Come on, Roxie, buy it... You can charge it."	His tutor, Colonel Zboromirski, advised him that "life is like a large pie made of shit, of which we must eat a slice every day."
SECRET OF SUCCESS	"If you are young, healthy, energetic, and possessed of the normal set of biological urges, the casting couch can also be fun with the right person."	Genial and retentive: "I used to walk to high school... and I knew every person at every house—Red Fitzgerald... Wee Wee Burns, Skinny McDonald... the Moose, Potatoes Labo, Big Red, and all the rest."	"Aerobics... helped pull me through the difficult months after the divorce."	"My ability with a tennis racquet opened many doors throughout my life." A sex tip: "I got her good and drunk."
SUBSTANCE ABUSE	While she rejected Cary Grant's offers of LSD, she did take acid with Steve McQueen ("From the haze of our lovemaking I could hear... guitars mimicking the beat of our bodies.... I was a marionette speaking another language. I am your dancing Manic doll. Dancing. I am your you me you you me me").	"I've never been a teetotaler."	Used cocaine. Pulitzer sent her to a hospital for rehab; after six days they released her, saying she was a social abuser of alcohol and cocaine, not an addict.	Two martinis get him drunk. Was client of the original Dr. Feelgood, whose amphetamine shots made him "strong as an ox." He eventually gave them up.
CRIMES	Pretended to be pregnant in order to con Jack Dempsey out of \$1,000 to pay for an abortion; pretended to be pregnant with 19-year-old Lee Meyers's child to con him into marriage.	Accused but eventually cleared of charges that he accepted gifts and funds from Korean lobbyist Tongsun Park.	Used a fake birth certificate to buy beer in high school.	Arrested in Italy before the war because he didn't have the right papers, and was held for a weekend. His dinner jacket was "so permeated with the fetid smell of the jail that I had to throw it out."
TINY FLAW	Somewhat promiscuous.	At various times, has failed to recognize Robert Redford, Warren Beatty and Senator William Proxmire.	Doesn't perceive herself as a social climber, just "an aspiring Cinderella... chasing my gender's version of the American dream."	When in doubt, he brawls. "I came from a warrior class."
MONEY	In the early '70s, a man claiming to be from the Committee to Re-elect the President offered her \$2,000 to sleep with Spiro Agnew; she declined.	After a 1960 Missouri fundraiser, JFK was told in a men's room that the campaign received \$17,000 in cash and \$12,000 in checks. "Great," said Jack. "Give me the cash and give [aide] Kenny O'Donnell the checks."	Roxanne's meager divorce settlement: \$48,000 in alimony; a Porsche; jewelry valued at \$60,000; \$7,000 in equity in her husband's boat; \$102,500 in legal fees.	Barbara Hutton, who at the time was Mrs. Cary Grant, offered to give Gene Tierney \$1 million if she'd divorce Oleg, freeing him to marry her. The considerate Oleg passed Barbara's proposal on to Gene, who declined.
FINDING GOD	Clutched a Bible when she flew off to entertain the troops in Vietnam.	Though he's a Catholic, "for me, baseball was almost a second religion."	"I've always had a strong faith in God." Also believes that she and Pulitzer "have gone around and around together" in past lives.	Has learned the Kama Sutra. "It's not just the eighty-six positions.... It is a guide to the achievement of happiness through the perfect knowledge of another."
PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE	"I have never been one to remain in a love affair with a married man who is unwilling to leave his wife."	"All politics is local."	"I'd like to teach [my children]... that outer appearances cannot be judged, because no one knows the purpose of the spirit."	"I am an honest man... I have not achieved my success at the expense of others."
"IT'S THE LITTLE PEOPLE	"I... turned down the advances of several powerful and important men... because they simply didn't appeal to me."	Former governor and felon James Curley gave him advice "that I've never forgotten.... He said, 'Son, it's nice to be important. But remember... it's more important	"Despite its sleepy way of life, Cassadaga [New York] is far more home to me than the fast lane in Palm Beach will ever be. When I'm alone... those long	"Overtime' did not exist for people who worked in fashion; they were paid a salary and were willing to work until two in the morning because they had pride in what

PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE	I have never been one to remain in a love affair with a married man who is unwilling to leave his wife."	All politics is local.	I'd like to teach my children... that outer appearances cannot be judged, because no one knows the purpose of the spirit."	I am an honest man... I have not achieved my success at the expense of others."
"IT'S THE LITTLE PEOPLE WHO MATTER"	"I... turned down the advances of several powerful and important men... because they simply didn't appeal to me."	Former governor and felon James Cutley gave him advice "that I've never forgotten... He said, 'Son, it's nice to be important. But remember—it's more important to be nice.'"	"Despite its sleepy way of life, Cassadaga [New York] is far more home to me than the fast lane in Palm Beach will ever be... When I'm down... those long talks across the kitchen table with my mom... make it all better."	"'Overtime' did not exist for people who worked in fashion; they were paid a salary and were willing to work until two in the morning because they had pride in what they did."
SURPRISE APPEARANCE BY	Francis the Talking Mule, whose mouth movements were induced by electroshock.	George Steinbrenner, described as "gracious."	Ex-ITT chairman Patrick Lannan, who took Roxanne on a private tour of his pornography collection.	The Duke of Windsor, as a golf cheat.
REGRETS	"When you make your living as a glamour girl, there is always, lurking around the corner, the specter of getting old."	Not spending more time with his family, attending parties with Tongsun Park and supporting the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution.	"It's easy to be duped by fake psychics."	"I am plagued by the insignificance of [my life] when compared with the family heritage, the role I might have played, the life I might have led."
MISSED OPPORTUNITIES	Rejected propositions from Howard Hughes, Burt Lancaster, James Dean, Frank Sinatra, Warren Beatty ("He would try to interest me... by making allusions to the size of his penis"), Johnny Carson, and Henry Kissinger ("[T]he smell of [his] dirty socks was overpowered by his denture breath"). A liaison with Rock Hudson ended in premature ejaculation ("Mamie... I'm... ah-umph, ah-umphing").	Considered running for governor, but Sister Agatha advised him to remain in Congress.	Says she never really slept with a trumpeter.	The Army was all set to send him on a secret mission during World War II—he was given a pistol, a knife and a special code number—but then one of his children was born, so Oleg was assigned to a ceremonial cavalry troop in Kansas.
RATIONALIZATIONS	She lost studio contracts and important roles in films because she resembled Marilyn; because Gloria Grahame got hold of her audition script for <i>Oklahoma!</i> ; because she didn't want to move to New York; because she had to be tested for polio.	"You know... I don't run this office on a quid pro quo basis. I do favors for people because they need my help, not because they contribute to my campaign."	"Though I don't mean to blame others for my drug abuse, more and more those glamorous Palm Beach nights with such sparklers as Alfred Bloomingdale created a need for some diversion to get me through to the dessert course."	"I never considered myself a playboy, although others put me in that category."
ESPECIALLY GOOD QUOTES	Mamie ran into Marilyn Monroe at The Russian Tea Room. Marilyn advised, "[Don't] fall in love with anybody in government. Because after they fuck you—they fuck you."	"It was sinful that Ronald Reagan ever became president... But let me give him his due: he would have made a hell of a king."	"Mine is not... a story of loss or failure. It is a story of survival... It is also, underneath the sensational headlines, the glitz and glamour, a story filled with humor and affection."	"So much of my life—of all life in our complex, modern world—was engaged in the creation and pursuit of illusions. I wondered, fleetingly, what was real."
BEST PHOTO CAPTION	"What did the role call for? Vulnerability? Glamour? Cool elegance? Whatever a part required, I always tried to be ready."	"With Ralph Granara, political aide and practical joker."	No photos.	"In Palm Beach, with my look-alike, Stash Radziwill. Yes, I suppose there is some resemblance, but I still cannot understand how my longtime friend Franklin Roosevelt, Jr., could have kept getting us confused."
LAST LINE	"Thank you," I said. "I couldn't be happier if I was getting an Oscar."	"And while some of the work remains to be done, I must be a lucky man, for so much of my dream has already come true."	"So if this book reaches but <i>one</i> parent, so that he or she can find compassion in his or her heart for the other parent, or if somewhere one child and one parent are kept together, this book—and all that's happened to me—will have been well worth it."	"How could I not?" I replied with a shrug, as the congratulations of ancestors coursed through my veins. "How could I not?"

From *Hemingway*
by Kenneth S. Lynn

Hemingway, Ernest
androgynous in
created by
anxiety about
beard of
behaviorist ps)
interest of
belligerence of
car accidents
cars owned by
concussions si
crucifixion as
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slovenliness
sterility de
suicide of
suicide as
suicide in
friends
suicide vic
cowardl
vanity of
vengeance
as woman



AND A VOICE TO SING
WITH: A MEMOIR

by Joan Baez;
Summit Books, \$19.95;
378 pages

TOO MUCH IS
NOT ENOUGH

by Orson Bean;
Lyle Stuart, \$14.95;
207 pages

STRENGTH FOR
THE JOURNEY:
AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

by Jerry Falwell;
Simon & Schuster, \$19.95;
379 pages

CATFISH:
MY LIFE IN BASEBALL

by Jim "Catfish" Hunter and
Armen Keteyian;
foreword by George Steinbrenner;
McGraw-Hill, \$16.95;
242 pages

NAME(S)

Joan Baez. She considered changing her name to Mariah or Rachel Sandperl ("Rachel sounded biblical and mysterious.... I opted to keep my real name, as people might think I had changed it because it was Mexican").

Born Dallas Burrows. "I suffered from the name Dallas; as soon as I grew up and moved out, I changed it." To Orson Bean, curiously.

Jerry Falwell.

"Around Hertford [North Carolina]... I'm Jim or Jimmy Hunter. Uncomplicated, country born and raised, given to... droppin' the 'g' from just about everythin' I say." Oakland A's owner Charlie Finley dubbed him Catfish just to be colorful.

FAMILY
BACKGROUND/
SCANDAL

"My mother was the hen; my father was the rooster. We were little chicks."

Parents' marriage was "tempestuous"; mother would threaten suicide, dad would call her bluff; dad eventually ran off to Alaska, mom killed herself.

Father was an agnostic, alcoholic bootlegger who illegally promoted cockfights and shot and killed his brother Garland in self-defense; dad once killed an old employee's cat, cooked it and served it to the man as squirrel meat; "We weren't millionaires... but we didn't suffer, either."

Father was a hardworking tenant farmer who disliked buying on credit so much that he always carried \$1,000 in cash.

SPOUSE(S)

One, David Harris, a draft-resistance organizer. Cheated on him while he was in jail; now divorced.

Two: actress-dancer Rain Winslow, who thus became Rain Bean; Carolyn Maxwell; now divorced.

One, Macel.

One, Helen, his high school sweetheart.

KIDS

One son, Gabe.

Four: Michele (with Rain), Max, Susie and Ezekiel (with Carolyn). One Christmas his family made gifts for one another. "We all remember it as our favorite Christmas ever."

Three: Jerry Jr., Jeannie and Jonathan.

Three: Todd, Kim and Paul.

SEX

Basically heterosexual in her relationships, except for one affair with Kim ("fresh, tan, skittery, ragged, shy, rebellious.... We bought bottles of Aqua Velva and Bay Rum and drenched ourselves in them"). Recalls herself as a "P.T. (prick teaser)" on the coffeehouse circuit. On meeting Don Johnson at the Live Aid concert, she said, "Hello, gorgeous. Could we discuss the possibility of rape?"

Tried to persuade Carolyn to try open marriage by arguing, "Look. If you loved roast beef more than anything in the world, there'd still be times when you felt like eating popcorn, wouldn't there?" She resisted, and he remained faithful. Later she became attracted to Bob, a swimming instructor, and Orson gave her permission to have a fling. Afterward Bob drove her home on his motorcycle. He and Orson shook hands. Carolyn then said to Orson, "I'm starving for roast beef. . . au jus, if you please."

"Believe it or not, almost none of my peers were sexually active before marriage." Later it turned out that "my glands did... function... quite normally."

When Clyde Klutznick was scouting for the A's, he told Helen, then Hunter's girlfriend, that he'd "see a lot of girls in the game. They're going to be around everywhere. It's part of the game. You have to trust him." Hunter calls himself "a pretty playful fella" and admits to belonging to a hunting club whose members enjoy waving plastic penises at one another.

FEELINGS
ABOUT NUDE
SCENES

For a time after David's arrest, Joan stopped wearing clothes altogether.

Believer in orgone therapy, wherein one lies naked while a doctor pummels the body to break down "armoring." While appearing in *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?*, he liked to visit Jayne Mansfield's dressing room, where she greeted guests nude.

At first thought Jim Bakker could be forgiven his tryst with Jessica Hahn if he was sincerely repentant, but became dismayed by the extent of Jim's sexual and financial shenanigans and his lack of contrition.

"Another time we caught Sparky [Lyle] walking naked out of his hotel room door with nothing in his hands.... Funny, yes. Pretty, no. But we all stopped laughing when Sparky reached behind him and pulled a room key out of his ass."

BIG BREAK

In junior high Joan was ostracized by Caucasian kids who thought she was Mexican and by Mexican kids because she didn't speak Spanish. "This sense of isolation... initially led me to..."

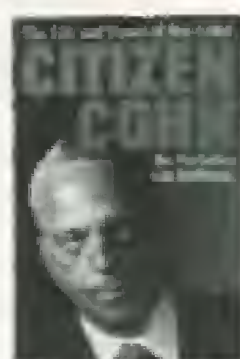
While on Broadway doing *Never Too Late*, became a regular on *To Tell the Truth*.

Being born again, an event that took place at the kitchen table when he was 19. Jerry felt a "lump... in my throat. And it wasn't the hoecakes or the fatback bacon."

Had a sore arm in 1978, caused by an enlarged coracoacromial ligament. A doctor twisted the arm until it made "a resounding noise—a big pop." He'd broken off a

ABOUT NOBEL SCENES		<i>Hunter?</i> , he liked to visit Jayne Mansfield's dressing room, where she greeted guests nude.	shenanigans and his lack of contrition.	when Sparky reached behind him... and pulled a room key out of his ass"
BIG BREAK	In junior high Joan was ostracized by Caucasian kids who thought she was Mexican and by Mexican kids because she didn't speak Spanish. "This sense of isolation...initially led me to develop my voice."	While on Broadway doing <i>Never Too Late</i> , became a regular on <i>To Tell the Truth</i> .	Being born again, an event that took place at the kitchen table when he was 19. Jerry felt a "lump...in my throat. And it wasn't the hoecakes or the farback bacon."	Had a sore arm in 1978, caused by an enlarged coracoacromial ligament. A doctor twisted the arm until it made "a resounding noise—a big pop." He'd broken off a piece of the ligament, and Jim was healed.
MENTOR/INSPIRATION	Ira Sandperl, "a funny, brilliant, cantankerous, bearded, shaven-headed Jewish man" who was a Gandhi scholar.	Tolly Burkan, who taught Orson to overcome his fears by learning to walk on fire. Tolly told him he could do it if he'd "pay attention," "expect the best" and "go for it." The next day, applying those lessons, Orson helped a contestant on <i>Password</i> win \$45,000.	A "religious nut" he roomed with for a week at a school function who asked him if he was saved.	"I always wanted to be like my daddy—right down to sayin' no to sugar in my coffee or tea." Also idolized Clyde Klutznick.
SECRET OF SUCCESS	Rampant injustice.	"Live for now, live in the moment, <i>now</i> is the only time there is"	Daily prayer. "When I do fail to keep the appointed time, it cripples the day."	A youth spent practicing. "My brothers and I musta thrown a zillion pitches to each other."
SUBSTANCE ABUSE	A doctor gave her Thorazine to calm pre-nuptial jitters; she took Valium before having her hair bobbed; gave up Quaaludes, which she "loved."	"Feminists say housework is demeaning. It liberated me. Vacuuming became my thing."	Has had a lifelong taste for licorice.	At 2005, Catfish and his teammates liked to feed the monkeys a variety of pills ("See the monkey go ape shit").
CRIMES	Did two stretches in jail for helping draft resisters.	Early in his career, stole comedy routines from Victor Borge, rationalizing that Borge and he would never play the same clubs.	Admits to speeding, calls it "a small, safe sin"; was sued by the SEC for fraud but was found not guilty.	Once lied to the A's about having an arm injury in order to get out of playing winter ball in Venezuela.
TINY FLAW	Big ego—gave Lech Walesa a JOAN BAEZ T-shirt when she met him; often writes in the second person singular.	Willing to try anything. "If there's a mass murderer somewhere inside me, or a killer rapist or a child molester... damn it, I want to know. I won't go on being out of touch with beautiful things inside me for fear I may find terrible things in there, too."	Is a malicious practical joker: in high school he put a live rat in a Latin teacher's desk, de-pantsed a gym teacher and locked a math teacher in a closet; years later he put an alligator in his wife's bathtub. "My pranks are just another way for me to say 'I love you.'"	None. Catfish is a saint. Used to help the clubhouse man pick up wet towels. At a party welcoming him to the Yankees, he cleaned up a young teammate's vomit.
MONEY	Turned down \$50,000 in 1961 to do a commercial for Coke.	As a child, "I'd be paid five cents a hundred to kill flies with a red rubber fly swatter." In the '70s, had no steady employment. "Every four or five weeks, I flew to L.A. to appear on <i>The Tonight Show</i> . While I was there, I'd knock off a week's worth of <i>The Match Game</i> We'd live for the next month on what I'd earned."	During the 1986-87 fiscal year, the Thomas Road Baptist Church "handled" nearly \$100 million.	Signed with Yanks for \$3,484,626 for five years. Recently the government paid him up to \$324 an acre not to grow crops.
FINDING GOD	She meditates before going onstage, "ask[ing] that the time...be spent for the betterment of humankind, in the service of God."	Doesn't claim to know God, but says he and Carolyn saw "the embodiment of pure evil" in their house one night after a group of Australian witches tried to enlist them in their coven.	"I like to pray while I am driving in my truck."	His last words as a Yankee, spoken at Catfish Hunter Day, were "Thank you, God, for giving me strength and makin' me a ballplayer."
PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE	"Give life priority over all things. Over land. Over law. Over profit. Over promises. Over all things."	"If a greasy-haired guy in a HAPPINESS IS A TIGHT PUSSY T-shirt ever offers you advice, for God's sake, do what the man says."	"Once you've accepted Christ as Lord and Savior...our Baptist code is simple... We don't drink. We don't smoke. We don't believe in immorality... We have our dress codes.... If you want to dislike somebody, that's fine. If you want to make war on somebody, that's fine, too. And unfortunately it seems often that if you want to ruin your health, destroy your marriage, and ignore your children because you are building a great church, there is little con-	"I want to tell [guys who loaf] that if they don't want to play—go home. That's the way I always thought about playin' baseball. Any sport. Or any thing."

PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE			...don't drink. We don't smoke. We don't believe in immorality. . . We have our dress codes. . . If you want to dislike somebody, that's fine. If you want to make war on somebody, that's fine, too. And unfortunately it seems often that if you want to ruin your health, destroy your marriage, and ignore your children because you are building a great church, there is little condemnation from your peers."	way I always thought about playin' baseball. Any sport. Or any thing."
"IT'S THE LITTLE PEOPLE WHO MATTER"	Was irked at being left out of USA for Africa.	"The only genuine benefit to celebrity status is being recognized by head waiters. . . The rest. . . is part ego trip, part inconvenience."	"It was the American people, not the Moral Majority, who elected Ronald Reagan . . . but we helped."	"I coulda stayed in New York after I retired. . . Heck, one corporation said I could live in one of them Park Avenue co-ops rent-free in exchange for publicity. . . "Where the kids gonna play?" I asked"
SURPRISE APPEARANCE BY	Sydney Schanberg and Dith Pran.	Olin Montgomery, one of the Scotsboro Boys. Orson's parents threw a cocktail party-fundraiser for him in the late 1930s	Sister Boom Boom, "the radical homosexual activist." Falwell introduced him to his son.	Ballplayers with guns. Jim's roommate in Kansas City, Lew Krausse, leaned out their hotel window each night and fired two shots from his .38 special into the air; later, with the Yankees, Jim saw Thurman Munson "pulling out a .357 magnum. . . Bam, bam, bam. He starts firing shots at a nearby fence"
REGRETS	At age five, developed a lifelong fear of vomiting.	"I don't regret anything, including the mistakes and the excesses. I don't regret the pain [Carolyn and I] put each other through. . . I forgive us for everything. I forgive God and Senator Joe McCarthy and Vlad the Impaler, too. But most of all, I forgive myself."	Not taking a stronger stand against segregation during the civil-rights era.	Lou Piniella "had this curious little habit of always touching his hair and smelling it while he talked"
MISSED OPPORTUNITIES	Bob Dylan mumbled something to her about marriage. She said no. She and Bob talked playfully about having a baby named Shannon.	In the 1950s, when Orson was "the hottest young comic on television," he publicly opposed blacklisting of alleged Communists. As a result, CBS shelved the <i>Orson Bean Show</i> pilot.	Had hoped to play professional baseball but gave it up to please Deacon Lawson Johnson, who thought it was wrong to play ball on Sunday.	"I never saw Billy [Marlin] come to the ballpark drunk"
RATIONALIZATIONS	"My mere existence as a rebellious, barefooted, antiestablishment young girl functioning almost totally out of the context of commercial music and attaining such widespread notoriety designated me a counterculture heroine, whether or not I understood the full import of the position"	"Now [Dad] was gone and I knew [Mom] was going to kill herself. And because I loved her, I wanted her to get the dying over with. But I wouldn't stay around to watch"	Feeling bullied by northerners who were telling the South what to do, Falwell called for preachers to stop showing support for civil rights. "Looking back I realize that I was speaking to one point while civil rights leaders were speaking to another."	"I like George [Steinbrenner]. . . Behind all that spit and polish, that bullshit bluster, those "Top Gun" caps, the red phone, is one of the most compassionate, caring, considerate men you'll ever want to meet"
ESPECIALLY GOOD QUOTES	"I leaned toward [Marlon Brando] and talked in his ear. I told him that he'd been a big part of my life, and that I often dreamed about him. . . I thanked him for everything he'd been to me. He looked confused."	"Suddenly, New York was The Emerald City of Oz. What an adventure to be there. . . I glanced at my reflection in each store window I passed, marvelling at the wonder of myself."	"The old leadership confessed their shame for having given me such trouble. . . Tears were shed. Much cheesecake was consumed."	At All-Star Games: "It's funny, the first question at these . . . games, at least among the players, is never 'How you doin'?' No, it's 'Stull got the same wife?'"
LAST LINE	"There was peace all around as the castle finally slept."	"He popped it into his mouth and ate it."	"And I hang on to that promise like a sailor hangs on to a life preserver while floating on a stormy sea."	"Wherever I walk, whatever I do, one fact will never change: Daddy will always be walkin' right thete with me"



**From *Citizen Cohn*
by Nicholas von Hoffman**

Cohn, Roy M.
AIDS of
his denials
attempted murder of
childhood and adolescence of
deal making
"dieting"
writes gossip column
crabs contracted by
Eldridge's AIDS denied by
engagements of
homosexuality of
gay rights opposed
heterosexual-homosexual
question
his denials
his mother's death and
love affairs
McCarthy and
Reagans and
Vaseline incident
venereal warts
money hidden by
personal characteristics of
attitude to women
blacks and
dressed by black maid
favorite song
female prostitutes and
incompetent driving
love of dogs
marijuana
masturbation
orange tuxedo
religious feelings
tantrums
totally free of rules of life
plastic surgery on
stories of murders by
suicide attempt of



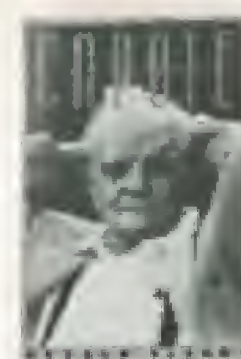
**From *Mob Star: The Story of
John Gotti, The Most Powerful
Criminal in America*
by Gene Mustain
and Jerry Capeci**

Gotti, John
arrest for hijacking
arrest for public
intoxication and menace
arrest on drug charges
assault and theft case
boycott of Castellano's
funeral
burglary arrest at 17
death of son
drug involvement
federal trial
first adult arrest
first imprisonment
gambling
gang membership
as hijacker
indictment on murder
charge
indictment on racketeering
and conspiracy
IQ
kidnapping charges
official selection as boss of
Gambino Family
racketeering charges
temper
trial for McBratney killing
use of alias



**From *Warren Beatty
& Desert Eyes*
by David Thomson**

Beatty, Warren
abstinence
as actor
with actresses
campaign of 1984
and Caron, Leslie
and Christie, Julie
and Collins, Joan
and comedy
face
fatalism
films unmade
gambling
and gayness
and grandmother
hepatitis
in hotels
and Hughes, Howard
and Kael, Pauline
and Keaton, Diane
and male figures
manipulator
and mirrors
and money
mystery
and Nicholson, Jack
and Oscara
paranoia
and Phillips, Michelle
and politics
privacy
in promotion
proverbial
and real characters
reclusiveness
and MacLaine, Shirley
shyness
Sour Apple Award
and telephone
and Toback, James
on TV
undress
voice
weight
and the wind
and women
and Wood, Natalie



**From *Capote:
A Biography*
by Gerald Clarke**

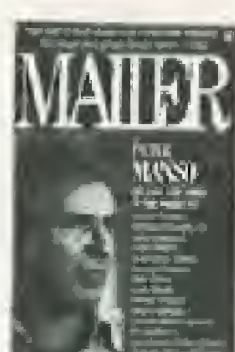
Capote, Truman Garcia
(Truman Streckfus Persons)
abandonment fears of
affairs of
affectionateness of
alcoholism of
as Ariel and Puck
boredom of
career management of
clothes and accessories of
convulsive seizures of
crushes of
dancing of
dieting of
dreams of
drug addiction of
eavesdropping and
snooping of
effeminate behavior of
egoism of
fantasies of
flamboyance of
friendships destroyed by
homosexual tendencies of
hysteria of
jailings of
as King of the Revels
love and admiration
needs of
as love life adviser
lying of
"men without faces" of
as Miriam
nervous breakdowns of
nervousness of
as nonconventional
paranoid hallucinations of
pets of
psychotherapy of
Pygmalion role of
sexual initiation of
sexual preferences of
as sissy
sophistication and style
craved by
spitefulness and
revengefulness of
women's rapport with



From *Hemingway*
by Kenneth S. Lynn

Hemingway, Ernest

androgynous impression
created by
anxiety about masculinity of
beard of
behaviorist psychology
interest of
belligerence of
car accidents of
cats owned by
concussions suffered by
crucifixion as
preoccupation of
cruelty in correspondence of
cuckolds scorned by
death as obsession of
death feared by
death wish of
double-entendre jokes
enjoyed by
dressed as Marcelline's twin
by mother
drinking habits of
electroshock treatment of
extramarital affairs of
gender identity as obsession
of
guns as preoccupation of
hair as obsession of
imaginary engagement of
impotence derided by
impotence suffered by
incest in works by
insanity feared by
manliness as obsession of
marriage feared by
megalomania of
mother figures in
relationships of
older women appealing to
paranoia of
passive streak in
as perpetual adolescent
premarital affairs of
psychoanalysis scorned by
"real thing" identified by
slovenliness of
sterility derided by
suicide of
suicide as obsession of
suicide in family and among
friends of
suicide viewed as
cowardly by
vanity of
vengeance sought by
as womanizer



From *Mailer: His Life
and Times*

by Peter Manzo

Mailer, Norman

accents affected by
arrests of
bar mitzvah of
"big book" as fixation of
birth control eschewed by
boxing as interest of
bullfighting project of
clothes of
combative personality of
culinary skills of
deadliness and
death thoughts of
drinking habits of
drugs used by
eating habits of
elbow-banging of
as *enfant terrible*
extramarital relationships of
as fascinating talker
first sexual experiences of
gate-crashing disliked by
as genius
good manners of
hangers-on and
hit on head with hammer
Jewishness of
lesbians and
libel suits against
macho behavior of
Manichean ideas of
marital fights of
mayoral aspirations of
narcissism of
orgone box owned by
oversensitivity and
megalomania ascribed to
place in history sought by
plagiarism charges against
pornography as interest of
poses assumed by
as Reichian
roles imposed on wives by
sex survey conducted by
on stabbing of Adele
staring contests with
vulgarity in writings of
wives of
on writing while angry

"No, I Haven't Read the Book — but I Loved the Index!"



BY BARRY WALDEN

As we've just demonstrated, every celebrity life — whether it is celebrated because of a talent for cracking one-liners, because of the way it intersects with other celebrity lives or because of a particularly lurid bout with substance abuse — is made up of the same basic stuff in the end. There are always the usual strong feelings about nude scenes, painful but enlightening love affairs, important mentors to be thanked, as well as all those little people who really, really do matter. And whether sober or shrill, scandalous or merely informative, the one thing all celebrity-confession books have in common is that they cost more than any reasonable person cares to spend. So if you've finished our 1988 guide but want more, try this: while browsing in a bookstore, open the biography of your choice to the back and read the index entry for that celebrity's name. Note, however, that this tactic doesn't generally work with the autobiography: most memoirists tend to whitewash themselves, and when they do get to the good stuff, they seldom call attention to the dirt by indexing it. For example, the index of Willie Mays's autobiography, *Say Hey*, has entries for "early years" and "traded by SF Giants" but not for "abstinence" or "and Wood, Natalie," which are the first and last listings under Warren Beatty's name in David Thomson's biography of Beatty. Even with biographies, though, this technique is not foolproof. Peter Feibelman's fawning biography of Lillian Hellman, *Lilly*, has no listings, for example, under "pathological lying." But generally the method is sound, as is proved by the abridged index entries at left.

Sweet Smells of Success



For those with neither the time nor the inclination to curl up with a good, cheesy celebrity tell-all book — or even to stand in the aisle of a bookstore and furtively scan the index of a good, cheesy celebrity tell-all book — we offer an alternative. Walk into Bloomingdale's and inhale deeply. Let the mere vapors of greatness — the scented essences of a Liz Taylor, a Marlo Thomas or a Tova Borgnine — dance in your nostrils and play on your imagination. (Mmmm — smells like Aaron Spelling's powder room.) Or, for a more intimate encounter with fame, money and undeniable glamour, cruise the store's main-floor cosmetics counters (the equivalent of browsing in Barnes & Noble's biography section) and allow yourself to be spritzed with one of these signature perfumes by a cosmetologically obsessed salesclerk. Or, easier still, consult the following guide and imagine how Liz and Marlo and Tova — especially Tova — smell.



Niki de Saint Phalle

The Woman Behind the Scent

Niki de Saint Phalle: French sculptor of gigantic, whimsical, multicolored female body parts

The Philosophy of the Eponymous Smell

ARTISTIC LICENSE Saint Phalle: "An artist's job is to explore human nature... to understand why people laugh and cry, what makes them fall in love. And, as a woman—well, perhaps I can understand women a little better. After all, what is perfume? It's imagination, it's beyond reality. You can't define it: it is a promise—and that's very close to art because art is fantasy, a promise... (My perfume is) a mixture of fantastic flowers, a bit of the sun, the amusement of serpents, the mystique of the moon and stars, and a dash of love."

Deconstructing the Package Design

Saint Phalle: "I chose serpents as the theme for my perfume (bottle) because they are mysterious, erotic and sensual. And for me, in my perfume bottle, the golden serpent is the male; the female is, of course, the colored one... the glorious one."

Vetiver and Musk: The Aroma of Fame

"A distinctive blend of exotic yet feminine florals... ylang-ylang... muguet des bois... vetiver, sandalwood and patchouli... amber and musk."

Price per Ounce**\$160**

Glorious

Gloria Vanderbilt: blue-jean and salad-dressing licensor

WHITE WOMAN'S BURDEN Press release: "The world of Glorious is the charmed world of Gloria Vanderbilt's youth... a magical seaside kingdom of spanking tennis whites and spirited games of croquet... of enchanted picnics beneath brilliantly striped pavilions... of debutantes in cool summer cottons and their attentive beaux in white ducks and straw boaters... Splendid mansions set among magnificent, lush flowering gardens running to the sea are still a symbol of splendor, as alive and vibrant as today's woman... Such shimmering memories time cannot fade. They linger forever, captured today as never before in Glorious."

Press release: "Reflections of Gloria Vanderbilt's childhood at the fabled 'Breakers' by the sea are captured in shimmering faceted glass. Subtly curved, emulating rhythmically breaking waves. The burnished, golden-hued fragrance is refracted through these gentle curves, sparkling like the summer sun glistening off the undulating sea. The gilded, elongated, tapered caps are inspired by the opulent decorative nuances and splendid architectural details found within 'The Breakers.'"

"A superbly orchestrated floral bouquet... the very embodiment of Gloria Vanderbilt's splendid heritage and life-style... tangerine... jasmine... musk... vetiver... patchouli... sandalwood... oakmoss."

\$190

Sophia

Sophia Loren: eerily well-preserved sex kitten

WE ARE THE WORLD Loren: "For me, the discovery of this perfume was a beautiful experience—because it was created not just for me, but for all women. I love the scent. It is a rich, classic essence that lasts but is never obvious. It is constantly exciting to wear... It is earthy and warm and loving: everything that being a woman means."

Press release: "The rich burgundy and gold packaging of the Sophia Collection has all the softness and femininity, the elegance and sophistication of Sophia herself. There is a Lalique-like, handcrafted quality to the perfume bottle and a timeless linear grace in the cologne bottles themselves."

"A floral bouquet with oriental overtones... jasmine... musk... patchouli... sandalwood... vetiver... oakmoss."

\$140

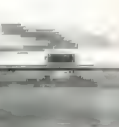
Deneuve

Catherine Deneuve: onetime Mercury Monarch spokesperson

THE CHAMELEON WITH A HANDGUN Deneuve: "It embodies the intangibles... (It) resembles me; Deneuve is open, yet secret at the same time... Adapting and identifying itself to the woman who wears it. This perfume was created as a secret weapon, as an ally, a silent seduction which I consider as essential as night and day."

Press release: "From 'Deneuve's' floral scent to its midnight blue and peach satin bow, Catherine Deneuve inspired every detail. The deep blue because it reminded her of night, and dinner jackets; the pale peach because it evokes beauty, intimacy and love."

"A floral semi-oriental blend... ylang-ylang, jasmine... muguet, patchouli, sandalwood, vetiver, oakmoss, amber... musk."

\$170

Marlo

Marlo Thomas: actress, producer, author, activist, wife of seventies man Phil Donabue

SYBIL APPEAL Thomas: "For years, I've been looking for one perfect fragrance that would keep up with all the women I am. Each of us is many different women, leading active, demanding lives. We're constantly on the go. Marlo was made to take us through the day and into the night—it's smart, spirited, feminine... It reflects my personal style."

Press release: "Marlo's packaging makes a luxurious statement in red, gold and faceted crystal. The box is bright red, with a bold diamond design in gold and black, and the Marlo signature. Inside, each perfume and cologne bottle has an art deco feel, with faceted glass and gold caps."

"A unique floral bouquet... jasmine and ylang-ylang... vetiver and sandalwood."

\$160

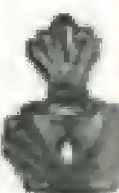
Elizabeth Taylor's Passion

Elizabeth Taylor: former actress, diet queen, Coaster, beard

BORN FREE Taylor: "When I created Elizabeth Taylor's Passion (né Divine Extravagance), I had just one thought in mind, a fragrance that could uniquely capture the essence of a woman's secret nature... Experience the serenity and freeing of the soul, to its most beautiful imaginings... as beautiful and passionate as the woman you are."

Press release: "Elaborate in-store visuals will continue to distinguish the opulence unique to Elizabeth Taylor's Passion."

"A sensual blend of brilliant floral and distinctive oriental notes... jasmine, rose, ylang-ylang... sandalwood... patchouli... musk."

\$165

Tova

Tova Borgnine: quite simply, Mrs. Ernest (McHale's Navy, Willard) Borgnine

THE CHESHIRE CAT Mail-order catalog: "Stand quiet—let the subtle tapestry of scents unfold you... There's nothing more intriguing to a man than pristine sensuality. Passion smolders beneath the surface when a woman's smile glows with secret desire. That's what the Tova essence is like, playful as the first light of morning yet mysterious as the dusk... (It) leaves you, and everyone else, longing for more."

Press release: "The clean, elegant design of the Tova fragrance bottle perfectly reflects what Tova Borgnine describes as the perfume's pristine sensuality. Tova (is) both sensual and light. This contrast is expressed... in the choice of black lacquer on frosted glass... All of which illustrate the special charm of Tova Borgnine."

"A romantic blend of sandalwood... jasmine... bergamot citrus... lavender."

\$220

**JACKSON IS
FRIGHTENING
BUT ELECTABLE**

**DUKAKIS IS
ELECTABLE**

**BUT FRIGHTENINGLY
UNFRIGHTENING**

BUSH IS WIMPY

BUT ADRIAT

TRUMP SHOULD

STICK TO CASINOS

NORTH IS HISTORY

ROBERTSON

IS THE LESSER

OF TWO PREACHERS

AMERICA MAY BE READY

FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT

AND EUGENE MCCARTHY IS

APPARENTLY NO LONGER WITH US

THE J&B SCOTCH



**CAMPAIGN
MANUAL**

As the Reagan administration totters to its close and History gleefully rubs its hands together while considering how to treat this, uh, unique episode of American politics, steps are being taken to determine what happens next. This summer, two southern cities will sweat forth two candidates, one of whom will inherit, come next January 20, the presidential TelePrompTer and, many experts predict, a complete national mess. But a proud, patriotic, standing-tall sort of national mess.

It may seem, under our political system, that candidates are nominated by anonymous delegates wearing buttons and hats who fill your TV screen every four years and then go home to God-knows-where—but in fact it's someone else who chooses the nominees. Right. You choose the nominees and, indeed, the president—you, the readers of J&B Scotch promotional supplements designed to look like real articles in SPY. You and no one else. It's in the Constitution, although in very small type.

So who will it be, then, standing there in the cold next to the Reagans on Inauguration Day? Suppose it's Michael Dukakis: the outgoing president, a man who has had trouble pronouncing Bush, may then have to utter three unfamiliar syllables. Suppose it's George Bush: an especially addled Reagan, caught up in the spirit of continuity and recognizing in Bush a vaguely familiar face, may resume the status quo and simply not see the need to board the plane for California.

THE SECOND J&B SCOTCH POLL RIDE ON ROUTE '88

We've tried to anticipate January, and November, and certainly July and August, by conducting another in a series of J&B Scotch Polls. This time—honest—we asked really vital questions: Would a Dukakis-Jackson ticket defeat a Bush-Dole ticket? How would Mario Cuomo fare against Bush? How would Jesse Jackson fare against Pat Robertson, or Oliver North, or Donald Trump? Which of the major candidates would be the most frightening as president? What do Americans feel is the likelihood of having, in their lifetime, a president who is black, Jewish, homosexual or a woman—or all four? And—crucially—is Spiro Agnew still alive?

This J&B Scotch Poll was conducted by Penn + Schoen Associates between April 29 and May 3. Eight hundred voters, randomly chosen from around the nation, were interviewed by telephone. The statistical margin of error in the results is plus or minus 3.5%. If the results bother, frighten or mystify you, keep in mind that a random national poll cannot take into consideration the celestial alignments governing each person who answers the phone on a given day; for some of these respondents, speaking their minds with the solar system looking that way on that day could have been disastrous.

*The First J&B Scotch
Running-Mate Question:*

AND ANYWAY GERALDINE FERRARO IS A DEMOCRAT AND BUSY KEEPING HER FAMILY OUT OF PRISON

A solid majority of Republicans in the J&B Scotch Poll—54%—felt that Bush should make no special effort to select a qualified woman as his running mate; only 31% felt he should. Broken down into categories of gender, schooling, ideology, age, race, religion and income, only two Republican subgroups managed to reach 50% in the YES! SPECIAL EFFORT, PLEASE! column—blacks (72%) and 18-to-24-year-olds (50%). Among GOP women, incidentally, 52% thought Bush should not make a special effort to pick one of their ilk as his running mate.

*The First J&B Scotch
Alternate-Candidate
Question:*

NATION TO CUOMO: MARIO KEEP YOUR DAY JOB

If the Democrats, desperate for charisma, were to run Cuomo against Bush, Bush would win, 45% to 33%. But 22% of those polled remained undecided. Apart from Democrats and self-professed liberals, the only groups that would back Cuomo are blacks (36% to 27%) and northeastern voters (42% to 39%). Clearly, the late eighties is no time for charisma.



Wherever George waves his wand, that's Bush Country.
But can a wimp win the White House?

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A J&B SCOTCH FACT

Among Hispanic Republicans, 76% were dissatisfied with Bush as their party's nominee.

The J&B Scotch Presidential Election Question:

FORMER VICE PRESIDENT BUSH

And President Dukakis. According to the J&B Scotch Poll, in an election between Bush and Dukakis, Dukakis would win rather easily, 47% to 39%. The percentages fell where you'd expect along party lines, and among Independent voters it was a dead heat at 43% apiece. Dukakis, who speaks Spanish and claims to be passionate with his wife, did especially well against Bush among Hispanics (71% to 25%) and women (50% to 34%).

A J&B SCOTCH FACT

Mario Cuomo is probably still not a national figure—at least not a winning one. In a hypothetical race against Bush, Cuomo would barely take the Northeast, his presumed bastion (42% to 39%), and would lose convincingly in the South, Midwest and West.

The Second J&B Scotch Alternate-Candidate Question:

JACKSON BUSHED

Bush would defeat Jackson by a margin of 50% to 36%, if it ever came down to a race between the whitest and blackest candidates. Yet Jackson would manage, even against Bush, to get 24% of the conservative vote. And Bush would get 8% of the black vote.

Still More J&B Scotch Alternate-Candidate Questions:

JESSE IS ELECTABLE IF THE OPPONENT IS PAT, DON OR OLLIE

We asked voters to suppose that Bush were to drop out of the race for "personal reasons"—and whether that meant wanting to spend more time with his grandchildren or wanting to retire to his native Texas or his native Maine or his native Connecticut, we didn't specify. We then proposed a series of alternative Republican nominees to run against Jackson, and we're happy to report that our collective national security is in decent shape.

- Jackson would defeat failed libel plaintiff and noted Christian businessman Pat Robertson, 50% to 18%, with 32% undecided. Even among conservatives, Jackson outpolled Robertson, 36% to 30%.
- Jackson would defeat failed libel plaintiff and noted foreign-policy expert Donald Trump, 45% to 24%, with 31% undecided. Interestingly, the figures are consistent in all regions of the country, suggesting that Trump is admired or loathed about the same everywhere.
- Jackson would defeat future libel plaintiff and noted national hero Ollie North, 48% to 28%, with 24% undecided. Despite his honorary degree from Jerry Falwell's prestigious Liberty University, North fared best among those with a less-than-high-school education, though he lost even in that category.

The J&B Scotch Republican Satisfaction Question:

HELPING GEORGE FIND A PLACE TO CALL HOME

As we know, Bush is a man of many homes—home is where he was born, grew up, works, votes, summers or happens to be campaigning that morning. One question in the J&B Scotch Poll suggested a way for our citizen-of-the-world vice president to settle down, at least philosophically. Moving roughly westward, Bush encountered an increasingly large minority of Republicans who were dissatisfied with his selection as their nominee: in the Northeast, only 14% were dissatisfied with Bush's nomination; in the South, the number grew to 29%; in the Midwest, 32%; and in the West, 40%.

Meet George Bush, Bar Harbor's favorite son.

A J&B SCOTCH FACT

More people 50 years old or older think that Jackson is the wimpiest candidate than think Dukakis is wimpiest. Which raises the question: do your parents know what wimpy means?

The J&B Scotch Wimp Question:

VICE PRESIDENT MILQUETOAST YOUR IMAGE IS SECURE

We asked who was "wimpiest"—Bush, Dukakis or Jackson. Bush strategists should be happy to hear that their guy managed to finish second . . . to the undecided vote, 37% to 35%. That figures: people don't even credit Bush for the power of his lack of conviction. Or something like that. Dukakis drew 17%, and only 11% thought Jackson was wimpiest.



Jackson, applying a lethal body slam to Pat Robertson, strikes terror in tag-team opponents North and Trump.

A J&B SCOTCH FACT

In a Bush vs. Dukakis race, Bush wins only one age group—voters 65 years old or older—but runs second best, the Republican Party will be pleased to know, among 25-to-34-year-olds, an age group whose members may or may not be as soulless, cynical and money-grubbing as their reputation.

Another J&B Scotch Running-Mate Question:

JACKSON IS A LADIES' MAN AT LEAST IN ONE SENSE

When we asked Democrats and Independents whether Dukakis, if he were nominated, should ask Jackson to be his running mate, opinion was fairly evenly split: 41% said yes and 40% said no. Men said no, however, by 47% to 37%, while women said yes 44% to 34%.

A J&B SCOTCH FACT

Party loyalty usually counts for plenty, but even among Republicans Bush scored embarrassingly high on the wimp meter. Republican pollees gave Dukakis the wimpiest-candidate title, but by a very slim margin—25% to 23%—over their own candidate, Bush.

A J&B SCOTCH FACT

The only region where Bush defeated Dukakis was the South, and by just 43% to 42%.

The J&B Scotch Morality Question:

HE SAYS HE RAN THE BOSTON MARATHON BUT DID ANYONE ACTUALLY SEE HIM DO IT?

When asked which of the three—Bush, Dukakis, Jackson—was “the most moral in his personal life,” almost half (48%) said they had no idea. Jackson and Bush each received a modest 19%, but Dukakis—quite obviously a shifty wild man with skeletons crowding his closets and a shady career rife with possible corruption and serious ethical questions that just won’t go away—received only 14%. Clean up your act, governor. Say you go to church or something.

The J&B Scotch Future Presidents Question:

WHAT DOES AMERICA FEEL AMERICA IS READY FOR?

Voters were asked whether they thought this country would have, in their lifetime, each of the following: a black president, a woman president, a Jewish president or a homosexual president. In case their answers prove prescient, Jesse Jackson should keep at it, Pat Schroeder might want to try again and New York’s Andy Stein should shop for a more presidential hairpiece. But Massachusetts congressman Gerry Studds might as well stop trying out the sound of “President Studds.” And maybe, come to think of it, change his name besides. The results:

- 70% thought it was likely there would be a black president in their lifetime, while 22% thought it unlikely. Whites were a little more positive than blacks on this question—71% vs. 68% saying yes. The 65-and-overs were understandably more doubtful, having less lifetime left, although 56% still felt they’d live to see a black president.
- 61% thought there would be a woman president, 32% thought not. As with blacks and whites, men were a little more positive than women here—64% vs. 58% saying yes. Among the 65-and-overs, 49% thought they’d live to see the day.
- 62% thought they’d someday see a Jewish president, 22% thought they wouldn’t. Once again, the discriminatees were less sanguine than their fellow citizens: Protestants and Catholics felt it was more likely than did “others,” a category that included Jewish respondents.
- 11% thought they’d live to see a homosexual president, while 81% thought it wouldn’t happen. The most positive views on the subject were expressed by some other “others”: among people who identified themselves as other than white, black or Hispanic, 23% thought there’d be a homosexual president in their lifetime. The notion was seen as more likely, too, in the Northeast and West—though still unlikely even in those regions.
- The likelihood of a black, woman or Jewish president in our lifetime was considered about the same across different political parties and ideologies. Not so regarding views on a future homosexual president, where 17% of liberals and only 6% of conservatives said yes.



A black as president? A woman? A Jew? Ladies and gentlemen, meet Michael "Zelig" Dukakis!

The J&B Scotch Personal Oblivion Question:

FOUR CASE STUDIES IN POLITICAL DEATH AND ITS RELATION TO ACTUAL DEATH

We mentioned the names of four people who had once been active in presidential politics, and asked whether they were (a) still alive or (b) no longer living. These are the responses:

- Spiro Agnew, more undead than actually living, proved puzzling to a sizable 42% of those questioned (17% thought he was dead, 25% weren't sure); 58% knew that the disgraced Agnew was still, technically, among us.
- Henry "Scoop" Jackson would surely thank the optimistic 10% who thought he was alive, if he only could: he died in 1983. More than half (54%) couldn't say for sure what Jackson's status was vis-à-vis earthly existence, and 37% got it right.
- Reactions to Eugene McCarthy's name, in this context, were divided almost equally: 32% thought he was alive, 36% dead, 31% didn't know. He's alive, a fact that will surprise some two-thirds of the population, it seems.
- It's easy to see why Harold Stassen, the perennial candidate, who is running again this year, has never gained the White House: 61% of the electorate has no idea—and this is problematic in a candidate—whether he is alive or dead. (The same could arguably be said, after certain speeches, of Dukakis or Bush, but their campaign organizations are better than Stassen's and seem able to compensate.) As for the rest—the portion that was sure—17% thought Stassen was alive, 23% dead.

Of the four, then, only Agnew was generally thought to be alive. Of the three presumed dead, two actually weren't, and one of those is still running for president.

A J&B SCOTCH FACT

More 18-to-24-year-olds think Spiro Agnew—who left office, after all, when these pups were still in grade school—is dead than alive (27% to 25%).

A J&B SCOTCH FACT

Astoundingly, 40% of 35-to-49-year-olds—remember the Youthquake? remember getting Clean for Gene?—think Eugene McCarthy, a healthy 72-year-old, has actually expired and joined the truly silent majority. Among 25-to-34-year-olds, who are also old enough to know better, McCarthy is also presumed dead (44% to 28%). Furthermore, no matter where the former senator may travel around the country, his presence is likely to shock a great many people—in every region, more people thought he was dead than alive.

The J&B Scotch Who's Frightening Question:

WHAT'S THE MATTER MR. AND MRS. ELECTORATE SURELY YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF A LITTLE IAMBIC PENTAMETER?

We asked voters which of the three candidates—Bush, Dukakis or Jackson—would be the most frightening as president. It's a testimony to Dukakis's resounding dullness that only 8% thought he would be the scariest president of the bunch. Bush, the former CIA director who subscribes to no beliefs of his own, most terrified 26%. Jackson, the minister who has never held public office and subscribes to too many beliefs of his own, was the winner of the Mr. Fear award, voted most frightening by 43% of the electorate.

And Still Another J&B Scotch Running-Mate Question:

MIKE & JESSE & GEORGE & BOB

What might happen with a Dukakis-Jackson ticket versus a Bush-Dole ticket (assuming the latter pair could be browbeaten into behaving courteously toward each other)? Split decision, essentially: 45% to 44%, advantage Democrats, with 11% waffling. Message to Dukakis: give Jackson anything he wants—except the vice-presidential nomination. A more detailed

breakdown demonstrates that this alignment of candidates neatly divides the nation into symmetric and opposing camps (suggesting some kind of astrological inevitability; but don't ask us, ask Nancy):

- The Republican ticket's chances improved with age—the age of those polled, that is. Among 18-to-24-year-olds, Dukakis-

Jackson would win, 52% to 38%. In the 65-or-older group, the situation would be reversed, with Bush-Dole winning by 51% to 35%.

- White voters chose the Republicans by 49% to 40%, just as they have in every election since 1964. Black voters were less divided, choosing Dukakis-Jackson by 83% to 5%.
- The Democrats took the

Northeast and Midwest, while the Republicans took the South and West.

- Men chose Bush-Dole 49% to 44%. Women chose Dukakis-Jackson 46% to 39%. Clearly, the American male voter has a secret proclivity toward monosyllabic names, while the American female voter continues to be attracted to ethnic men.

*A Documentary
Account of the
1988 Celebrity
Pro-Am Ironman
Nightlife Decathlon
Championship*

HARD DAY'S...

Writer

ANTHONY HADEN-GUEST,

1960s Champion



Journalist

CARL BERNSTEIN,

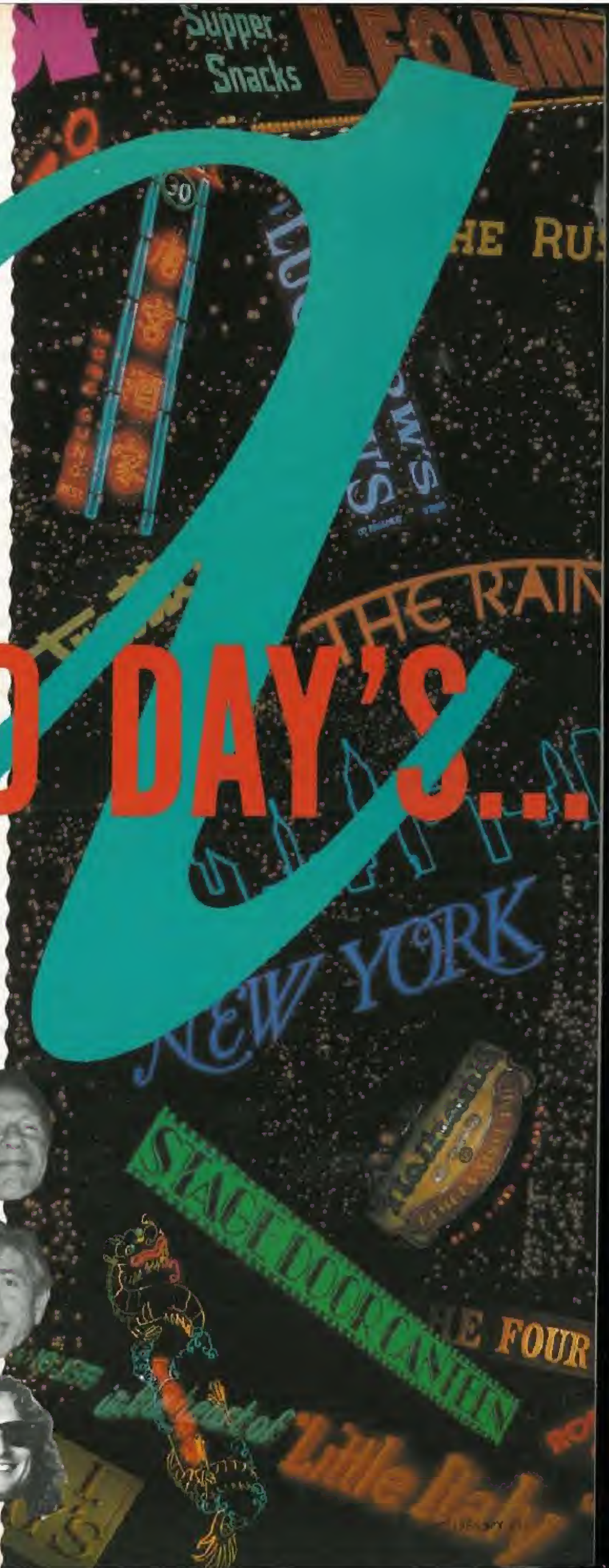
1970s Champion

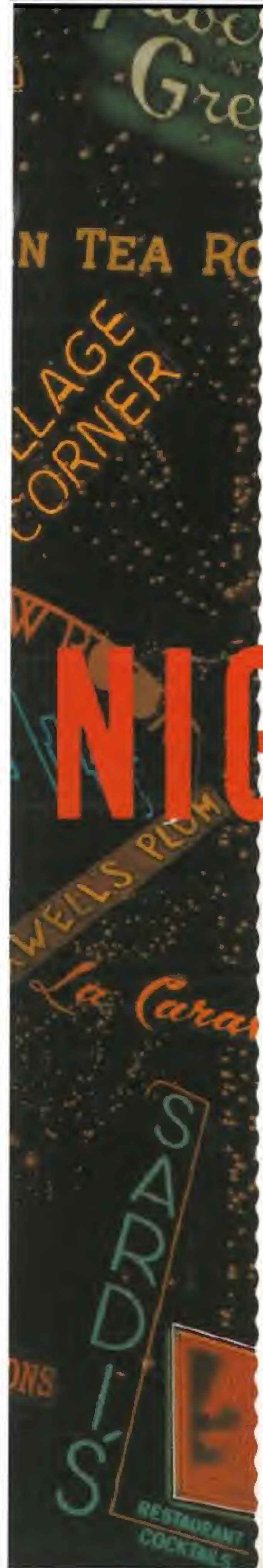


Editor

MORGAN ENTREKIN,

1980s Champion





For many of us, the glory days—a happy era of multiple-stop nights on the town, individual hangovers merging into one, periodic paternity suits, misplaced panty hose—seem positively Pleistocene: it's been a while. Indeed, in the decades-long Ironman competition to choose the hardest night crawler, that test of conversational dexterity, relentless drinking, sexual ruthlessness and the mysterious something that is perhaps best described as an imperviousness to appearing ridiculous in the eyes of sensible adults, we at SPY are—unashamedly—also-rans. Other souls, made of sterner stuff, have also been winnowed from the competition in the years since Studio 54 closed: where are Dianne Brill, Halston and Andy Warhol now?

A team of experts we impaneled in a booth at Nell's said—with near unanimity—that over the decades the city's standout Nightlife Achievers have been writer Anthony Haden-Guest (1960s champion), author Carl Bernstein (1970s champion) and editor Morgan Entrekin (1980s champion). At least, that's what we think they said. It was kind of hard to hear.

NIGHT

How can these three men behave as they do and still be as productive as they are? Entrekin, after all, has his own office; Haden-Guest writes for magazines every year without fail; and Bernstein has spent half a decade working on an entire book. Or is it precisely *because* they comport themselves with such abandon—experience fueling the creative flame—that they are so professionally impressive?

In any event, these are three *life forces* we're talking about. But only one person can be said to be the true nightlife champion, and we decided to find out who he is. We asked aspiring litterateurs and amateur gumshoes **JOHN BRODIE** and **BOB MACK** to follow in the three titans' footsteps for an evening so that we could judge the performances of Entrekin, Haden-Guest and Bernstein in ten categories (hours spent out, number of celebrities seen, number of drinks drunk, and so forth).

Thus, on randomly chosen evenings this spring—evenings no more nightlife-intensive than any others in the lives of these three men—each competitor was tracked, on foot and by Ford Tempo, from party to nightclub to private liaison, by this determined pair of SPY operatives who sought only knowledge and were willing to record the intimate details of perfect strangers' activities to attain it. To ensure a fair competition, the subjects were unaware, until now, that they were participants in the 1988 Celebrity Pro-Am Ironman Nightlife Decathlon Championship.

The results are before you. Who will win?

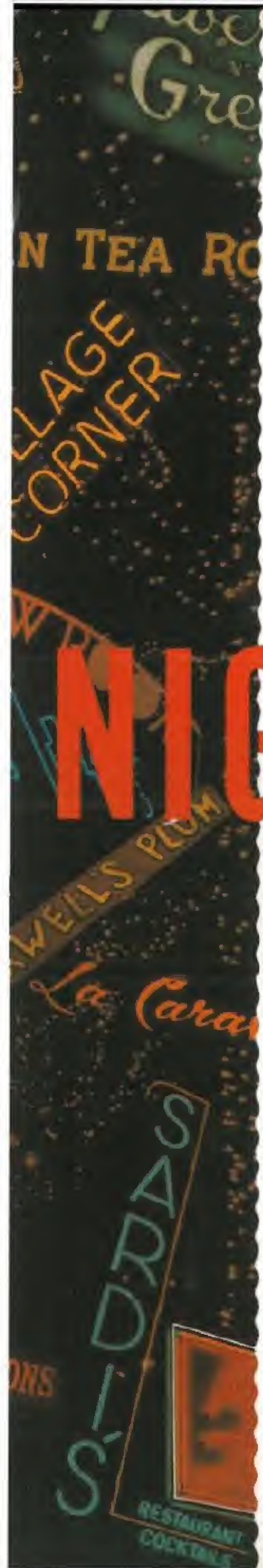
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ANTHONY HADEN-GUEST

What does Anthony Haden-Guest do? He chaffs, he sparkles, he talks British-charmingly about his upcoming book for Simon & Schuster and about articles he has written for *New York* and *Vanity Fair*, several of them within the last decade.



CARL BERNSTEIN

A man who has been played on film by both Dustin Hoffman (*All the President's Men*) and Jack Nicholson (*Hearburn*) might feel he had the right to take it easy. Not Carl Bernstein. He's out almost every night gathering material for *Disloyal*, the



MORGAN ENTREKIN

The courtly Nashvillian has his own publishing imprint at Atlantic Monthly Press. Though he is widely supposed to have been an inspiration for Jay McInerney's dissolute character Tad Allagash in *Bright Lights, Big City*, Entrekin insists, to anyone

Thursday, April 14, 1988



5:35 p.m.: We take up a position outside **HADEN-GUEST's** blue-and-white townhouse, on East 80th Street, somewhat daunted by what appears to be a security guard patrolling a nearby driveway. He turns out to be a parking-lot attendant. After 35 minutes, we determine that **HADEN-GUEST** must be elsewhere, perhaps already regaling his friends with the story of how earlier in the day he served as a superprestigious **honorary race official** at **The Manhattan Yacht Club's** 1988 Legend Cup race.



6:25 p.m.: Aware that **HADEN-GUEST** is expected at a reception at **Asprey**, the expensive British

long-awaited book on his parents and the McCarthy era—another manuscript, as it happens, commissioned by the patient house of Simon & Schuster. Bernstein spends most of his time interviewing people who've never met his parents, *but that's just the kind of admirably thorough reporter he is.*

Monday, April 18, 1988



6:58 p.m.: We park our **Ford Tempo** in front of **The Chrysler Building's** Lexington Avenue entrance and await the throng expected for **New York** magazine's twentieth-birthday party. The first guest to arrive—two minutes early, in a tuxedo, but without his wife, former top model **Ivana**—is self-

who will stop dancing long enough to listen, that he is one of the hardest-working book editors in New York.

Tuesday, March 29, 1988



5:30 p.m.: We arrive at 19 Union Square West, where **ENTREKIN** puts in very full days at **Atlantic Monthly Press**, and park across the street in our inconspicuous cherry-red **Ford Tempo**. It soon becomes clear that this must be one of those very rare days when **ENTREKIN** has left the office early.



6:30 p.m.: We proceed to the **Art Greenwich Theater**, at the corner of Greenwich Avenue and West 12th Street, the location of the star-studded

luggage-and-knickknack store in super-casteful **Trump Tower**, we pilot our **Ford Tempo** to 56th and Fifth and immediately spot legendary 52-inch-high *Esquire* editor **Lee Eisenberg**.



7:00 p.m.: **HADEN-GUEST** arrives in a dinner jacket and with his trademark cowlick tamed, escorting a **matron** whom he deposits along with his coat on a lower floor. While grazing on cheese sticks and champagne, he entertains a circle of lesser celebrities, including superfamous diver **Valerie Taylor**, with a stream of witty banter.



8:05 p.m.: **HADEN-GUEST** leaves **Asprey**, walks north on Fifth Avenue and catches a cab going east

effacing city benefactor **Donald Trump**.



7:15 p.m.: By now *Times* columnist **Abe Rosenthal** and his wife, **Shirley Lord**, recording executive **Ahmet Ertegün**, **Katharine Graham**, **Rupert Murdoch**, Senator **Daniel Patrick Moynihan**, **Jerzy Kosinski**, *Times* editor **Warren Hoge**, **Peter Maas**, **Brooke Astor**, and the ubiquitous **Suzy** have all walked through the revolving doors and smiled delightedly to see the inflatable 25-foot-high pink birthday cake topped off—hey, that's nutty!—with a ten-foot-tall teddy bear.



7:52 p.m.: **CARL BERNSTEIN**, looking dapper in a blue suit and white raincoat that complement his luxuriant gray hair, arrives by **cab** at

New York premiere of *Bright Lights, Big City*, which **ENTREKIN** is sure to attend.



6:35 p.m.: Seminal artist **Keith Haring** arrives at the theater in a mock letterman jacket with a **female companion**. Hard on their heels are humorist **P. J. O'Rourke**, wearing a pink bow tie and new boating moccasins, and an eclectic array of Hollywood stars: **William Hickey**, **Griffin Dunne**, **Jennifer Beals**, **Lauren Hutton** and **Jodie Foster**. Modest, hardworking journalists **George Plimpton**, **Clay Felker**, **Bob Colacello** and **Gloria Steinem** sweep in, followed by **Carl Bernstein**, who entertains the paparazzi by bellowing, "Don't touch my hair!" when **Ms. Hutton** and her **female companion** try to ruffle his preternaturally stiff **coiffure**.



Haden-Guest demonstrates the latest rhinoplastic techniques at Asprey.

on 57th Street, heading for an exclusive dinner party at real estate middlewoman Alice Mason's.

HADEN-GUEST makes it to Mason's building, at 150 East 72nd Street, before we have time to set up for a photo. We do, however, catch a glimpse of former novelist and Alice Mason regular **Norman Mailer** and his wife, painter **Norris Church Mailer**. Norman hastens into the party, doubtless eager to advise Anthony on refining the narrative schema of his book-in-progress on drug runners in Lebanon (which includes an account of his own kidnapping).



8:30 p.m.: In the next half hour a cavalcade of aging publishing and show business figures cross Alice Mason's entryway, including taut-skinned *New York Observer* impresario **Arthur Carter**, **Helen Gurley Brown** and **David Brown**, **Norman Podhoretz**, and **Aileen**

"**Suzy**" **Mehle**, doing more of the footwork for which she has become legend. **HADEN-GUEST's** publisher, Simon & Schuster chairman **Dick Snyder**, puts in an appearance and alarms our subject by inquiring when Simon & Schuster can expect his fashionably late book. **HADEN-GUEST**, evidently not recognizing Snyder, ripostes, "And what business is it of yours?"



11:00 p.m.: We prepare for the end of the fete, as it is **Ms. Mason's** practice to expel her fellow social climbers sharply at 11:00 p.m.



11:45 p.m.: Trailing the pack of departing guests, **HADEN-GUEST** says his goodbyes with undisguised glee; his night has just begun.



Bernstein soaks eagerly into The Chrysler Building. No one notices.

last. **BERNSTEIN** enters the party with a light, expectant step, apparently unaware that many of the distinguished guests have long since descended from **The Cloud Club** on the 66th floor and departed in their limousines. Once upstairs, among those **BERNSTEIN** fascinates are **Marilyn Bethany**, **Clay Felker** and **Joe Klein**. **BERNSTEIN** mentions the lecture series on the press that he gives each summer aboard the *Queen Elizabeth 2* and concludes weightily, "I'm tired of the **Hamptons**." *The New York Times* will report the following day that "Carl Bernstein talked to anyone."



8:52 p.m.: Back downstairs we encounter *New York* cover boy **Jimmy Breslin**, who is at curbside awaiting the arrival of his wife. He tells us



7:00 p.m.: The great conflict of the evening begins when **Jay McInerney** arrives not with his steady date—walking docudrama **Marla Hanson**—but with **Tracy Pollan**, who plays **Michael J. Fox's** love interest both on and off the screen. **Hanson**, who arrives alone, attempts to slip into the theater unnoticed but is ushered back before the flashbulbs by tactful publicist **Peggy Siegal**. Once inside, **Hanson** joins **ENTREKIN's** buddy/co-worker **Gary Fisketjon**, who has just had a riveting conversation with generational spokesman **Bret Easton Ellis**.

Palladium operator **Steve Rubell** shows up with another hardworking journalist, **Claudia Cohen**. While **Rubell** runs across the street to fetch **Claudia** a slice of pizza, she generously allows the paparazzi ten

minutes to photograph her svelte body (vividly wrapped in a magenta topcoat) and her curiously beautiful face (vividly burnished with orange lipstick).



7:15 p.m.: **MORGAN ENTREKIN** arrives at last, very fashionably late, accompanied by a squadron of **three blonds** with whom he has perhaps been discussing the textual problems posed by their tag-team translation of **ENTREKIN's** entire line of books into Swedish.



9:35 p.m.: So that traffic won't be clogged by a caravan of stretch limousines, **Peggy Siegal** has thoughtfully hired a superglamorous bus to ferry the celebrities to the trendy **Canal Bar** for dinner following the premiere. An

entourage consisting of **Jay McInerney**, **Gary Fisketjon**, **P. J. O'Rourke** and the sulky **Marla** elects to travel by limousine instead. **ENTREKIN** decides not to join **Jay** and **Gary** in reconstituting what **Jay** has rightly called "a galaxy of our own" but rather to escort one of his presumed translators to a taxi before reentering the theater and emerging with another young blond woman, undoubtedly an **author**. **ENTREKIN**, his budding novelist and **Carl Bernstein** then take the bus and, we may assume, trade wry **aperçus** into man's existential plights, which are, unfortunately, lost to history.



9:50 p.m.: The bus arrives safely at **Canal Bar**, and we watch transfixed as record producer **Jellybean Benitez** bellies up to the bar

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Haden-Guest, man of a thousand faces, leaves Alice Mason's disguised as the Phantom of the Opera.



11:50 p.m.: After walking a block east down 72nd Street, **HADEN-GUEST** takes a cab up Third Avenue and turns right on 88th Street.



12:05 a.m.: We press our noses up against the glass of **Elaine's** and stare into the fabled grotto. Apparently still a bit fatigued from the previous night's wrestling match that caused his expulsion from **Au Bar**, an ersatz Nell's that opened in January, **HADEN-GUEST** wants nothing more than to share a quiet drink with a few sophisticated colleagues.

We enter the eatery and sit at the bar, where we can observe the room's thrilling complement of writers, including top editor **G. Barry (Playboy) Golson**, top vocalist

John Henry Kurtz and top story editor **Peter (Equalizer) McCabe**. A charming lady in a Nerf-ball orange minidress turns to us and inquires, approximately, "Where do you gentlemen hail from?" When we respond "California" and "Manhattan," she falls into a companionable silence. **HADEN-GUEST** settles into the seat reserved for him at top scriptwriter **David (Miami Vice) Black's** regular Thursday-night table.



1:05 a.m.: The gentlemanly **HADEN-GUEST** makes a practice of standing whenever anyone gets up from the table. But in the confines of **Elaine's** he feels he can relax his renowned manners a bit, and he removes his dinner jacket to expose a burgundy-colored vest and a supersexy formfitting undershirt.



10:06 p.m.: **Felker** and friends bid adieu to **BERNSTEIN**, who walks downtown half a block and makes a phone call from the southwest corner of 42nd and Lexington. He then takes a cab to his brownstone apartment, on 62nd Street between Second and Third Avenues.



10:20 p.m.: **BERNSTEIN** leaves his brownstone, walks east to Second Avenue, turns right and ducks into a convenience store to pick up a **New York Times** before hailing a taxi.

In the cab he puts on his reading glasses and immerses himself in the paper's **Metro-politan News** section as he courses all the way downtown to **Canal Bar**. The story on the party—the story that mentions **BERN-**



11:40 p.m.: Glamorous couple **Claudia Cohen** and **Steve Rubell** depart in her Jaguar. Superglamorous couple **Gloria Steinem** and **Mort Zuckerman** follow in a limousine. **Clay Felker** begins to look for his topcoat and fashionable loden-green hunter's hat.



11:50 p.m.: After searching at least three limos, **Felker** finds his coat and hat.



12:50 a.m.: **Gary Fisketjon** departs for home, but **Carl Bernstein**, **Jay**, **Marla**, **P.J.** and **ENTREKIN** pile into Jay's limousine. We prepare for a chase; having spotted our photographer, **Fisketjon** has apparently told **ENTREKIN** that he is being followed.

that some of the men at the party "like to wear dresses" but declines to be specific. Party animal **Rudolph Giuliani** limbos into the party, where he is greeted with loud cries of "Ru-dee! Ru-dee!" Freelance racist **Edward Koch** shows up with a very understated siren on his limousine and a super-subtle entourage of bodyguards.



9:30 p.m.: After never-say-die boulevardiers such as **Barry Diller** and his female date **Lally Weymouth**, **Joni Evans**, **Andy Stein**, and **Cindy and Joey Adams** leave, we wonder if **BERNSTEIN** might also have departed, but a check with the security guard confirms that there is only one exit. When we ask a jovial departing guest about **BERNSTEIN's** whereabouts, he replies, "If he's still up

there, then he's behind the bar... There's hardly anyone left."



10:04 p.m.: Our patience is rewarded when **BERNSTEIN** finally emerges with several women and wunderkind **Clay Felker**, who is outfitted in a loden-green hunter's hat.

When one of the women asks **BERNSTEIN** what his plans are for the evening, he says airily, "I'm going home." The statement hangs in the air, and he feels compelled to add, "Well, at least long enough to drop off this damn thing," gesturing toward his complimentary gift bag. The bag contains a super-useful **Plexiglas paper-weight-cum-envelope holder** and a super-thoughtful boxed set of all four **New York magazine special anniversary issues**.

alongside **Tama Janowitz** and helps himself to an assortment of pizzas, cheesecakes and raspberry tarts.



10:30 p.m.: We take up a position outside the restaurant's kitchen door on Spring Street—**ENTREKIN** has been known to leave restaurants through the back to facilitate a speedy return to the office. But on this night, he is apparently working too hard to attempt such a Beatlesque prank.



11:00 p.m.: **Bret Easton Ellis**, tired from bearing the weight of wisdom beyond his years, retires to a cab with his date. **George Plimpton**, arm in arm with a young blond, strolls toward the romantic **Hudson River**.



Entekin gets off the bus. Which way to Caesars Palace?

1:15 a.m.: **HADEN-GUEST** is not above a little roguish horseplay, and he and his fellows are soon engaged in witty speculation about the color of the **orange-minidress-wearing woman's underwear**. **Peter McCabe** takes it upon himself to solicit a definitive answer from the object of their guesswork. Charmed, she answers, "Fuck you!"

1:20 a.m.: The check arrives at the table and is mistakenly placed before **HADEN-GUEST**, who suddenly appears stricken with a touch of the grippe, or another **writer's affliction**—his face goes white and sweat forms on his brow. He returns to normal when vocalist **John Henry Kurtz** picks up the check.

1:30 a.m.: A number of his companions leave, and **HADEN-GUEST** decides to augment his entourage and atone for **McCabe's** impropriety by apologizing to the **orange-minidress-wearing woman**. He explains that the shenanigans were prompted by "frank admiration," not mockery, and urges the woman, who reveals that her name is **Judy**, to join him. She does.

1:50 a.m.: **HADEN-GUEST** demonstrates the impressive range of his social skills by alternately praising **Judy's** home state and mocking her thick New Jersey patois. When she asks, "Do any of youse wanna go to the **China Club**?" he wittily replies, "No, weese don't wanna go to the fuckin' **China Club**."

2:00 a.m.: Owner **Eloine Kaufman** herself comes over to **HADEN-GUEST's** table and joins the group in a few drinks. Filled with the Dutch courage necessary for the task at hand, **Eloine** asks **HADEN-GUEST** to settle his back tab. He produces **Chemical Bank** stationery and signs it as the piano player plays "Big Spender."

2:45 a.m.: We send **HADEN-GUEST** a **Scotch and water**, which he acknowledges by lifting his glass. After downing his drink, **HADEN-GUEST** comes over and introduces himself; we tell him that we're enormous fans of his work, and he invites us to his table. Once seated, he allows us to buy him a **groppo**—his traditional nightcap.

STEIN's name—won't appear until the next day's morning edition.

10:46 p.m.: **BERNSTEIN** enters **Canal Bar** and settles in at a table with a few friends, including designer **Carolina Herrera** and perennial-escort-of-other-men's-wives **Steve Rubell**. We order a couple of **Bass Ales** at the bar and watch **BERNSTEIN** placidly chew.

Midnight: While **BERNSTEIN** sips a last glass of what appears to be wine—forgoing his usual **Moussy**—**Rubell, Herrera** and their friends move on.

We finish our beers and head to the car to await **BERNSTEIN**. But he shows no signs of leaving, though he does make

three **phone calls**, using not the ordinary pay phone by the kitchen but the ultra-exclusive **house phone** on the maitre d's podium.

12:25 a.m.: **BERNSTEIN** meets a blond **source** and a redheaded **journalism student** at the bar and invites them both back to his booth, where he shares his journalistic **credo** with them. Then, as they watch with shining eyes, **BERNSTEIN** sturdily heads back out into the field to do more reporting.

12:30 a.m.: **BERNSTEIN** walks east on Spring to Hudson Street, where he catches a cab that takes him up to 23rd Street. The cab turns right and stops in front of the **Zig Zag** bar, at

206 West 23rd Street. The instant we park, an ultraglamorous **sanitation truck** obscures our view of **BERNSTEIN**. By the time it moves, he has vanished.

We check **Zig Zag**, upstairs, downstairs, even the bathroom. No **BERNSTEIN**. Nobody at all, in fact. We get back in the car, figuring that he ditched us and made tracks for **M.K.** **BERNSTEIN** chooses that precise moment to come out of the apartment building at **208 West 23rd Street**, just one door down, escorting a brunet, female **source**.

1:15 a.m.: **BERNSTEIN** begins to interview his **source** at **Zig Zag's** bar (*You're sure you've never met my parents?*), and we try to snap a few photos through the bar's windowed facade.

Jay's forthcoming romans à clef, he says earnestly, "I know, I'm sorry... I know, I'm sorry." She replies earnestly, "Yes, but you didn't have to make me look like a fool." They embrace.

2:30 a.m.: **ENTREKIN** holds court with **O'Rourke, Bernstein** and three blond **author-translators** in the club's dining area, transforming it into a modern-day **Algonquin Round Table**.

An **M.K.** employee insists that our paparazzo either check her camera or leave. We leave.

2:40 a.m.: From our position outside the club we see **Bernstein** depart with **Lauren Hutton**. Apparently eager to continue his relentless quest

1:05 a.m.: **McInerney's** car speeds up Sixth Avenue through **Greenwich Village**. We pull up alongside, and **ENTREKIN** displays for us his supersophisticated, editing-weary **middle finger**. We fall back and have to run a **red light** to catch up with the limo, which has turned on 26th Street and soon turns again onto Fifth Avenue. It pulls up in front of **M.K.**,



the extraordinarily trendy restaurant and nightclub at 25th and Fifth. The "wrecking crew," as this group may well call itself, is soon waved inside.

1:30 a.m.: Inside, **ENTREKIN** sequesters himself at a second-floor table—his office away from the office. He speaks at length with his author **O'Rourke**, undoubtedly offering acute editorial suggestions about the latter's forthcoming collection of travel essays.

The evening's drama, meanwhile, reaches its climax. Having finally corralled **Jay McInerney** in an intimate setting on the stairway between **M.K.'s** first and second floors, **Marla Hanson** complains about his fickle behavior. In dialogue that will, we hope, be immortalized in one of

Men at Work

ANTHONY HADEN-GUEST

- 1 **Asprey**
Arrived 7:00 p.m.,
departed 8:05
- 2 **Alice Mason's home**
Arrived 8:15 p.m.,
departed 11:45
- 3 **Elaine's**
Arrived 12:05 a.m.,
departed 3:45
- 4 **Haden-Guest's home**
Arrived 3:55 a.m.

CARL BERNSTEIN

- 1 **Chrysler Building**
Arrived 7:52 p.m.,
departed 10:04
- 2 **Bernstein's home**
Arrived 10:07 p.m.,
departed 10:20
- 3 **Canal Bar**
Arrived 10:46 p.m.,
departed 12:30 a.m.
- 4 **Zig Zag**
Arrived 12:45 a.m.,
departed 1:30
- 5 **Source's apartment**
Arrived 1:32 a.m.

MORGAN ENTREKIN

- 1 **Art Greenwich Theater**
Arrived 7:15 p.m.,
departed 9:35
- 2 **Canal Bar**
Arrived 9:50 p.m.,
departed 12:50 a.m.
- 3 **M.K.**
Arrived 1:30 a.m.,
departed 3:40
- 4 **Nell's**
Arrived 3:50 a.m.,
departed 4:23
- 5 **Abingdon Square**
Arrived 4:35 a.m.,
departed, on
the run, 4:35 (see detail)
- 6 **Entrekin's home**
Arrived 4:36 a.m.





3:00 a.m.: He reintroduces us to **Judy**, who has begun to make noises about leaving immediately for the **China Club**, and to a **female editor** from **Fawcett Books**, who seems enamored of him. She notes thoughtfully that Anthony is "the basis for **Peter Fallow**—you know, from **The Bonfire of the Vanities**," and instructs us to "watch him try to get out of paying the bill."

When we tell **HADEN-GUEST** that "we are writers," he expresses sincere concern about how we can afford to live and allows us to buy him another round. He speaks nostalgically of having once read poetry as an opening act for **Jethro Tull**, then imparts two bits of timeless wisdom: "Go to **The World**" and "Listen to the new **Pet Shop Boys** album." Hearing "Chain of Fools" on

the jukebox, **HADEN-GUEST**, 51, gets up and dances with his chair, wiggling his hips in very mod fashion.



3:30 a.m.: The reverie is broken when a member of **HADEN-GUEST**'s circle whom we mistakenly assumed had left, another super-famous **writer**, appears out of the shadows and asks him, "Is that a clip-on bow tie?" In a stunning display of grace under pressure, **HADEN-GUEST** elegantly unties his authentic bow.

This triumph seems to demand celebration, and **HADEN-GUEST**, who has a gift for turning everywhere he goes into a fun-loving discotheque, convinces **Judy** to dance cheek to cheek with him as the pianist sings "Sugar pie, honey bunch..."



3:45 a.m.: As the lights blink to signal the last call **HADEN-GUEST** decides that "it must be time to either leave or get romantic." **Judy** is still set on going to the **China Club**, so Anthony waves goodbye to her and draws the **female editor** close.

We diffidently offer them a ride home, which **HADEN-GUEST** accepts with surprising eagerness. As our cramped **Ford Tempo** coasts west on 83rd Street he regales us with anecdotes about the days when he hung out with **Eric Clapton** and **Charlie Watts**. When we reach his townhouse, he asks us up for a glass of wine, but from the arch of his eyebrow we understand that the offer is perfunctory and that this is one drink he and the **female editor** would prefer to have alone.

But this tips off the **bartender**, who tips off **BERNSTEIN**.



1:30 a.m.: His reportorial instincts aroused, **BERNSTEIN** finishes his drink and escorts his contact outside, pausing to glare at our by now all-too-familiar cherry-red **Ford Tempo**.

They walk down the street to the **Aristocratic Deli** and buy a pack of **Marlboro Lights**. They then retire to the **source's** apartment building to resume the interview.



2:15 a.m.: After 45 minutes of uneventful waiting, we realize that **BERNSTEIN** has decided a quiet domestic evening would be a welcome respite from his hectic superjournalist life.



Bernstein and his female source outside Zig Zag. Notice the thrillingly unfocused vérité quality of the photograph.

tioning for a possible profile of one of America's former top models, America's top journalist attempts to slip into her cab. She prevents this by slamming the door. He hails his own cab.



2:45 a.m.: Because **M.K.** is in a five-story building with large windows on its facade, we are afforded a rare glimpse from the sidewalk of the ultraprofessional **ENTREKIN** hard at work on the mezzanine.

He finds another talented potential **author** and, after only a few moments of what appears to be **contract negotiation**, attempts to whisper some editorial direction into her mouth. "Speak to my agent," she apparently suggests as she shoves him away.



3:40 a.m.: **ENTREKIN** leaves **M.K.** with two more congenial potential **female authors**, one blond and one brunet. We follow **ENTREKIN**'s cab down Seventh Avenue to 14th Street.



3:50 a.m.: **ENTREKIN** strides into yet another office away from the office, **Nell's**, which—although the velvet ropes have been taken in for the evening—is always open to hardworking editors. **ENTREKIN** is accustomed to these 18-hour workdays, but we have to gulp coffee to stay awake as we watch the ultraglamorous **sanitation trucks** pass by.

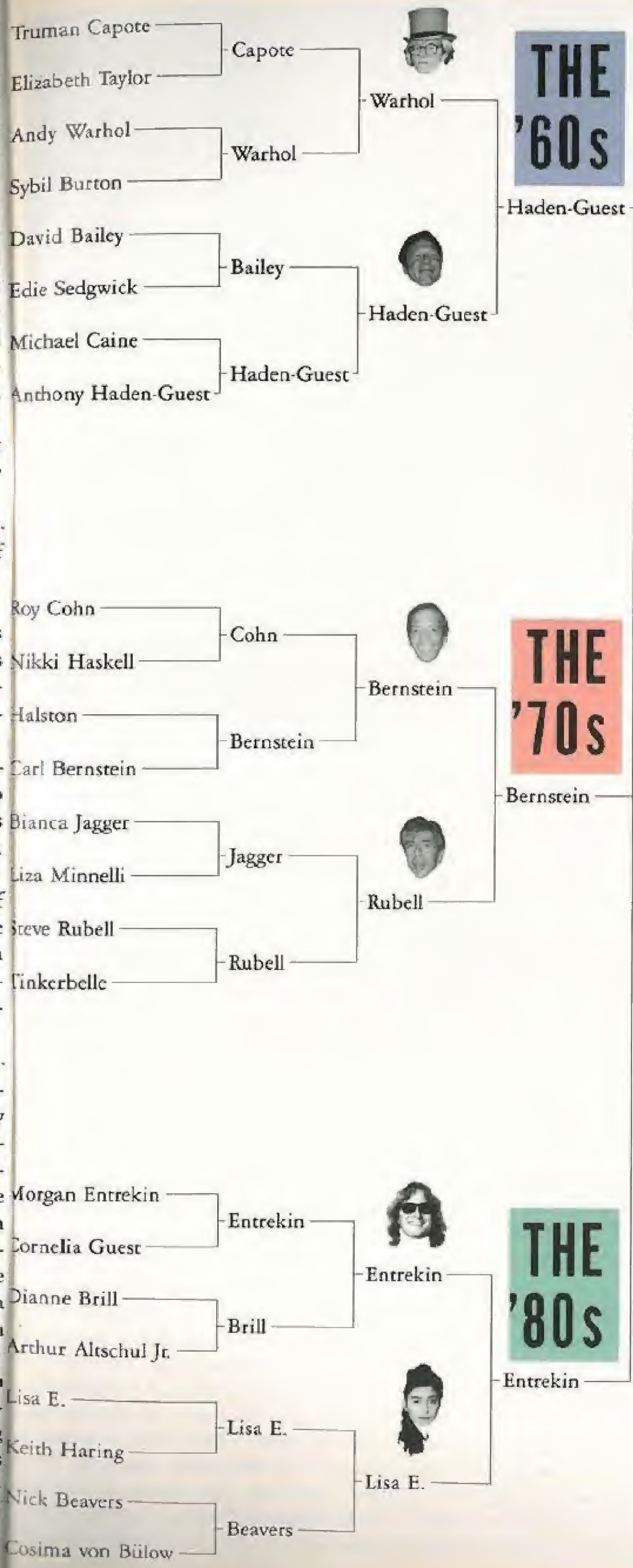


4:23 a.m.: **ENTREKIN** leaves **Nell's** and escorts his **blond** author to a cab before hailing another for

himself and the **brunet**, who apparently requires further editorial guidance. They head west on 14th Street, and it soon becomes apparent that the street-smart **ENTREKIN** knows he is being followed. He directs the cabdriver to stop at a green light. We stop behind his cab in the far right lane. When the light turns red, the cab bolts into the intersection and makes a dangerous left turn south onto Hudson Street. We follow, even more dangerously.

The cab abruptly halts at **Abingdon Square**, and **ENTREKIN** gets out and saunters down Bethune Street before beginning a mad sprint down Greenwich toward his house, a block and a half away. The early morning sunrise seems to reflect faintly on his yellow socks as he races into the distance and disappears for good.

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THE SCORECARD

Numbers represent points earned unless otherwise noted.

	Morgan Entrekin	Anthony Haden- Guest	Carl Bernstein
Hours logged	9.5 (47.5 points)	8.75 (43.75 points)	6 (30 points)
Venues visited	4 (40 points)	3 (30 points)	3 (30 points)
Number of A-list celebrities seen with	17	12	25
Number of anonymous women seen with	5 (25 points)	5 (25 points)	1 (5 points)
Number of women seen with at end of night	0	1 (10 points)	1 (10 points)
Estimated cost of evening	\$65 (5 points)	\$10 (60 points)	\$36 (34 points)
Blocks traveled	73	48	134
Drinks ostentatiously consumed	6 (30 points)	7 (35 points)	3 (15 points)
Desperate phone calls made	0	0	5
Outstanding achievement	4:30 a.m. jog (50 points)	Danced with his own chair (40 points)	Read in cab without getting carsick (10 points)
Total points	287.50	303.75	298.00

The winner is the old pro, Anthony Haden-Guest, whose glorious thirst and steadfast disinclination to pay for any services put him over the top. But the important thing to remember is that there are no losers here, unless, of course, by *loser* you mean people who didn't win. (Special jeunesse dorée kudos, in passing, to Clay Felker, Aileen "Suzy" Mehle and Steve Rubell, each of whom turned up on two of our three competition evenings.)

In Haden-Guest's honor, for the past few days all the SPY staff has been dreaming of is loosening our bow ties, dancing to Motown records and signing vaguely worded book contracts with Simon & Schuster. This has hampered productivity somewhat, but who cares? Drinks all around! ☺

Review of Reviewers

The Industry

Politics

How to Be a Grown-up

The Street

The Webs

Fashion



"We" Are Not AMUSED



BY IGNATZ RATZWIKIŹSKI

FOR A LONG TIME I HAD FELT THAT something was missing from *The Village Voice*. Now that Richard Goldstein has inaugurated his monthly Sex: The Column, I know what it was: a tubby, balding, middle-aged man reviewing his ejaculations.

REVIEW OF REVIEWERS

"When I come," Goldstein began his first column, "I want to feel as safe as I was in my favorite snapshot: the four-year-old in his father's sailor hat." His recent emissions have left him feeling instead like "the four-year-old who's just seen *Bambi* and realizes that a forest fire can

take his mommy away." The culprit is some AIDS, which has obliterated "fuckrushi" Hold on a and put a premium on the "safe" Russell, who is fuck-buddy."

Goldstein certainly knows a lot of writing techniques: "We're being shoved down about the first like feral jack-in-the-boxes, back to a section for the pond puberty scored to old Roy Orbison mental substitute tunes.... George took me to the pornoing "our" feeling because he liked to get a blow job in a cheap neutral third pter seat, while up on the silver screen it was of the United fun with dick in Jane.... A four-year-old in *Fair's* Stephen a sailor hat is crying inside us: only if this simple a connect."

This column bears watching.

Already watching closely, no doubt, is David Edelstein, my predecessor Michael Bennett's favorite boytoy, whose *Voice* turn Goldstein seems to have taken over. Edelstein is still heroically plugging away though, with his smart but occasionally overzealous criticism. In his review of *Beetlejuice*, Edelstein speaks of director Tim Burton's "comin'-at-ya, jack-in-the-box sense of humor. That's two jack-in-the-boxes in a single issue. Watch it, *Village*! (And you, too, *New Yorker*. In Pauline Kael's review of *Beetlejuice*, published two weeks later in *The New Yorker*, she said

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RODRIGO SHOPIS

viewers "may have to be prepared to jump back into a jack-in-the-box universe.")

Edelstein, at least, has the virtue of seldom resorting to the reviewer's *we*. We don't know why we don't like the first-person plural; perhaps we don't like being forced by a pronoun into seeming agreement with David Denby (who, for the record, compared *Beetlejuice* to a "pop-up book"). "Since we see [the characters] as blind and slightly arrogant, we anticipate, in our more malicious moments, the tables' being turned on them," Denby writes in *New York* about *Babette's Feast*. "In fact, the tables are turned on us."

"We watch; we believe," writes John J. O'Connor, one of the *Times's* many *W*omen. "We probably knew that already," writes O'Connor's neocon doppelgänger, John Corry. And here's John Russell, the man with the biggest, most complicated brain in the Arts & Leisure section: "We have missed [Jane Freilicher's] panoramic landscapes of the South Fork of Long Island, and we have also missed the awkward-seeming but in reality most carefully composed views of New York from a high window. This visitor had even missed the very dead fish on a plate that often recur in Ms. Freilicher's paintings of hearth and culprit is some."

Hold on a minute. If "this visitor" is he "safe" Russell, who is "we"? Is "we" supposed to be us? Some of the confusion arises, no doubt, from the *Times's* prissy squeamishness about the first-person singular. One solution to a section for the puzzled reader is to make a mental substitution for each *we*, attributing "our" feelings and opinions to some neutral third person, such as the president of the United States. Here's how *Vanity Fair's* Stephen "We-We" Schiff would sound: "If this simple alteration were made: '[David Mamet's] best plays start... in the middle of a world, a conversation, a language doubt, iPresident Reagan doesn't instantly understand. Mamet refuses to translate. Instead Voice turns the commander in chief languish at ver. Edelstein, he shoves the leader of the free world away right into the action.'"

Gregory Jaynes, who has replaced William "the Next Garrison Keillor" Geist on page B1 of the *Times*, has another solution. Feeling, perhaps, that the first and third persons have been used up, Jaynes—who recently returned to the *Times* after a prose-enriching stint at *Time*—has been dabbling with the second: "So another ordinary Tuesday dawns and you rise, knock

the dust off your grinders and mosey out to poke around.... You filch an apple, stick it in your pocket, and wander south, thinking it's not even noon yet. Pretty interesting so far, for a Tuesday." The *Times* hasn't run descriptions this descriptive since it shut down John Leonard's Private Lives column.

Another exuberant stylist is *GQ's* Mordecai Richler, said to be the funniest living Canadian. Richler's review of Donald Trump's *Trump: The Art of the Deal* is called "A Day in the Life of Ronald Crump." Richler sustains this wicked premise for more than 1,000 words: "I waken in our unfinished apartment in Crump Tower and this morning decide to walk briskly rather than ride to the kitchen for breakfast.... Dorothy [my executive assistant] brings me a batch of letters to initial. 'Hold your horses,' she says, 'you'd better sign this one in full. It's a love letter to your wife.'..."

Maybe *GQ* can patch things up with Trump by inviting him to write his own, less satiric review of *The Art of the Deal*. Come to think of it, why not let all authors review their own books? Who could possibly be better equipped to review a book than the person who wrote it? The author knows exactly what the author had in mind; the author knows how hard the author worked to pull it off; the author knows where all the jokes are.

All things considered, it must be disappointing for an author to open a newspaper or magazine and find that his book has been reviewed not by a sympathetic expert—such as himself—but by a nasty stranger. This may explain David Levering Lewis's recent letter to the *New York Times* Book Review. "Readers will decide for themselves whether William Boyd's review of my book *The Race to Fashoda* is accurate in its findings of 'potted' history, 'polemical thrust' and strenuous interpretation. And he does have several nice things to say about the book. Nevertheless, I think a protest is in order when the reviewer turns in a piece as uninformed, unenlightened and illogical as Mr. Boyd's."

These are just the first few sentences of Levering Lewis's letter to the *Times*, but they contain all the important elements of the classic revisionist self-review: (1) a bitter, whining tone; (2) a nervous reminder to the reader that the original stranger-reviewer, though stupid, blind and untrustworthy, didn't hate every page; and (3) a lengthy, unflattering, polysyllabic, Latinate

description of the stranger-reviewer.

Whiny writers aren't the only people who feel an urge to review themselves. Whiny rock stars do, too. Taking a cue from my predecessor, Michèle, John Rockwell of the *Times* reports that Sting—the next T. S. Eliot—has continued to complain in print about nasty reviews of his enervating performances. Sting asks his critics, in effect, "Could you do better?" Rockwell responds, "If most people dislike you, and dislike the same things about you, then you'd better take the consensus seriously or develop a thick skin." Readers are invited to submit what they dislike about Rockwell.

Gore Vidal is a veteran self-reviewer. In the Letters column of a recent *New York Review of Books* he reconsiders *Lincoln*, the fourth in his long series of tedious novels. "For forty years," Vidal begins tediously, "*The New York Times* has, from time to time, put its collective 'mind' to work in trying to find ways of coping with my disturbing presence on the American scene." The Disturbing Presence continues in this vein ("If [the stranger-reviewer] had actually read the whole book, he would have been able to follow...") for several big, big pages.

No one, except Vidal, likes Vidal's novels, but even this visitor has to admit that many of Vidal's early essays (which are, eerily, as popular in England as Jerry Lewis's movies are in France) are very good. But his recent pieces, even the ones published outside the self-review column of the *New York Review*, rework the same handful of tired themes. Can there possibly be anyone left on the American scene who doesn't know that Vidal wrote all the good parts of *Ben Hur*, had a grandfather who was a senator and has been to several parties also attended by Kennedys?

Alan Alda, the wimpy auteur, recently tried his hand at self-reviewing. Reassessing his wimpy new film, *A New Life*, Alda sent a letter to the *Times* taking issue with an essay by Janet Maslin called "Wimps Sweeten the Screen," in which he had figured prominently. "[Maslin's] charges of wimpism seem as vague and capricious as Joe McCarthy's cries of Communism," according to Alda. "What bothers me is not Janet Maslin's personal perversity or her phobic resistance to growing older and maturing, but that *The New York Times* seems to think there are more like her out there in significant numbers."

What a wimp! ☹

MOVE,

He Said



BY CELIA BRADY

IF YOU CAN MAKE IT HERE: WE'D like to be the first to welcome Mike "the Manipulator" Ovitz and his Creative Artists Agency to New York. For years CAA has debated opening a Manhattan branch office in the capital of the literary and theatrical worlds. The purchase, for \$1.16 million, of apartment 66A, a six-room, 2,100-square-foot condominium (condominium? Very classy) in the very CAA-like Metropolitan Tower, right next door to The Russian Tea Room, was the first indication that the dream may finally become a reality. Ovitz and pint-size skirt-chaser Ron Meyer have been quietly stealing into the city to set things up. Which should come as a surprise to New York literary agencies with whom CAA has corepresentation agenting deals, such as Elaine Markson, who, for instance, represents William Kotzwinkle (*E.T.*) for books and used to split commissions on his fees for films fifty-fifty with CAA. For more information about CAA's new books-to-movies plans, call the agency's new New York number, 586-1206. Ask for Mike.

The Myth of Hughes: As has been reported in the trades, the egregiously prolific writer-director-producer John Hughes left Paramount to write, direct and produce at Universal. Hey, wait a minute: if Hughes was such a successful writer-director-producer, why did Paramount let him go? Wasn't Paramount president Ned "I'm Quitting" Tanen the producer of Hughes's very successful *The Breakfast Club* (when both were at Universal) and therefore a major Hughes supporter? Wasn't Hughes's major gripe with Paramount the existence of the ferocious-looking Dawn Steel, who has since left for Columbia?

The reason for Hughes's move, put quite simply, is that his most recent films have

lost money at the box office. *Planes, Trains and Automobiles* went way over budget, costing almost \$28 million before prints and advertising. It grossed \$48 million at the box office. (As a rule, not counting video sales, a picture must earn three times its "negative cost" before it breaks even. This cost does not include prints and advertising—it refers literally to the price of the negative, meaning the cost of putting the movie on film.) Nearly as disappointing were Hughes's *Some Kind of Wonderful* and *She's Having a Baby*, each of which had negative costs in the \$10-million-to-\$15-million range and made less than \$20 million at the box office. *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*



was, of course, a certified hit (\$69 million in box office receipts against \$16 million in negative costs), but that was two and a half years ago. Hughes's other, even older success, *Pretty in Pink*, took in only \$40-million, against a negative cost of \$12 million. (It made a profit, but a very small one.) In other words, Hughes—who had cut a very rich deal for himself at Paramount—lost money for the studio 60 percent of the time. And Paramount—like the other studios, not exactly a weepy sentimentalist upon hearing that one of its talents has begun to lose money for it—fretted that it might be years before it recouped its losses from Hughes's latest films.

Instrumental in Hughes's choosing Universal is MCA chairman Tom Pollock's relationship with Hughes's attorney (and Pollock's former partner), Jake "Big Daddy" Bloom, of the powerful show-business law firm of Bloom and Dekom (né Pollock, Bloom and Dekom). Pollock wanted Hughes because he needs lots of movies, and he needs them fast, and Hughes makes lots of movies, and he makes them fast. Pollock, very much a

seventies guy, even by California standards, believes Hughes is still in touch with the youth market. Unfortunately—and it seems somebody forgot to Pollock this—the so-called youth market is just not as all-fired profitable as once was.

Trims and Ends: With the opening of Ma Maison Sofitel heralding a new era of cheesy French pretentiousness in Los Angeles, the question of the moment is, restaurateur Patrick Terrail (remember Hollywood Diner? Remember *Ma Maison* jump-start his famous Tuesday-night poker games in one of Sofitel's executive suites? If Terrail doesn't pick up his old gambling buddies again, it could be due to competition from the currently chic *Thursday* night game, where recently named Fox executive (and former Lorimar president) Craig Baumgarten tries his hardest to break even with his new boss, Barry Diller. In fact, some speculate that Baumgarten received the job because Diller liked the way he played poker. As Baumgarten's successor at Lorimar, the pneumatically lauded Bernie Brillstein, will surely attest, it couldn't have been due to Baumgarten's ability to choose hit movies. ... This is not authorized by another Garry Shandling item: When Garry Shandling moved his cable TV show to the Fox network, he complained that (a) weren't enough people watching him, (b) there weren't enough people subscribing to Showtime. He was right on both counts. Few people do subscribe to the time—but more interesting is how many people want to watch Garry Shandling on 8 x 10 color print real TV, even if it happens to be on the same network. *It's Garry Shandling's* envelope warns, "has been receiving only a 4.5 rating." Helms enclosed." That's slightly more than, say, *Duet*, much to the disappointment of Fox, which paid me to mail back the tune for the series. ... Maybe he's in good condition. ... be moonlighting: In May we won't be you are a proud customer. ... former wine-cooler pitchman are you'll appreciate his number one conservative culture. Early results are in and the certainly, certainly. Th apparently, is no. Blake Edwards as a black conservative which stars Willis and James Garner sending you this photo pitifully thin first-weekend business. This stuff is far less the second, which me. ... Willis has little, if any, of the "musical gamesmanship" anything. This means he can't "open the organization that ture (unlike Richard Pryor or Woody or Burt Reynolds a decade ago) at Helms photograph exactly what that \$5 million was stand. It's the value-fre-

edly paid for. ☺

RITES



BY ANDREW SULLIVAN

SOME POINT PORNOGRAPHIC political-action committees were inevitable. It's just that I never expected one to proposition me through the mail.

Dear Friend, I've sent you something I think you'll enjoy.

Oh, goody.

POLITICS

If you take a look at the enclosed photograph, you'll see what I mean.

Breaking the seal: a sudden glimpse of pink. Puffy-pink with that telltale North Carolina glaze. Hold on. Check the accompanying text:

Not authorized by any candidate or committee. Gate... Your photograph is a personal gift... It is not available elsewhere, nor is it reproducible in any form.

Fumble out the Playmate. It's just behind the return envelope, peeking above the top fold. Lips gently parted, eyes lingering menacingly to the right, arms angled against the hip.

It's an 8 x 10 color print of United States Senator Jesse Helms.

The envelope warns, "Caution: Senator Helms enclosed." The literature encourages me to mail back the "Photo Arrival Card," confirming that my Helms print arrived in good condition. These people care. *Since you are a proud conservative like me,*

Be sure you'll appreciate having this picture of our number one conservative Senator.

Certainly, certainly. Then the kicker.

But as a black conservative, I take extra care in sending you this photograph of Senator Helms.

Hmm. This stuff is sicker than I'd thought.

Political gamesmanship in Washington has taken some strange turns, but BLACK PAC, the organization that until recently sent out Helms photographs, must be the strangest. It's not just the flesh tones, you understand. It's the value-free clash of ide-

ology, candidate and context that really gets me all hot and bothered. We've had the Free Enterprise PAC (lobbying against abortion)—not to be confused with the Free Enterprise Political Action Committee (lobbying for a concrete company in Georgia). And then there were Americans for Constitutional Freedom (funded by *Playboy* and its ilk) and the Center for Peace and Freedom (lobbying for Star Wars). But these PACs and lobbies at least retained a precarious connection between who paid for them, what they called themselves and whom they served. With BLACK PAC we have a perfect example of Washington's *non-vielle politique*: small, overpriced, elegantly crafted portions of completely incompatible ideologies.

Founded in 1984, BLACK PAC will spend more than \$100,000 this year to win over black Americans to the virtues of the Reagan Revolution. After assisting in Senator Helms's 1984 reelection, it began mass-mailing its neocon porn icon to help raise those funds. Its chairman is William Keyes, a sharp 35-year-old black who came to Washington from Gastonia, North Carolina, ten years ago. When not proselytizing for conservatism, Keyes is paid \$400,000 a year by the South African government to act as a liaison between the Botha regime and black Americans. He spends a lot of time trying to convince black businessmen that there's a great market out there in Bophuthatswana.

Keyes describes his direct-mail campaign in the reasonable tones of a practiced apologist: "We just send people letters. We explain our objectives. We don't hate anybody. We don't stir people up to hate anybody. No hype. We just talk the issues."

The issues: *I don't want to see Ted Kennedy as president. Or, God forbid, Jesse Jackson as vice president.*

In theory, of course, supply-side economics, lowering the corporate tax rate and tough policies on crime could be as appealing to black Americans as to all the others who voted for those policies in 1980 and 1984. But slobbering over *Jesse Helms*? Keyes explains, "No, Jesse's civil-rights record doesn't bother me. There are a lot of blacks who don't put civil rights at the top of their agenda. I don't. Protecting civil liberties is important, but how many more laws do you want on the statute book?" Warming to his theme, he continues, "It's almost racist to think that

blacks only care about civil rights.... Those battles have been fought and won. Who gives a damn anymore? Black parents want their kids to have a right to pray in schools. That's what they care about."

Some black parents may have longer memories. Helms's political career took off with the infamous 1950 North Carolina Senate race in which Willis Smith, for whom Helms was working, won with the slogan "White People Wake Up!" In the mid-1960s Helms described the Selma march for voting rights as a "monstrous violation of human decency" and asserted in the *Raleigh News and Observer* that "Negroes and whites participating in the march to Montgomery engaged in sex orgies of the rawest sort."

This decade, Helms filibustered against the extension of the 1965 Voting Rights Act in 1982 and promoted an antibusing bill and relentlessly opposed the Martin Luther King holiday in 1983, alleging that King was a Communist sympathizer and the holiday was a waste of money. In 1981 a *Wall Street Journal* article carried allegations (denied by Helms at the time) that "Helms apparently has a pet name—a euphemism for blacks. He calls them 'Fred.' One Helms aide says he'll ask, 'What does this Fred want?' or he'll tell a staff member to 'take care of that Fred.'"

During Helms's bitter 1984 North Carolina Senate race against Governor Jim Hunt, *The Washington Post* reported that in a last-ditch measure, the Helms campaign was mailing return-to-sender postcards to black precincts, "aimed at identifying voters who recently changed addresses and thus could be challenged at the polls." A flier compiled by Helms's National Congressional Club included this white-on-black notice: "YES! Black voting power is spreading like wildfire!"

That's presumably where BLACK PAC came in. "Two weeks before Election Day we were asked in by the senator himself," says Keyes. "I would give the senator a tremendous amount of credit in recognizing he needed his friends to help him." Keyes persuaded Rosey Grier, the former L.A. Ram and Bobby Kennedy acolyte (he helped tackle Sirhan Sirhan after the shooting), to appear in television ads for Helms. "In my 12 years in the NFL," Grier testified with a straight face, "I learned a lot about courage. I admired it on the football field, and I admire it in a man." (This year Grier went for Pat Robertson.)

The pitch worked. The gains Helms made among blacks in the last ten days of the campaign contributed to his narrow victory. Keyes claims he increased the black vote by some 11 percent, or 55,000 votes. In his Helms-photo mailing Keyes wrote, "Since Helms only won by 46,000 votes, I believe it is clear that the black votes he received made the difference between success and defeat." (In fact, the margin of victory was 86,280.)

The ultimate contradiction of BLACK PAC is that its mailings—usually sent to between 20,000 and 50,000 people—are no more targeted to impressionable blacks than they are to the *Village Voice* subscriber list. A significant percentage of the letters are, in fact, sent to *white* conservatives (Keyes defensively insists that half the letters actually go to blacks). This seems counterintuitive but actually makes a strange sort of sense: you can raise a lot of money by implying that the PAC will somehow help pacify those "liberal radical blacks" Helms is always talking about.

As for the method, the whole idea of photographs is to go straight for the part of the brain—the reptilian part—that responds to conservative iconography. Carter Wrenn, one of Helms's chief tacticians, puts it bluntly: "I guess if you sent it to a bunch of liberals, they'd think it was sort of funny. As for myself, I've received photos of President Reagan in the mail. I didn't think it was funny. I thought it was a nice gesture."

The scandal of BLACK PAC—an organization ostensibly promoting the interests of black Americans and actually promoting the interests of white, Helmsian conservatives—is not that it's deceptive or corrupt. The scandal is it's banal. It differs from the rest of Washington's marketing of politics only in degree: ideological oxymorons are less important than the money coming in.

This spring BLACK PAC even swiveled to back Democrat Darrell Glascock in Arkansas's primary for a House seat. Glascock, formerly a Republican political consultant, was the only candidate BLACK PAC supported, and it put all its liberal-bashing resources—according to Keyes, an implausible \$200—into the fight. For the record, Glascock lost two to one—which is probably salutary for the workings of democracy. Glascock looks like a cross between Danny DeVito and Jerry Falwell. You'd hate to have *his* photo start showing up in your mailbox. ■

Baby-sitter

BOOM



BY ELLIS WEINER

HOPEFULLY, WE HIRED A NEW baby-sitter recently. ("The battle for *hopefully* has been lost," a friend of mine once lamented. He was right. It figuratively has. But let us soldier on...bravely, defiantly,

HOW TO BE A GROWN- UP

full of hope.) By now, of course, one is thoroughly sick of babies—other people's, at any rate—and the accompanying babyana. The books, the movies, that TV show (what's it called? *something something?*), the magazine articles, the magazines: media saturation is complete. Babies are the yuppies of the post-yuppie eighties.

But in baby-sitters we encounter the next hot subject. Already a *People* cover has sobbed/crowed over Robin Williams's entanglement with his son's "nanny"—great Mork word; too bad it's too late to run the story under the head NANNY NO-NO—and presumably *Three Men and a Baby-sitter* is on its way.

And if the topic is timely, the reality is to die: in seeking "help" the parent toddles into an interpersonal minefield. That goes double for the grown-up, for whom a day without doubting the appropriateness of his behavior is a day without sunshine.

Never mind the au pair fantasies: who wants a lithe, blond, Swedish lovely residing under his roof anyway? Forget even the fact that, sometimes, the poor, stupid grown-up is not entirely comfortable with being the boss. After all, the grown-up—or, at least, his wife—is a big boy. Someone will get used to being the boss.

The problem is in balancing one's respect for mankind, on the one hand, with one's obligations to one's adorable genius offspring (AGO), on the other. Which means that the problem is really money. One wants someone intelligent, sensitive and fun to attend one's AGO, but for an hourly wage that can go only so high,

and no higher. Whom does one select? Women from "the islands"; fresh high school graduates making a long, hesitant approach-run to college, or at-home mothers with their own one or two kids to mind. You interview, you take a chance, you select them and, bosslike, you evaluate them.

And then they, employeeelike, evaluate you. We've had some bold 'n' zesty evaluations going on around here lately, but rather than bore you with the details, let me booby you with the general outline.

Self and wife work at home, need full-time secondary-care-giving person to make and inspire lively, fun toddler Nathaniel's "World's Cutest Human" Weiner, age 2, 6 months. Found same, late last year: Margal (19 yrs. old) with a *natural* talent for kids. Sitter minded, inspired talkative herself and wife worked, big house heap-big cold winds in winter, many falo froze, otherwise all well.

Comes the sort-of spring—croc and daffodils freezing their stamens



pistils off in overnight lows thirties—and, one day, the weather balmy. My wife, who has had mid from the first about the sitter's attitude toward her employers, emerges five brain-poisoning fumes of her offense sene space heater and confronts hunch is confirmed; the worst is The baby-sitter, it seems, deuse?" she prove of mothers who work. She that mothers should spend all with their kids.

Wife-mother and sitter thorny, halting, awkward, absurd Father—self—is brought down fun. There are far-fetched specul disclaimers, earnest/futile expla ter says this or that ludicrous, true thing. Wife comports her

and sensitivity. Self blathers on in an effort to make everyone feel good about everything, in vain. Everyone apologizes, expresses regret. Upshot is the mutual conclusion that sitter would be happier pursuing other vocational options.

May we note what, out here in Pennsylvania, we call the sublime irony of a baby-sitter disapproving of people who need baby-sitters—even people whose unneglected kid has parents who both work at home? (No doubt our son thinks everybody's parents work at home. He must think office buildings are simply great big empty toys. And, in a way, aren't they? No, but some of his other theories merit further study. In March, at the high point of Jesse Jackson's candidacy, I asked the lad, "What does Jesse want?" "Milk," he immediately answered, *just prior to the Wisconsin primary.*)

This was not the first time we had swaggered into the child-care marketplace full of goodwill and flexible hours, only to be rudely etc., etc. When Nat was about eight months old and we were living in Brooklyn, we hired our first baby-sitter: a stern, briskly competent woman from Guyana who radiated disapproval and was the opposite of a sheer joy to be around. She took umbrage at something for which we probably were in fact at fault, and declined to continue. Another woman "did not work out," which is to say, we came upon her, one afternoon, asleep on the floor of Nat's room while he, intrepid one-year-old, roved at will.

We found her successor in the traditional way: by stopping total strangers on the street in Brooklyn and asking if they knew of anyone. One of them did know a lovely young lady from Czechoslovakia who had recently (get this) escaped across the Czech border into Austria in order to come live in America. This young refugee was wonderful but declined to accompany us when we left New York City and moved out into America itself. "Why you need such a big house?" she sensibly asked when we dragged her out to Pennsylvania to take a look.

How we yearned to reply, "So we can both work at home and fool Nat into constructing a faulty picture of reality." But why alienate a good baby-sitter, even if we were moving two states away? Besides, I think we all knew, deep down, that Nat already had a faulty picture of reality.

Like everyone else. ▀

BEAR—

Baiting



BY JAMES GRANT

UNDER THE PICTURE OF A BROKERAGE-house trading room not much smaller than the state of Delaware, the newspaper caption read, "Sanyo Securities Co.'s new trading floor in central Tokyo... is believed to be the largest such facility in the world. The huge hall, built at a cost of \$64-million, can hold up to 800 dealers, buying and selling stocks, bonds and foreign currencies."

THE STREET

It was hard to tell at a glance, but not every Sanyo dealer appeared to be hunched forward in the familiar international telephoning posture, profitably buying and selling stocks, bonds and foreign currencies. On Wall Street this spring, the telephones didn't ring much, and the brokers were despondent. Trading volume was down, mutual fund sales were down, stock prices were down and interest rates were up. Analyst Perrin H. Long estimated that Wall Street was running at 50 or 60 percent of capacity, a shrinkage that, although inevitable and probably deserved, was, for daytime inhabitants of the financial district, a bit unnerving.

The 40 or 50 percent of capacity that wasn't being utilized for moneymaking left plenty of free time for recrimination and newspaper reading. Currency whiz Andrew J. Krieger, 32, who quit his trading job at Bankers Trust earlier this year upon receipt of the demeaningly small bonus of \$3 million, joined George Soros, the legendary investor, in April, reversing an interim career plan, he said, to go to India to teach Sanskrit or work with lepers. You can be sure that any reasonable bonus from Soros is going to put Krieger way ahead of the compensation scale available in leper work, especially in a low-wage country like India. "In terms of learning and growth opportunities, this was so structurally interesting that it was worth

holding off on other pursuits for a while," young Krieger explained. "It may be for the rest of my life. It might be for ten years." Probably the lepers were happy, too.

All spring the rumormongers whispered, so-called story stocks gyrated and the briefly quiescent mergers-and-acquisitions industry hummed again. But the giddy credulity of the old bull market was missing. After R. H. Macy & Co. narrowly lost an extravagant bidding contest to Canadian merchant prince Robert Campeau (the prize, you may remember, was Federated Stores, owner of Bloomingdale's), Edward Finkelstein, the Macy chairman, heaved a sigh of relief. "We're both lucky to get out of this alive," he said convincingly. It was a sensible observation—Campeau, the winner, paid \$6.6 billion and must borrow to the eyes, thereby devaluing his stock and, reportedly, demoralizing his executives—but surprising nonetheless, considering the source. In the heat of battle, Finkelstein had certainly sounded as if he wanted to buy Federated and was ready to borrow whatever was necessary. A banker from Drexel Burnham, representing Macy, had sounded earnest, too: "The fact that Citibank, Bankers Trust, Drexel Burnham, Kidder Peabody and Macy's management and board are each convinced of the attractiveness of the financing and the ongoing viability of the new company based on extensive experience in leveraged transactions speaks for itself." It certainly did speak for itself. The fees prospectively payable to Citibank, Bankers Trust, Drexel and Kidder ran to the tens of millions.

Money remained tight this spring, according to Federal Reserve data, but was nevertheless freely available, according to spot checks undertaken by this column. In late April a cash machine at the corner of 14th Street and First Avenue delighted customers of First Federal Savings and Loan by dispensing \$20 bills instead of fives. And in Dallas a morning disc jockey at radio station KVIL-FM asked his listeners to send in \$20. The request was for no stated purpose, but \$243,000 poured in from 12,150 listeners, an impressive sum for a state without a solvent banking system. The Texas banking crisis deepened anyway, although the element of panic was conspicuously missing. The newly installed chairman of First Republic Bank, Albert V. Casey, conveyed no worry when he explained his management strategy to reporters. "I'm

making it up as I go along," he said gaily. "It's better that way."

As the peace-and-quiet problem deepened with the approach of summer, Wall Street executives outdid themselves to win back disaffected customers. In May five leading brokerage houses publicly vowed to desist from the controversial practice of "program trading" with their own capital. What is program trading? You might as well ask what index arbitrage trading is. You might as well ask, *What do those clever young men and women do all day at their computer terminals?* What they do is this: If prices in the stock market and the stock futures market get out of line, the traders make a profit by buying or selling, as appropriate. In a declining futures market they generally sell stocks, and the stocks thus sold (and devalued) might very well be ones you own. Nobody objected to the buying last year, but that was then and this is a bear market. The heart of the firms' late-spring promise was this: If a customer wanted to play off prices in the stock futures market with prices on the New York Stock Exchange, they would be happy to assist him. However, the firms would no longer engage in such trading for their own accounts, thus (it was hoped) mitigating the severity of price declines, discouraging the regrettable tendency of brokerage firms to make their *own* buys or sells first (thus "front-running" their customers' orders) and enticing the public to buy a little IBM, Exxon or Jiffy Lube instead of squandering the money on a bank account or some Treasury bills. Not much time passed before it was shown conclusively that prices could fall anyway. The day after the five big brokerages promised to cease and desist, the Dow dropped 37.8 points.

This past winter it was as quiet as a tomb, too, in what is perhaps the surest index of investor confidence—the Greenwich, Connecticut, real estate market. Greenwich comprises 50.6 square miles and almost 60,000 residents, some of whom play polo, the bull market sport. It is scenic, lightly taxed, Republican and rich, but the prices of its houses have stopped going up by leaps and bounds.

The spring afforded only partial relief. SPRING IN GREENWICH: 'FOR SALE' SIGNS BLOSSOM, said a recent headline in the *Greenwich Time*. "In spite of recent slow sales activity, there is anything but a feeling of gloom and doom among Realtors," a Realtor wrote wishfully in a Greenwich

magazine. Optimism was bolstered when the old Kearns place, also known as Villa Malda, went under the hammer for \$4.7-million. The price fetched 2.9 acres jutting out into Long Island Sound and a "Mediterranean-style villa." Upon inspection, however, the new owner has decided *to hell with it*: he can live without the house. It is to be razed and a new one built in its place. The estate had been spoken for last year by another buyer, a 29-year-old who suddenly decided, in the words of real estate broker Marjorie Rowe, "Well, I'll do something else." Leper work? No: that decision was reached shortly after October 19.

A springtime rally in Greenwich property was once a perennial event, like the return of the robin or the rose. In the boom years of 1985 and 1986 the upturn started early, pre-robin, but this year it began late, and lagged. Indeed, sales volume from January through March was the lowest in a decade. At last count, the overhang of unsold houses was up by 45 percent from a year ago, to 690, while the supply of unsold condominiums was up by 50 percent, to 278. House prices in Greenwich increased only slightly, and condominium prices actually fell. From January through March, condominium prices actually declined by 4.7 percent from year-earlier levels, to \$324,000—in Greenwich real estate terms, an event roughly comparable to the Panic of 1907.

Donald Trump, the inventor of real estate, keeps a residence in Greenwich, and it is Trump's opinion that real estate prices in New York are going up. "Prime real estate in Manhattan is becoming like prime real estate in Tokyo," he said not long ago. "I see prime, high-quality real estate in Manhattan—be it residential or commercial—absolutely going through the roof." It had better, for Trump's sake—you may recall that he paid about \$500,000 a room for the Plaza Hotel.

The comparison to Tokyo has lately become inapt. "After a flurry of land speculation that began two years ago," reported *The Japan Economic Journal* in May, "the Tokyo area's real estate market appears to be in a state of flux. Expensive condominium complexes, once prime investment targets, are going without buyers, and realtors, once intoxicated by the vastly lucrative market, are growing increasingly apprehensive." *Flux* and *apprehensive* are terms in real estate Esperanto meaning "bear market." ☐

DAMAGE

Control



BY CHARLES POOTER

IN MID-APRIL THOSE DELIGHTFULLY secure people at CBS News began to fret about all the favorable publicity attending Peter Boyer's book, *Who Killed CBS?*, and Ed Joyce's book, *Prime Times, Bad Times*.

THE WEBS

CBS News president Howard Stringer convened his top strategists in his office for an hour to discuss fall-out containment. Those

present included executive producers Tom Bettag of the *Evening News*, David Corvo of *CBS This Morning*, Shad Northshield of the upcoming *Try to Remember* and Don Hewitt of *60 Minutes*; director of News Communications Tom Goodman; and, of course, Dan Rather's factotum, David Buksbaum.

Don Hewitt, piqued by the accuracy with which former CBS News president Joyce had re-created conversations in his memoir (see this space, May), kept interjecting, "That son of a bitch must have taped us!" (Don is outraged because Joyce revealed his salary—more than \$1 million a year. When not sunbathing, Don sits in his office and shouts, "The little rat! The little rat! He tells everybody what I make!") Don urged a militant public-relations counteroffensive.

But cooler (and less well paid) heads prevailed; Stringer decreed a subtler approach. First, if asked by reporters, the powers that be (Stringer, Rather, anyone else not chosen for specific spin-control tasks) would not have read the books and would thus seem magisterially above the fray. Second, Stringer said, "at all costs Dan must be kept quiet." That meant that Rather *really* shouldn't read the books, which portray him as vain, power-mad and disturbingly volatile—the kind of person who would unravel if he read a book that depicted him as vain, power-mad and disturbingly volatile.

After some discussion, it was also de-

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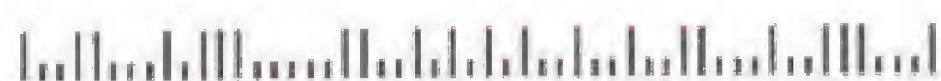
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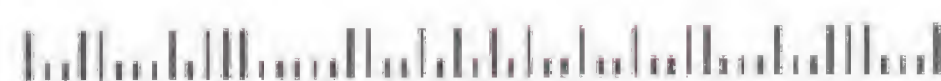
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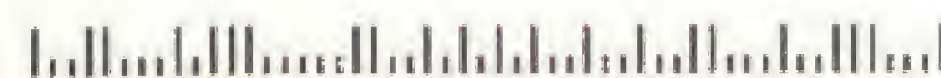
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UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD ANSWERS

"You always have a very smooth explanation ready, huh?" says Joel Cairo.

"What do you want me to do, learn to stutter?" ripostes Sam Spade.

No, what we want is words to believe in. Not words to trust the wisdom of. That would be too much. Just words whose fallacy we can understand and ascribe to some actual speaker.

When we learn that, although in his recently published testament, *Speaking Out*, former White House spokesman Larry Speakes claims that he himself fabricated President Reagan's never-actually-uttered historic remark to Soviet leader Gorbachev ("There is much that divides us, but I believe the world breathes easier because we are here talking together"), in point of fact it was an unnamed aide to Speakes who did the actual fabricating—and incidentally, *Speaking Out* was ghostwritten by a man named Pack—I believe I speak for us all when I say that when we learn all this, we do not breathe easier.

Nor are we comforted when the president himself says, "I can tell you right now that I have no affection for these 'kiss and tell' books that are being written, and I find it entirely fiction," for this would suggest that the president takes refuge not only in the disagreement of pronoun and antecedent but also in the confusion of fiction and nonfiction, since "kiss and tell" is by definition nonfiction: fiction is "Let's don't and say we did." Nor are we consoled by the president's canned-sounding aside: "That's the nice thing about this job. You get to quote yourself shamelessly, and if you don't, Larry Speakes will." For you would think that the least we could expect from a canned aside is some kind of at least preposterous sense.

"No fewer than five Reagan Administration officials have published (not, you notice, "written") books... eight months before President Reagan can begin to reread his diaries," reports *The New York Times*. And the question arises: who wrote his diaries?

"You paid us—more than if you'd been telling the truth, and enough more to make it all right," says Spade to Brigid O'Shaughnessy. Many people have had the same attitude toward the eighties. But eventually constant mendacity wears thin, and Brigid gets sent up the river, and Larry Speakes has to resign his job at Merrill Lynch, which means that Wall Street has a higher standard of veracity than the White House, if you can believe that.

Take it from me: you can believe this puzzle. Its every detail has been verified by assiduous staffers at SPY, but the back stops here. I have blown the eighties to such an extent that I cannot afford an aide.

—R.B.

ACROSS

1. Pinocchio's nose grew when he lied. To long is to pine, and *smell* means *nose* in several senses, so to speak.

5. "What belongs to them" is the definition. The outfit to which good citizens don't lie is *the IRS*.

9. *Ad wealth* distributed, or rearranged.

18. *Hick etches* rearranged ("peculiar").

22. In *sibilance* you find *alibis* backward ("returned").

23. This clue gives latter-day white persons the benefit of the doubt, by virtue of the word *originally*. When the Declaration of Independence originated (Thomas Jefferson actually *wrote* it, in the name of a drafting committee, which goes to show you how different things were back then), slavery was taken for granted. Jefferson himself had slaves (none of whom, to be fair, ever fabricated remarks for him). We now have a president who has remarked boldly and openly that he is not racist—which is easy for him to say, because he is not a Democrat and doesn't have to justify not voting for Jesse Jackson. My reason for not voting for Jackson is that I believe it is Russia's turn to have charisma. Furthermore, I feel that Jackson is prematurely black. If he'd held off and been black 12 years from now, perhaps the country would be ready for him. By then, though, speaking in rhyme may seem dated.

26. Strong drink is *rum*, plus *or* and *S*. Rumors are gossip, which is less reliable than the hard news that during the 1985 summit Reagan told Gorbachev, "I believe the world breathes easier because we are here talking together."

27. Communist letter is *C*. The letters *literal* sound like ("we hear") *literal*.

DOWN

1. *Owl* rearranged, *E* is a vitamin, a *BB* is a pellet.

2. NY surrounding *earl*, a type of noble, to yield a synonym for *almost*.

3. *Dim sun* rearranged ("weird").

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4. 'Tis inside *static* over *S*. "There are three kinds of lies—lies, damned lies and statistics," wrote Mark Twain. Not in his own hand, I guess, because it appeared in his autobiography, which he largely dictated to an aide. Still, the aide did not dictate it to him.

6. *Difficult* equals *hard*, over all four points of the compass. It has in fact long been my contention that hard news is easier than soft news. Hard news is that a given person has 51.3 percent of the vote with 89 percent of precincts reporting. Soft news is that a given person has prospered by having absolutely no sense of objective reality. Either of these reports may be false, but the latter is trickier to verify and more interesting. If the person is the same in both cases, then it is not news.

7. No swallowed by *intime*.

13. *FL*, *thug*, *lied* rearranged ("terribly").

16. *Mimes fin* rearranged ("deviously"). Okay, so there are too many anagrams in this puzzle. Anagrams are the last refuge of someone who has other things to think about than a blankety-blank crossword. I keep trying to figure out whether I have no sense of objective reality at all or Ronald Reagan is in fact president. I am thinking of writing a story in which a man decides, "If Ronald Reagan is president, then I am not real." A feeling of peace comes over him. He stops keeping up with the news. Hence diminished role of government in his life. Paradoxically, life becomes more real. Then one Sunday evening he comes home from a carefree weekend trip with his family, hears funny noises out back, finds Ed Meese in his IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE HEAT apron, cooking steaks on his grill.

17. These letters in a flurry (rearranged): *I* ("one"), *R*, *LL*, and *three* ("almost," that is to say all except the last letter). The "almost" does not go with "exciting fiction" (definition of *thriller*) in this clue. On the best-seller list, it often does.

19. *Strait* equals *passage* and sounds like *straight*. If I'm lying, I'm flying.

20. *Dr. lies* rearranged. A slider, in baseball, is a misleading pitch, or delivery. I don't believe there is a degree, awarded by any accredited university, called Doctor of Lies. That's why institutions of higher learning are often dismissed as ivory towers.

21. This is one of those clues where you find the answer all spelled out for you in what follows the word *in*. If candidates' statements were as reliable as the answers to this puzzle, their themes would not be in the mess they are.

NOTE: The serial novel *The Worms' Turn*, which began in this space some months ago, has been discontinued due to heavy rains that caused the worms in question to come up to the surface and die, as they sometimes do. I am sorry for any inconvenience this has caused. ☹

cided that Northshield and Hewitt would speak for the news division, employing tones of measured disappointment with Ed Joyce, whose book was judged the more damaging. Everyone would also urge reporters to read Boyer's book for perspective on Joyce: it portrays Joyce as an inaccessible martinet (former *Morning News* anchor Bill Kurtis is quoted in Boyer's book as saying, "Joyce becomes president, and we don't see him for six months.... I thought he was mentally ill"). The problem of how people who weren't supposed to have read either book could tell reporters to read one book for perspective on the other was left unresolved.

A few days later Stringer's friend Tom Shales wrote an article in *The Washington Post*, "CBS News' Season of Poison Pens," that treated the books, especially Joyce's, skeptically. Shales's article quoted Hewitt ("I think Ed Joyce left here a very bitter man") and Northshield sounding like Hewitt ("[Joyce] recorded every meeting, every single thing that was said, the minute it ended. That's what he was doing instead of being president"). It quoted Stringer and Rather, both saying they hadn't read the books. And, noting that Boyer described Joyce as "isolated and unpopular almost from the start," Shales concluded, "Reading the Boyer book helps give the Joyce book a certain poignancy." *Great reporting!*

Stringer hasn't found it as easy to handle the problem that is *CBS This Morning*. Impermanent Broadcast Group president Gene Jankowski has been grumbling about viewer and affiliate disaffection with the broadcast, and a rumor swept through the newsroom that Jankowski would dump the show's executive producer, David Corvo, and bring in *48 Hours*' executive producer, Andrew Heyward, as soon as *48 Hours* was canceled (it was recently renewed). The rumor was so widespread that at a senior staff meeting Heyward asked Stringer if it was true. Howard, displaying his revered leadership skills, said he didn't know and would try to find out. The less virulent strain of the same rumor had David leaving to join the management of KCBS, the network's Los Angeles affiliate, but when an underling confronted David with the story, he denied it.

David, a very short fellow who talks constantly about how very short he is, has interesting relationships with his female co-workers. He was the only man who showed up at a shower recently held at CBS

This Morning producer Judy Hole's house to celebrate the birth of Milbrey "Missie" Rennie's second child. Missie, who a few months ago was promoted from senior producer of *CBS This Morning* to national assignment editor of CBS News, hasn't had her career hurt by her friendship with David. Indeed, there is much invidious gossip in the newsroom about David and Missie's long, friendly lunches, but their relationship is actually platonic. (Missie remains loyal to her husband, wealthy, black-eye-patch-wearing presidential scion Zachary Taylor.) Nonetheless, at Judy Hole's house the usually unemotional David stood to give a toast and launched into a gushy 20-minute declaration of how Missie embodies all the qualities of true friendship, a speech that left him teary-eyed and Missie mortified.

(Missie is now nominally the second-most-powerful woman at CBS News, next to her boss, Joan Richman, but most of the people who have dealt with her think she would be better off doing volunteer work



for the Junior League, because her top-priority phone calls are to her caterer. About two years ago a producer came across notes from a Vassar Club of New York meeting that Missie had entered into the computer—which is more commonly used to handle reports of Beirut car bombings and Ed Meese's latest legal difficulties. The producer gleefully typed SEND???, thereby electronically mailing the notes—which contained an impressive number of grammatical solecisms—to every computer in the system. Missie was, of course, mortified.)

Many *CBS This Morning* producers have grown weary of David's toadying to temperamental cohost Kathleen Sullivan; Kathleen, a romantically frisky former

newsreader, seems to have trouble working with women, especially young, attractive ones. She prefers men such as David whom she can bully. Her reign of terror began when she told the supervising producer she didn't want any women working the overnight shift (this directive was wisely ignored). She then got David to demote Kari Sagin from producing segments to producing the letters "page" for business correspondent Ken Prewitt; surely it had nothing to do with the fact that when they went out on shoots together, more people were ogling Sagin, who is svelte and blond, than Kathleen, who is neither. Kathleen used a tiny factual error Sagin had made as her excuse to march into David's office and shriek—in a voice clearly audible through the closed door—"She's out to sabotage me! She can't work on the show!"

Kathleen's strangest behavior involved her former secretary, Denise Chaisson, a pretty woman with frosted hair and a pleasant demeanor. Kathleen once asked Denise to track down Peter Bogdanovich, who has the very important task of reviewing home videos for the show, at a local hotel. Denise told Kathleen that Bogdanovich didn't answer the phone in his hotel room, adding that as it was after checkout time, he had probably checked out. Kathleen exploded, saying, *You don't know anything about the way successful people do things—they can check out of hotels any time they want!*

One of Denise's duties was to leave a message on her boss's home answering machine with a list of the people who had called that day in Kathleen's absence. More than once Kathleen came to work the next morning and said, *I hate your voice on my answering machine. I hate it, I hate it. If you think you have a future in broadcasting, you're crazy.* These attacks often reduced Denise to tears, and she soon left to work in CBS's Local Sales division.

David would like to stand up to his anchormonster, but he knows that the only head to roll in such a confrontation would be his own. Harry Smith, Kathleen's genial cohost, is also of the see-no-evil school: not only does he refuse to criticize her, but once, when he heard a producer bad-mouthing Kathleen, Harry called the producer into his office and admonished her, saying, "We all have to work together to make this show a success." *And someday it will be!*

We haven't read the book. Kathleen Sullivan is entirely sane. The Murrow Tradition continues. ☺

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We would like to express our apologies to the Doral Court Hotel for printing the wrong telephone number (that of the Doral Inn) in the Wedding Supplement to our April issue. The good news is that the Doral Inn received multiple inquiries. For our readers who are interested in contacting the Doral Court about a wedding, the correct phone number is 685-1100.

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My Dinner With FIDEL

BY T. S. LORD

POOR GAYFRYD STEINBERG. THE party of the *decade*—and she wasn't even invited. Oh, sure, Gayfryd threw a big multimillion-dollar wedding for her against-

all-genetic-odds-slender stepdaughter's merger with Jonathan Tisch, and yes, the incredibly important people she invited were the type who never have to stand around and wait for anything, and she made them stand around and wait two whole hours for dinner to begin. That's how important *she* is. (Some very, very important people, such as Mr. Ivana Trump, very classily dipped off

to *New York* magazine's twentieth-anniversary party, and when they returned, they hadn't missed a thing.) And granted, it was impressive watching all those rented organizers talking authoritatively into their walkie-talkies in the Metropolitan Museum's Great Hall. Such a *romantic* affair. But while Gayfryd's party featured custom-made shoes for the groomsmen, it wasn't *historic*, like the one thrown just days later in Havana by the world's most famous good novelist, Gabriel García Márquez, for the world's most famous good actor, Robert Redford, and the world's most famous Third World dictator, Fidel Castro.

And Gabo, as people who might be invited to García Márquez's home like to call him, didn't invite poor Gayfryd Steinberg even though she toils *tirelessly* for PEN, which is totally into writers like Gabo. How unappreciative! Think of all the centerpieces she has spray-painted in the name of the contemporary Latin American novel! Maybe Gabo figured she wouldn't want to come all the way to Havana. The hotels are terrible. Of course, he could have invited her to stay at *his* house, which is quite nice if you like

Beverly Hills—bourgeois one-story Spanish colonials with servants, small swimming pools and sinister-looking black Mercedes sedans in the drive. Maybe not as nice as the self-described socialist's other houses, in Cartagena, Mexico City, Cuernavaca and Barcelona—but nice. And I'm sure that Gayfryd would have appreciated the fact that Gabo's is one of the few living rooms in Havana without even *one* picture of Che Guevara on the wall.

Anyway, Gayfryd would probably have been really out of her element, because Gabo did the unthinkable: he didn't invite the press. Imagine if Gayfryd had been so insensitive as to keep from the public the particulars of the 50,000 French roses, the Roederer Cristal champagne, the custom-painted trompe l'oeil walls, the harpists in white satin togas, the salmon, veal, lamb and chicken, the Brazilian orchestra and the ten-foot-high wedding cake. *The people* actor (in 2 *have a right to know!* Not only was Gayfryd not invited to Gabo's—she doesn't even know what everyone wore!

Gabo's party was called for the fashionable hour of 9:00 p.m. Most of the 20 or so guests appeared promptly between 9:15 and 9:30. Bob Redford, who is known for



invited her to stay at his house, which is quite nice if you like

FROU AND FROU Gayfryd Steinberg cocktail-talks to Anne Bass (right) and to Laura Pomorantz (below), each one of them studiously pretending that



the other is not wearing a hideously constricting and ridiculous confection of a garment, at the ABT benefit honoring designer Christian LaCroix.



A 'N' PA MONEY Where else could Donald Trump's YIP father, Fred, and mother, Mary (who is absolutely *not* a beauty parlor operator), be in these very elegant and swanky outfits but at an Italian fashion gala?

► **BEAUTY TIPS** At the launch of the advertising campaign for her new scent, Knowing, Estée Lauder (the one whose shoulders and legs are not visible) stands next to Paulina Porizkova, inviting an unfortunate comparison.



Party

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Gayfryd
sn't even
gulla, and engaged her in conversation.
Are you from the good Germany or the
bad Germany?" he wondered. She replied
that they probably
would not agree on the
answer to that question.

his Liz Taylor-ish unpunctuality, came at 10:30. But it was the *comandante* whose arrival caused the greatest stir, because no one, with the possible exception of Gabo, knew he was coming, and here he was, bursting in the door at nearly midnight, surrounded by his entourage. The crowd gathered eagerly around Fidel, whose large, manly frame was attired in a brand-new, uncreased, long-sleeved dark-green khaki fatigue shirt that zipped up the front and snapped at the top. On the epaulets was a Cuban flag above a design apparently incorporating sugarcane stalks. He wore perfectly fitting matching khaki pants imported directly from Romania by his dresser and a large woven-leather belt, possibly from Bottega Veneta. He wore black leather granny shoes and a small khaki cap. His gray beard was neatly trimmed.

Surveying the room, Fidel, the former actor (in Xavier Cugat movies), immediately spotted German actress Hanna Schygulla, and engaged her in conversation. "Are you from the good Germany or the bad Germany?" he wondered. She replied that they probably would not agree on the answer to that question.

Bob greeted the dictator but then wandered off to the buffet table. One of Fidel's many aides, all of whom were dressed in a fashion identical to that of their *comandante*, was stunned by the actor's seeming indifference. An aide inquired, *Did not Mr. Redford wish to converse with the leader?* Mr. Redford said that of course he wished to converse with the leader, but first he wanted to eat. Bob wore a white linen shirt with some kind of green-and-orange Italian insignia on the pocket. The sleeves were rolled up. He had on pleated white silk pants, and around his slender waist was a reptilian belt, which you can be sure was of the unendangered variety. On his very small feet were some very small cowboy boots.

Gabo wore white linen, which also was wrinkle-free despite the rather problematic climatic conditions. Gabo's classic Brooks Brothers shirt was unbuttoned a modest two buttons from the top. His shoes bore numerous coats of white polish and rested atop stacked heels, which are certain, now that Gabo's preference has been revealed, to make a comeback. He was sockless.

The revelers dined on chicken, shrimp and lobster, and the conversation was sprightly. Fidel told the room at large that

even in death there are class distinctions. Servants in matching blue cotton dresses collected the dishes.

Fidel stayed only an hour at the party. He had a full schedule the following day, something about having to give his secretary a lot of dictation. Perhaps he wanted to jot a little note to Cardinal O'Connor, who just a week earlier had paid him a visit. (The cardinal had worn a long black cotton dress with a bright red sash around the middle. Flung around his shoulders with dashing insouciance was a short black cape.) Everyone was sad to see Fidel go, and when the *comandante* had departed, Bob pronounced him "charming."

The party continued, with Bob not leaving until 2:00 a.m. and many more hanging on till 4:00. There were no trumpeters in medieval costume, as there were at the Steinberg wedding, no tuxedo-clad umbrella bearers, not even a burgundy Rolls-Royce or a measly captain of industry, but, with the world's most famous good writer, the world's most famous good actor and the world's most famous Third World

dictator together in one small room, a good time was had by all. D



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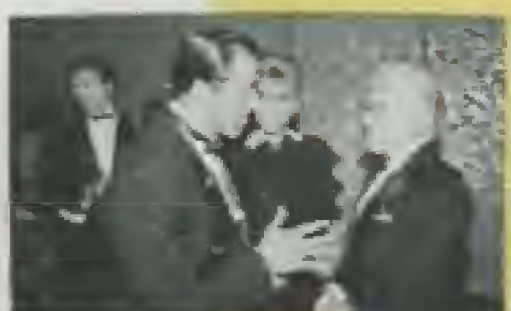
(above right, with wife-employee Kelly Rector) debates hemlines with fashion new boy Christian LaCroix, while LaCroix's non-rich-and-famous date stores off into space, ignored. Below, zillionaire Ezra Zilkha and Walter Crankite share a bit of boy talk at the Met as Mrs. Thomas Mellon Evans rolls her eyes and, perhaps, thinks of all the fun she could be having talking with that nice Calvin Klein about pouf dresses.



POP



IDE THE BELTWAY At the White House Correspondents din-
in Washington, D.C., unbearable Play-Doh-faced
munculus-action toy Sylvester Stallone performed a
action not unlike that of a department store Santa or a
ed clown at a child's birthday party—he was a walk-
photo opportunity in a funny costume (note especially



spots — on added, shortness-exaggerating touch): clock-
from top left, with easygoing presidential noncandi-
Pat Schroeder; talking golf with date Vanna White and
sury Secretary James Baker; with even shorter Holly-
d sleazeball Jack Valenti; with publicist Paul Bloch (in
ching costume) and Man-Tanned bodyguards.



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ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID DIRCKS





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THE UN-BRITISH Crossword Puzzle

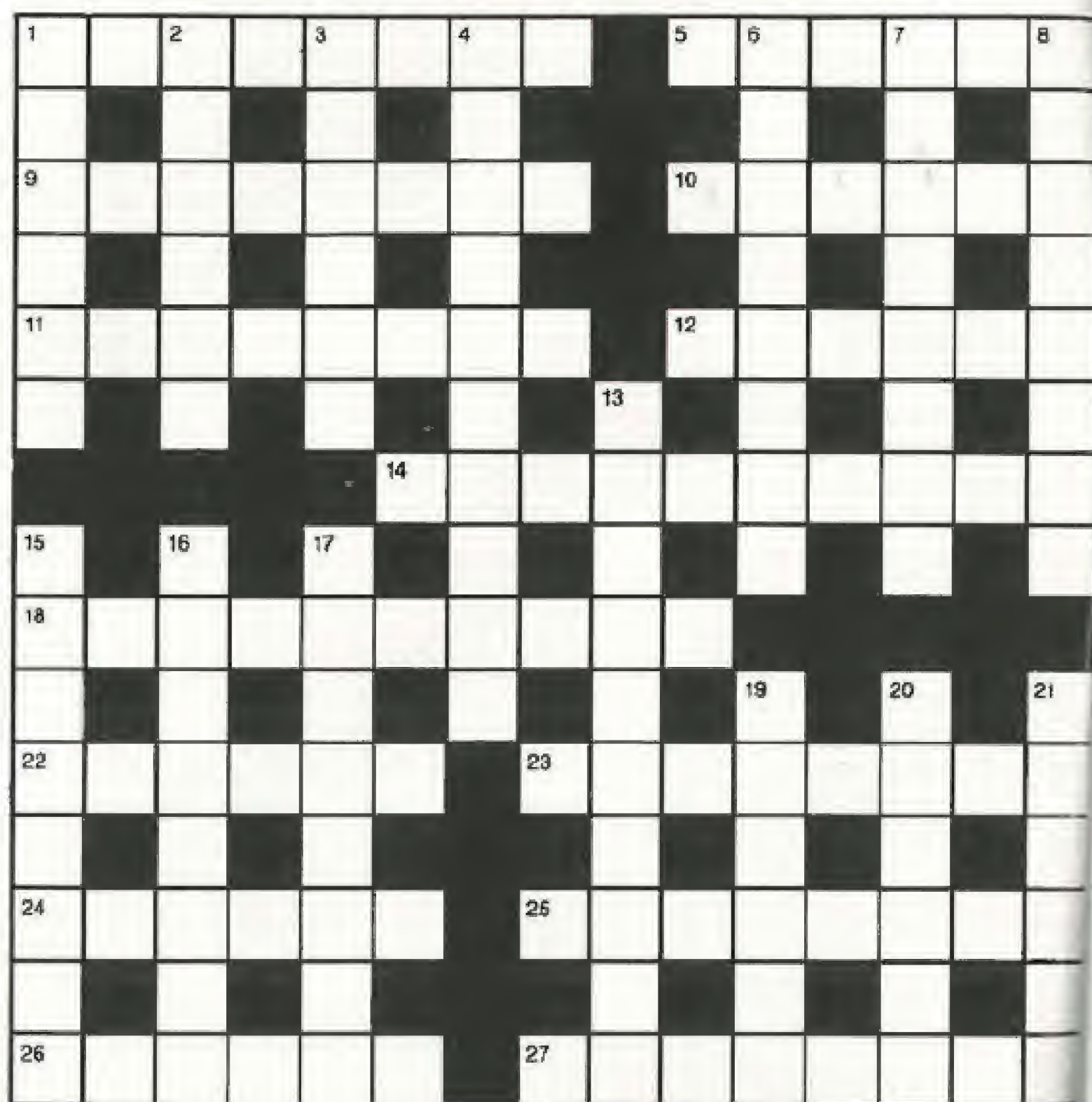
True-False

ACROSS

1. Never trust a puppet with a ... pine smell. (4,4)
5. Good citizens don't lie when rendering unto this outfit what belongs to them. (6)
9. Question that arises after gentleman's agreement distributing ad wealth. (4,4)
10. "California's a great place to live — if you're an _____" — Fred Allen. (6)
11. Lies beneath a Taurus. (8)
12. Part of foot not marching to different drummer. (6)
14. Adam didn't lie about them, at least not at first. (5,5)
18. Peculiar hick etches what comes before "In the Mail" (3,5,2)
22. Excuses returned in sibilance. (6)
23. Fib, e.g., originally, "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal." (5,3)
24. Cross-examine with energy in front of car. (6)
25. Intermittently outfield rooter, Mafia chief. (3,3,2)
26. Gossip of strong drink or South. (6)
27. Communist leader strict in interpretation (we hear) of climax favored by 16. (8)

DOWN

1. Owl confused by vitamin pellet where faith in presidential veracity is at. (3,3)
2. Almost noble in this town. (6)
3. In weird dim sun, total (skin-deep) openness. (6)
4. 'Tis in crackly noise over South we get third kind of lies, said Mark Twain. (10)
6. Breaking stories difficult on all four points. (4,4)
7. French intimate swallows denial immediately. (2,2,4)
8. This dog proverbially *allowed* to lie. (8)
13. Charming Florida thug lied terribly. (10)
15. Unfamiliar person has quality of truth, vis-à-vis fiction. (8)
16. Movement mimes fin deviously. (8)
17. Flurry of one right, two lefts, three — almost exciting fiction. (8)
19. Passage *sounds* honest. (6)
20. Odd doctor lies in deceptive delivery. (6)
21. In Hoboken Nell has a place to lie like a dog. (6)



BY ROY BLOUNT JR.



DOWN

The answers to the Un-British Crossword appear on page 149.

Moo Goo Gai Again?



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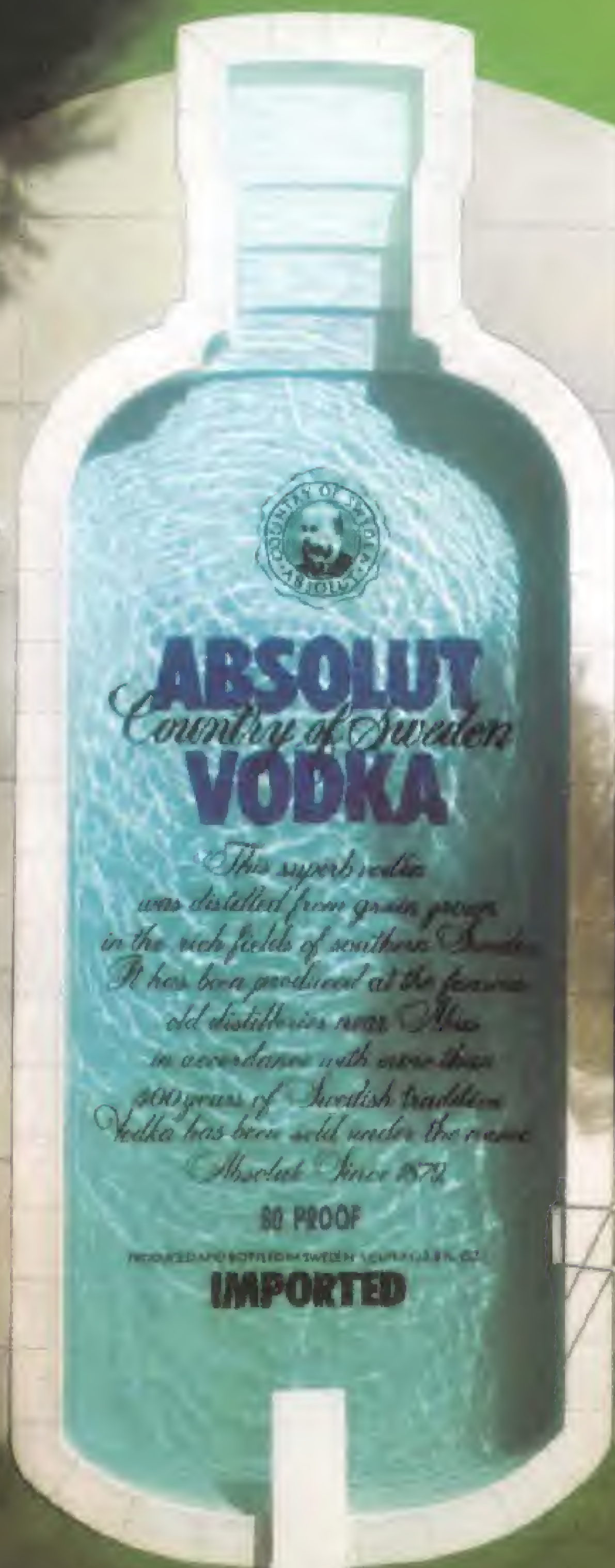
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